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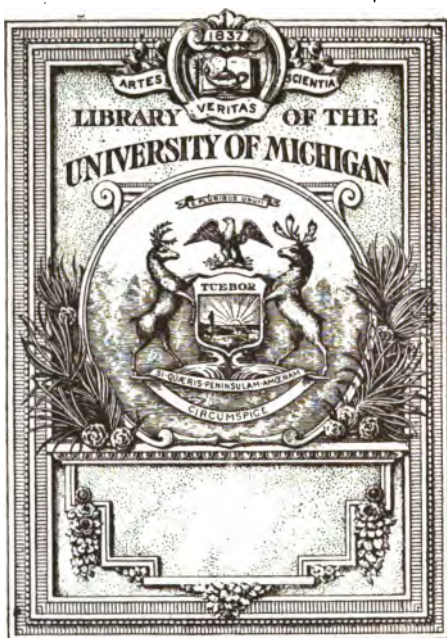
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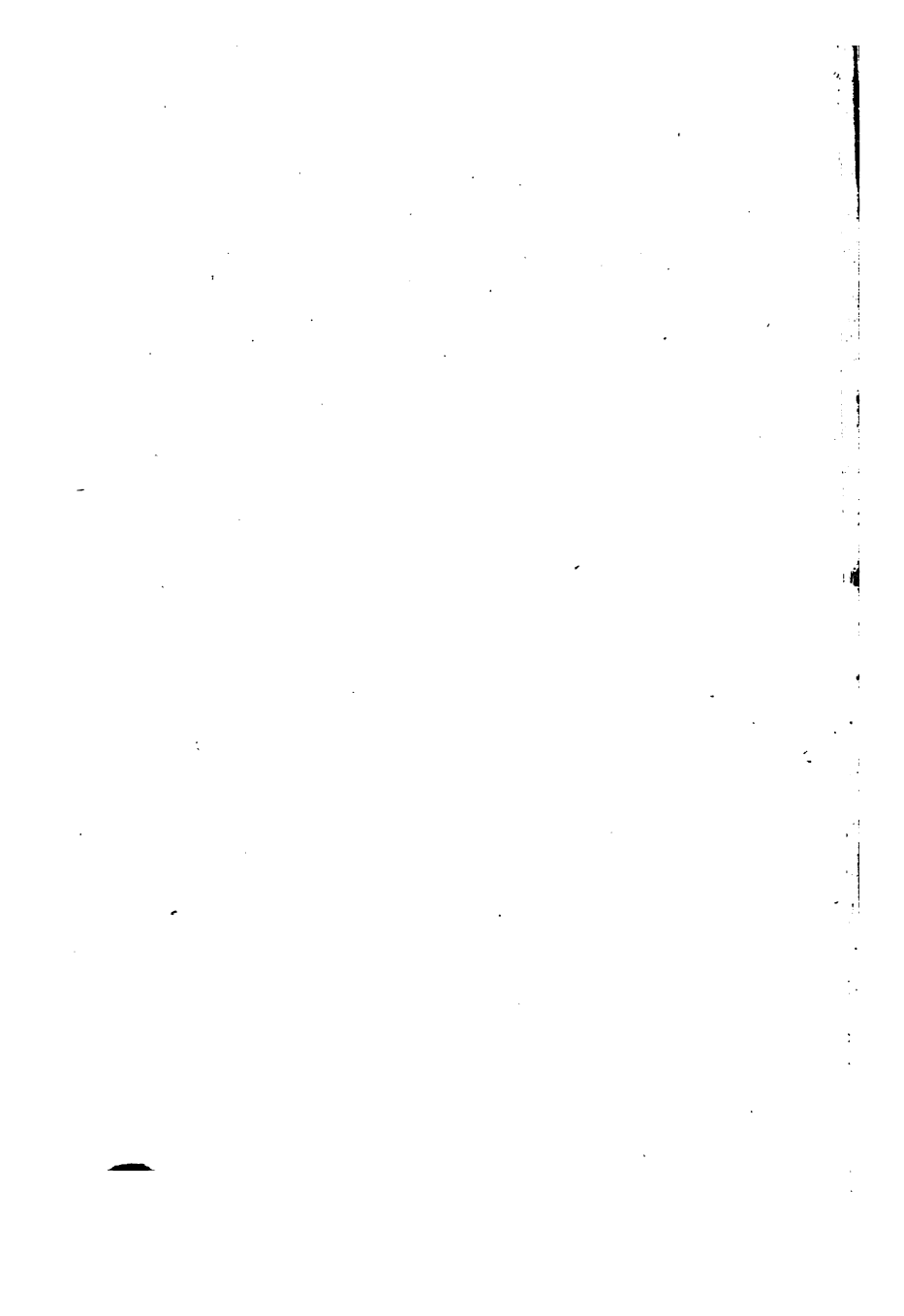
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CLASSIC TALES BY MARIA EDGEWORTH.



The Classic Series.

CLASSIC TALES

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH

With a Biographical Sketch

BY GRACE A. OLIVER



BOSTON

ROBERTS BROTHERS

1883

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SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.

By GRACE A. OLIVER.

MARIA EDGEWORTH is claimed by Ireland as the brightest star in her galaxy of authors. She was, however, born in England, of English parents. On her father's side the family had long been settled in Ireland, having been originally from Middlesex in England, and her ancestor acquired the Irish property in the reign of Elizabeth, late in the sixteenth century.

From her mother Maria inherited German blood, as Mrs. Edgeworth's father, Mr. Elers, was of that nation. Miss Edgeworth herself allowed the claims of Ireland, her beloved Ireland, gladly; and while she saw the faults of the people, she dearly loved the Irish, and was full of sympathy for them in their trials and struggles. She addressed the following lines to the land of her adoption, her home of a lifetime, a few weeks only before her death:—

"Ireland, with all thy faults, thy follies too,
I love thee still: still with a candid eye must view
Thy wit, too quick, still blundering into sense,
Thy reckless humor, sad improvidence,
And even what sober judges follies call,
I, looking at the heart, forget them all."

Maria Edgeworth stands first among the writers on Ireland and her people, and first among the novelists of her own day with the exception of Scott; and she is

entitled to the proud distinction of having inspired that great man with the idea of doing for Scottish history and people what he said she had "so fortunately achieved for Ireland," and in his General Introduction to the Waverley Novels he makes a generous acknowledgment of his obligations to her. Maria was delighted with this tribute from one whose genius and character she so much respected; and she said of it, if she could flatter herself "that Sir Walter Scott was in any degree influenced to write and publish his novels from seeing my sketches of Irish characters, I should indeed triumph in the thought of having been the proximate cause of such happiness to millions." There is perhaps no more attractive picture of a literary friendship, which ripened into a personal one, than that which existed between the two great writers of the sister kingdoms.

Since the day of Miss Edgeworth, hosts of novelists have flooded the press with stories, and novel-writing has become the occupation of many men and women. With the exception of a few shining names, like George Eliot, *Scott,* the Brontës, Thackeray, Dickens, Trollope, and other cele- *Hugo.* brated writers still living, but too numerous to speak of *Balzac.* here, the majority of the novelists will have an ephemeral fame. These minor tales are read eagerly by the jaded and insatiable seeker after novelty, and the bored traveler as he is whirled along the modern highway by steam, and then their day is over and they are consigned to that limbo which naturally awaits such trash. Now and then a book survives for quite a time the fate of its fellows, but as a rule modern novels are very short-lived.

All books which describe people and manners must become somewhat antiquated in form, but if the genius of the writer is strong enough to impress the vitality of the characters on our minds, we care not whether the scene is laid in castle or hovel; prince or page may be the hero, and the modern novel may be as full of romance as can possibly be found in the glamour which time and

distance throws over old-world stories and legends. The heart of universal humanity beats under armor, doublet, buff-coat or cassock, dress suit or epaulet, with equal force. Emerson says "all mankind loves a lover," and it is this universal love for the lover which gives the world so many of its best stories. "Love rules the court, the camp, the grove," and never, since the days of the Arabian tales, has the world known such a "Thousand and One Nights" entertainment in stories suited to all ages, minds, and conditions.

The great trials and events of life are, well adapted for romantic treatment. Miss Edgeworth's peculiar talent consisted in interesting the reader in the every-day affairs of life; and the minor virtues claimed a large share of her attention. This power Sir James Mackintosh and other good critics justly considered a great achievement. Lord Dudley called her "the anti-sentimental novelist," and expressed in strong terms his admiration for her restraint and the sober coloring which she gave to her pictures of life. This charm, which was felt by the great critics of her day, shows the genius and power of this writer as nothing else can. It is extremely difficult in works of art or literature to copy nature without too servile an imitation. The artist, the poet, or the historian, who aims to copy accurately, falls into the fatal error of losing himself in that "sad utility" of which Madame de Staël was said to accuse Miss Edgeworth. To degenerate into the commonplace is too often the result in work which aims to be faithful to nature.

Miss Edgeworth seems to have had that happy power, common to all great minds, of throwing herself into the harmony with humanity which all true work demands. As the painter aims to give his subject in its best state and happiest mood and dress without any loss in the likeness, so in writing one must touch somewhat more vividly the characters of the story in order to make them real to our imagination; but how much or how little to say requires

genius. We want "that touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin," but we must have also that tinge of romance which, like the sunshine, brightens and increases the beauty of the landscape. We need that touch of the magician's wand which transforms this work-a-day world of ours into something brighter, better, and happier for the time being, and lifts us out of ourselves and the everyday routine.

Maria Edgeworth was destined to a great work. She did much for English literature in simplifying romance, bringing fiction into its proper relations to the realities of life, and making some valuable contributions to the work of education of the head and heart. She was born in the house of her maternal grandfather, Mr. Elers of Black-Bourton, Oxfordshire, on January 1, 1767. This New Year's gift to the world was the second child of Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his wife, Anna Maria (Elers).

Mr. Edgeworth became the possessor of his paternal estate in 1769. He was unwise enough to marry, at the early age of nineteen, a woman of whom he was already tired, and the ten years of his first marriage were exceedingly distasteful to him. He had made an unfortunate mistake, and was not sufficiently philosophical to bear it with equanimity. Mrs. Edgeworth, whom he accused of "want of cheerfulness," was apparently a prudent, good woman; and she must have had many good qualities, besides being the mother of Maria Edgeworth, which in itself is some claim to distinction.

Mr. Edgeworth spent all the time he conveniently could away from his wife and little children, in London and other places, keeping terms at the Temple; and busied himself while at home in mechanical pursuits. In vain were all these distractions, for he fell desperately in love with a charming young lady, — Miss Honora Sneyd. In company with the eccentric Mr. Thomas Day, whose acquaintance he had made in one of his excursions in search of distraction, and who was, or imagined himself to be, in

love with a sister of the too charming Honora Sneyd, Mr. Edgeworth fled to France for safety from this distracting beauty. He left behind him his wife with two daughters, Maria and Anna, and took with him his son, whom he was endeavoring to educate on the plan of Rousseau, which had charmed him by its simplicity. After the birth of Mrs. Edgeworth's fourth child, she died, and Mr. Edgeworth hastened to Lichfield from Lyons, where he had busied himself with directing some engineering works for turning the river.

Mr. Edgeworth did not delay his wooing, and three months only elapsed before he was married, in July, 1773, to his second wife. After this marriage, Maria was taken by her father to Ireland, where the family lived for three years. They returned for a visit to their friends in England, and various circumstances detained them till the health of Mrs. Honora Edgeworth failed in 1778. She was destined to an early grave; for consumption had set its fatal mark on her in that extraordinary beauty which impressed all who saw her. Maria always recalled the beauty and goodness of Mrs. Edgeworth, who did all in her power, with her many cares and her two little children, to help the development of Maria. As Mrs. Edgeworth became more unable to take any care of the household, Maria was sent to a boarding-school at Derby, and later she was transferred to a fashionable London school. There she electrified the girls by her wonderful stories, and kept them awake nights by thrilling tales, not at all in her later style. "Hair-breadth 'scapes," and "moving accidents by flood and field," pleased best her young audience. Adventures with robbers and exciting escapes from horrible death, she found, kept them awake the longest time.

Mrs. Honora Edgeworth died in May, 1780, urging her husband to marry her sister Elizabeth, who had decided, after Mr. Day's return from France, — where he had tortured himself with various gymnastic exercises and learn-

ing to dance, that he might meet her approval, — that she could not love him. This lady Mr. Edgeworth married for his third wife, on Christmas Day, 1780. At that time marriage with a deceased wife's sister was not illegal, but voidable during the lifetime of either party if objections were made. The intended marriage caused much scandal, and friends on both sides wrote for and against the affair to the local journals; but it only delayed, and did not prevent, the ceremony, as Mr. Edgeworth, on finding that he could not marry Miss Sneyd in the country, went to London, and there the marriage was performed.

During the year 1780 Maria wrote her first little story by her father's request. The subject was "Generosity," and he gave her in a letter his requirements of length and style. This, unfortunately, was lost. It would be interesting to see what her first work was like, and compare the progress she made, by studying the style of her earlier and later works.

In 1782 Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth went to live in Ireland, carrying with them all their family except the oldest son, who was in the navy with his relative, Lord Longford. For the rest of her long life, Maria made Edgeworth's-town her home, with the exception of visits made to friends and relations in neighboring counties, and journeys to England and the Continent. Edgeworth's-town was permanently the family residence. The monotony of this lonely Irish home was agreeably varied by visits to relatives and friends, and their frequent appearance at Edgeworth's-town in earlier years. Then, as time passed, and Maria became famous, travellers were attracted to Ireland by the wish of seeing her; this led to invitations to the Continent, where Mr. Edgeworth already had friends, so that she found quite enough to vary her occupations; and yet the mode of life which they pursued gave unusual opportunities for study, work, and large results.

The ample time allowed by the regularity of their life, which was rarely broken in upon by casual visitors at this

period, gave the widest range for self-culture, while occasions were not wanting for social intercourse and observation. At Lord Granard's, Maria attracted the affectionate interest of one of the remarkable women of her day, Lady Moira, who was Lady Granard's mother. Lady Moira held regal sway for many years at Dublin Castle, where her husband, the Earl of Moira, lived during his Viceroyalty of Ireland. She was the mother of the first Marquis of Hastings, celebrated for his political and military career in America and India. As Lady Rawdon, Lady Moira figures extensively in the diaries and memoirs of her day. The daughter of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, friend of Wesley and Whitfield, she had seen a very varied and unusual number of noted people and had much experience in the higher and lower walks of life, being a woman of a liberal education and broad range of vision. This woman, with her fine cultivation, extensive acquaintance with the world, and amiable, endearing qualities of heart, had great influence over Maria Edgeworth, and did much towards forming a character which developed slowly but surely into the brilliant thinker, talker, and writer who has charmed two worlds.

At Pakenham Hall dwelt the Pakenhams, who were near and dear relations and friends. Admiral Pakenham, Lord Longford, the father of the Duchess of Wellington, and Mr. Edgeworth were very intimate. This hereditary friendship was carried through generations; and Maria often spoke with tender words of the Duchess of Wellington, "always Kitty Pakenham to her friends," as she named herself late in life, when she received Maria at Apsley House and presented her their national shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

Other friends and relations lived in the county, and among them may be named the Tuites of Sonna and the Foxes of Barrymore. Mrs. Ruxton, sister of Mr. Edgeworth, and very much loved by all the family, lived at Black Castle, a place which Maria delighted to visit, sur-

rounded by an affectionate and intelligent family. We hear of many gayeties among these hospitable Irish neighbors, and their return visits at Edgeworth's-town.

Maria's first literary work after she was fairly settled in Ireland was a translation of the "*Adèle et Theodore*" of Madame de Genlis. This was not finished when the translation of Holcroft appeared, and Mr. Edgeworth decided not to publish Maria's work. She did not, however, regret the time she had spent on the book, for it had given her greater facility in her French, in which she was a very accomplished scholar; and the choice of words and phrases also greatly helped her in the study of her own language. The nice distinctions and shades of difference in the selection of words make such a translation an *excellent* preparation for original work.

The eminent physician and poet, Erasmus Darwin, author of the "*Botanic Garden*," and now better known to fame as grandfather of Charles Darwin, was an intimate friend of Mr. Edgeworth, and he had a considerable share in directing Maria's studies, and in suggesting subjects for her pen. It was by his advice that she read Dugald Stewart, and wrote upon education.

For several years, Maria wrote tales and short stories for her younger brothers and sisters. These stories were suited to various ages, and she judged from their criticism as to their merits, often making little changes if any were suggested by her young hearers. Among these tales those in "*Parent's Assistant*" and the "*Moral Tales*" were the earlier.

The first work published by Maria was not the first by any means that she had written, for it was not till some time after her "*Letters for Literary Ladies*" appeared that she published any tales. In 1789 the death of Mr. Day deprived Maria and her father of an earnest and devoted friend; but his eccentricities and prejudices were such that the intensity of his dislike to female authorship deterred Maria from thinking of printing anything. He

was delighted when Holcroft's translation of "*Adèle et Theodore*" prevented the publication of Maria's book, and took the trouble to write Mr. Edgeworth of it.

In 1791 Maria accompanied her father and Mrs. Edgeworth to Clifton, and their stay there was quite protracted. They renewed their old friendships by personal intercourse, and extended their acquaintance, making friends among the scientific and literary men of the day. Maria saw Dr. Darwin at this time and highly valued his conversation, which abounded in learning, wit, and observation of men and things.

The disturbances in Ireland decided the return of the family to Edgeworth's-town in 1793, but quiet continued in their county for some time after this, though rumors of French invasion and internal disaffection kept them on the alert.

In 1795 Miss Edgeworth published "*Letters for Literary Ladies.*" It was very popular, and went through several editions before 1814, and then the essays were printed in the collected works of Miss Edgeworth.

These essays are rather old-fashioned in form, but the ideas are sensible and well expressed. The book contained "*Letters from a Gentleman to his Friend, on the Birth of a Daughter,*" with the answer, which, as may be fancied, contains the other side of the question of female education, "*The Letters of Julia to Caroline,*" and an article on the "*Noble Art of Self-Justification.*" In the same year, and some months later, Maria published the collection of tales known so well as the "*Parent's Assistant.*" This edition did not contain several of the best tales now printed in the book. "*Simple Susan*" was not written till 1798.

The family were very fond of little plays, and a theatre was built by Mr. Edgeworth in 1791, where the children performed "*Old Poz*" and some other plays of Maria's with much spirit. "*Moral Tales*" and the opening chapters of "*Practical Education*" occupied much of Maria's

thought and time for some years. She designed the "Moral Tales" as a sequel to the "Parent's Assistant."

"Practical Education" is an exhaustive study of education, considered, as its title indicates, from a thoroughly practical standpoint. It is a most valuable contribution to educational literature, and shadows forth many of the Kindergarten-system ideas. As the book was translated by Professor Pictet of Geneva, and widely read in Switzerland and Germany, it is quite probable that both Pestalozzi and Froebel profited by the good sense and suggestions contained in it. It can be properly placed among the important works which have modified and broadened the old methods of instruction.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Edgeworth in 1797, and the marriage of Mr. Edgeworth to his fourth wife in 1798, were family events of much importance to his daughter Maria. She naturally felt some reluctance at this proposed marriage, but her father successfully removed her prejudices, and the excellent woman who became the head of the Edgeworth's-town home for many years was her most devoted friend and admirer. Mrs. Edgeworth, who was somewhat younger than Maria, found a rather unusual household awaiting her arrival at her new home. The family was immense, and the children of the three wives of Mr. Edgeworth, with the two Misses Sneyd, sisters of the second and third wives, appear to have lived in the most harmonious relations. Some remarks by Francis Edgeworth, who was a son of this wife, have been printed lately, and they convey the impression that he was not very much in sympathy with Maria; but she did much for him and his Spanish wife, receiving the little bride with open arms, when he made a rather unwise marriage. A son of Francis Edgeworth is now the owner of Edgeworth's-town. Francis Edgeworth probably changed his opinion of his sister long before he died, and would have regretted the expressions used in Morley's "Reminiscences."

When Mr. Edgeworth married Miss Beaufort, he took her at once from Dublin to Edgeworth's-town. On their way home they were obliged to pass through a part of the country already in open insurrection, and Mr. Edgeworth told his bride, whose attention was attracted by something strange by the roadside, to look the other way. After they had passed he told her that it was the body of a man hung by the rebels between the shafts of a cart. However, they reached home in safety, and the summer passed in comparative quiet; but the tide of war rolled nearer. Maria said of it and her occupations, "I cannot be a captain of dragoons, and sitting with my hands before me would not make any of us one degree safer." She had just finished "*Practical Education*," and says, "It is advertised to be published; . . . '*Simple Susan*' went to Fox Hall for Lady Anne (Fox) to carry to England."

There was a little book of "*Wee-wee Stories*," all about Rosamond, ready too at this time.

At last, amidst all this quiet home work the Edgeworths really had an experience of war. The French landed at Killala, and at once marched on Longford. Their supposed point of attack was Athlone, where the Lord-lieutenant was known to be. This was a very exciting time, and, to add to the agitation of the family, the infantry corps of Edgeworth's-town, by some strange oversight of the Dublin authorities, did not receive their arms.

It was decided that the family should go for safety to the county-town of Longford, which was guarded by troops. While the question of departure was being discussed, a detachment of troops in charge of some ammunition carts passed, and "One of the officers rode up to our house," says Maria, in a letter describing this time, "and offered to let us have the advantages of his escort. But, after a few minutes' deliberation, this friendly proposal was declined. My father determined that he would not stir till he knew whether he could have assistance. As it did not

appear as yet absolutely necessary that we should go, we stayed, — fortunately for us. Half an hour afterwards, as we were quietly sitting in the portico, we heard, as we thought close to us, the report of a pistol or a clap of thunder, which shook the house. The officer soon after returned almost speechless ; he could hardly explain what had happened. The ammunition cart, containing nearly three barrels of gunpowder, took fire and burnt, half way on the road to Longford. The man who drove the cart was blown to atoms. Nothing of him could be found. Two of the horses were killed ; others were blown to pieces, and their limbs scattered to a distance. The head and body of a man were found a hundred and twenty yards from the spot. . . . If we had gone with this ammunition cart, we must have been killed. An hour or two afterwards we were obliged to fly from Edgeworth's-town. The pikemen, three hundred in number, were within a mile of the town ; my mother and Charlotte and I rode ; passed the trunk of the dead man, bloody limbs of horses, and two dead horses, by the help of men who pulled on our steeds — all safely lodged now in Mrs. Fallon's Inn."

Some days were passed in this same inn, with all the uncertainties of war, and amidst most exciting events ; but finally the welcome news came that General Lake had met the French and rebels at Ballynamuck near Granard, defeating them with a loss of fifteen hundred killed, and making prisoners of the French general and other officers. Then came the return to the home at Edgeworth's-town, which they found quite as they left it, "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed."

This escape from pillage was most remarkable, for few places were spared by the rebels, who broke and destroyed all they could lay their hands upon. It is a pleasant instance of the gratitude which the Irish nature is capable of feeling and acting upon. The housekeeper, who waited for a carriage to convey her to Longford, had lent a poor man's wife the previous year the sum of six-

teen shillings, to pay the rent of her flax ground, which was due and she could not meet. This man happened to be the leader of the mob who were about to break into Mr. Edgeworth's grounds, after destroying everything in the village which they possibly could. There were about three hundred rebels under the command of this man. He resolutely held them back, went with a deputation to the housekeeper to know if arms were concealed in the house, "bid her not to be frightened, for that no harm should happen to her, nor any belonging to her;" and after asking her if she remembered lending his wife the money, he harangued his companions about the generosity of the woman, persuaded them to spare the house, and mounted guard himself over it while the rebels stayed in the village. This little incident, and hundreds of others related by Maria in her stories, will show why Maria, with her warm-hearted, affectionate nature, clung to the Irish, hoped for them, prayed for them, worked for them with a life-long sympathy.

The natural excitement incident to the invasion and rebellion, with the after events of trials, and the punishments of the rebels, made quite a little break in the routine of the Edgeworths' home life, but they soon were quietly settled again. Miss Edgeworth achieved a great success in the new vein she struck, when she wrote "Castle Rackrent." This story marked a distinct era in the history of modern fiction. It was published in 1800. In 1801 "Belinda" appeared. "Moral Tales" received some additions about this time, and "Parent's Assistant" was enlarged by the appearance of "Simple Susan" and several other stories.

A visit to England in 1799 made a pleasant change for Maria, who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth to Clifton. There they met many delightful friends, among them Mrs. Barbauld.

In 1802 the witty essay on "Irish Bulls" appeared. New editions of Maria's works were constantly called for, and

attest to the popularity of her writings ; and now we hear of the visits of foreigners who were attracted to Ireland by the fame of its novelist and thinker. It speaks volumes for the impression made by "Practical Education," that Professor Pictet found his way from Geneva to Ireland for the purpose of meeting the author of "Practical Education." His brother had translated the book into the French. It was also translated into the Spanish and German.

The account given of this visit by Professor Pictet, with extracts from Maria's stories, greatly interested the continental readers in her, and when the family visited the Low Countries and France, shortly after, they received marked attentions from distinguished people, in consequence of the agreeable description given by Pictet of Miss Edgeworth's genius, the talents of the family, and his visit.

Some months were delightfully passed by Maria in Paris during the winter of 1802-3. The party left home in the autumn, and, after visiting Belgium, arrived in Paris late in the winter. Mr. Edgeworth had visited Paris thirty years before, and he found himself still remembered by many friends made at that time. The name of Edgeworth also recalled to the aristocratic dwellers in the Faubourg St. Germain the devotion of the Abbé Edgeworth, who stood by the unfortunate Louis XVI. on the scaffold at the peril of his own life, crying, "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au ciel !*"—after hearing from the royal sufferer his last words of resigned submission to the will of God. Mr. Watts chanced to be in Paris, and to his introduction the Edgeworths owed many delightful scientific acquaintances. The Abbé Morellet, the Delesserts, Madame Gautier, Madame Récamier, the Pastoret, Montgolfier, Berthollet, De Prony, Madam Campan, Degerando, Camille Jordan, and many others, were among these Parisian friends. One very important and valuable friend was first met by Maria in Paris. M. Dumont, celebrated as the

translator of the writings of Jeremy Bentham, and his "*Souvenirs sur Mirabeau*," etc., was a Genevan. He was travelling with Lord Henry Petty, later well known to several generations of English-speaking people as the third Marquis of Lansdowne,—a man of remarkable vigor of mind, breadth of thought, and liberality in all political affairs. This tutor and pupil were men of very great brilliancy, and Maria found them true, sympathetic, congenial friends during the rest of her life. She owed much to the critical taste and clear mind of Dumont, and in later years asked his advice on at least one piece of literary work.

One important event of Maria's life happened during her sojourn in France. She had been much attracted by a Swedish gentleman, Chevalier Edelcrantz. This gentleman, who was highly esteemed by his royal master the king of Sweden, earnestly desired to make Maria his wife, but he could not give up his government occupation, and she felt that the atmosphere of a court would not be to her taste. Her father left her to decide for herself, it is said; but undoubtedly he showed so strongly how much her society was to him that she refused to leave her home and family. In the memoir written long after by Mrs. Edgeworth, she refers to this event, and says: "Maria was mistaken as to her own feelings. She refused M. Edelcrantz, but she felt much more for him than esteem and admiration; she was extremely in love with him. Mr. Edgeworth left her to decide for herself; but she saw too plainly what it would be to us to lose her, and what she would feel at parting with us. She decided rightly for her own future happiness and for that of her family, but she suffered much at the time and long afterwards. While we were in Paris, I remember that in a shop where Charlotte and I were making purchases, Maria sat apart absorbed in thought, and so deep in reverie that when her father came in and stood opposite to her she did not see him till he spoke to her, when she

started and burst into tears. . . . I do not think she repented of her refusal or regretted her decision. She was well aware that she could not have made M. Edelcrantz happy, that she would not have suited his position at the Court of Stockholm, and that her want of beauty might have diminished his attachment. It was perhaps better she should think so, for it calmed her mind; but from what I saw of M. Edelcrantz I think he was a man capable of really valuing her. I believe he was much attached to her, and deeply mortified at her refusal. He continued to reside in Sweden after the abdication of his master, and was always distinguished for his high character and great abilities. He never married. He was, except for his very fine eyes, remarkably plain."

The Edgeworths' stay in Paris was varied by the literary and social charms of the capital. Napoleon, then First Consul, was cautiously preparing to seize the supreme power in France, but he was careful to conceal his designs, and the unfortunate error of the secret police, in arresting Mr. Edgeworth, was probably quite as much regretted by him as by their friends. The excess of zeal which caused his arrest, under the supposition that he was brother to the Abbé Edgeworth, made a very annoying break in the happy days passed by the family in Paris. It was only an affair of a few hours, and his exile to Passy, with an order to leave France in fifteen days, was speedily rescinded when a statement was made by friends to the authorities. This disagreeable adventure was really a fortunate warning for the Edgeworths. It revealed the true state of affairs in France, and they profited by it.

Before this arrest, the advice of friends and his own inclination had almost influenced Mr. Edgeworth to take a house in Paris and send for the rest of the family to join him; but this caused their return to England. A few weeks' delay would have been sufficient to place them among the *détenus*. Lovell Edgeworth, on his way

to meet them, was detained, and forced to pass eleven years in France. Six of these long years were spent at Verdun.

The spring of 1803 found the Edgeworths in Edinburgh, where a son, Henry, was a student at the university. The names of Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Alison, and others gave lustre to the university, and the two thousand students enrolled on its books were drawn from the first families in Great Britain. The universities of Oxford and Cambridge did not offer the advantages of a scientific and mathematical training at this time. The classics absorbed the attention of those seats of learning, and a want of vigor and life was very evident in the management. Students were drawn to the continental universities of science; but when the continent was closed to foreigners by the wars of Napoleon, Edinburgh became the centre of scientific and philosophical learning.

Sir James Mackintosh spoke of the influence of Dugald Stewart, saying that he "breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils;" and among these pupils were such men as Miss Edgeworth's friend, Lord Lansdowne. Henry Edgeworth was very ill, and he was tenderly cared for by the Stewarts and other Edinburgh friends. Maria made many valuable friends, during this visit, among the professors and their wives, and she met Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, well known in her own day as a writer of considerable repute.

After a visit in Glasgow, the Edgeworths went to Ireland. Again settled in her quiet country home, Maria began her daily writing. "Popular Tales" were printed in 1804. After that she began several tales, and one longer story, "Ennui."

"Griselda" was written by Maria in her own room; and she printed a single copy without a titlepage, in order to mystify her father, who had known nothing of her plan. It was, however, acknowledged after this little joke, and printed in the "Popular Tales."

"Professional Education" was published in 1808. Though it bore only Mr. Edgeworth's name on the title-page, the larger part of it was Maria's work. For it she read much; and the essays, eight in number, are valuable studies in the formation of character. Maria made no secret of her assistance of her father, but it was probably thought that her name would not add to the value of the book in the eyes of the public.

The years were pleasantly varied by visits to friends, and each day brought its own occupations and amusements. Sometimes a dinner in the neighborhood, occasionally a ball, called the family abroad; and then, again, some travelling carriage would roll up to the ever hospitable door of Edgeworth's-town house, with friends from England. For many years the list of friends who came in this way was very large. Sometimes they were heralded by a letter, but frequently they drove up quite unexpectedly, always to find a cordial welcome, and the unmeasured Irish hospitality of the Edgeworths. In 1808 "Ennui" was finished and read aloud to the assembled family. "Vivian," "Manceuvring," and others composed the "Tales of Fashionable Life," which appeared in 1809, and were the result of several years of thought and work.

In the year 1810 Maria edited with notes and a preface a little book by a Quaker lady, Mrs. Leadbeater, whose grandfather had been tutor to Edmund Burke. The "Cottage Dialogues" of Mrs. Leadbeater sold very well; and as Maria secured the assistance of her own publishers in publishing the book, it was of material service to the authoress, who was poor.

The famous theatricals at Kilkenny were much enjoyed by Maria, who visited the little town with her father and mother. The Kilkenny plays were celebrated. The castle, where the head of the Butler family gave splendid entertainments in the old Irish style, was the scene of the finest plays in Ireland. In this company

was Thomas Moore, Wilson Croker, Chief Justice Bushe, the Bishop of Meath, Sir Philip Crampton, Sir Wrixon Beecher, and the charming Miss O'Neill, afterwards Lady Beecher. Crampton was considered the best Sir Lucius O'Trigger then on the stage, but the star of the company was Mr. Corry, who was grand-uncle of Lord Rowton, friend and secretary of Lord Beaconsfield. The wit and vivacity of Moore, and his delightful voice, added greatly to the strength of this company.

During several years, Miss Edgeworth kept the plot of "Patronage" in her mind. Originally, as suggested to her by her father, it contained a sub-plot which Maria used in the "Absentee." She was urged by her publisher to give him another series of "Fashionable Tales," and in order to complete this she began the "Absentee," and after that she again took up "Patronage." This series contained "Vivian," "Emilie de Coulanges," and the "Absentee." Lord Jeffrey, in one of his brilliant reviews of Maria's works, said of the letter of Larry Brady, the post-boy, giving an account of the return of the "Absentee" family to Clonbrony Castle,—"If Miss Edgeworth had never written any other thing, this one letter must have placed her at the very top of our scale as an observer of character, and a mistress of the simple pathetic."

"Patronage" was all ready for publication in 1813, but Mr. Edgeworth had planned a visit to England in the spring, and its publication was delayed till after his return. In March of 1813 Maria accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Edgeworth to England. Maria was the lion of the London season, receiving much courtesy and attention from people of rank, fashion, and intellect. This flattering ovation in no wise affected the balance of Maria's mind. Her homely virtues bore well the test to which she was exposed, and though naturally pleased and touched by the friendly courtesies of the great in literature, rank, and fashion, she never wavered in her simple, unaffected way, winning many hearts among the crowds of new acquaint-

ances she made. She enjoyed all the sights of London society and then returned to Ireland, contented that "the brilliant panorama of London is over, — loving my own friends and my own mode of life preferably to all others, after comparison with all that is fine and gay, and rich and rare."

Among the friends made on this visit may be named the Misses Berry, Miss Catherine Fanshawe, Lady Byron, Mrs. Inchbald. Mrs. Siddons, Sir Humphry and Lady Davy, she had known before. Great attention was paid her by Lady Elizabeth Whitbread, who became a most devoted friend in after years. Miss Fox, Mrs. Hope (Lady Beresford), Lady Spence, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, and Lady Lansdowne, all women of marked character, were attracted to her.

The Princess of Wales desired Maria's acquaintance, but Maria wisely evaded it by answering the invitation, at the suggestion of Lady Liverpool, then considered the best authority in London, "Sorry she can't — previous engagement."

Her cousin, Lady Wellington, was as affectionate as in old times. Maria wrote of her: "Charming, amiable Lady Wellington! As she truly said of herself, she is always 'Kitty Pakenham to her friends.'"

The pleasure of a personal acquaintance with men eminent in science, literature, and art, was much appreciated by Maria, who used all her opportunities for self-cultivation. Sir James Mackintosh, long an admirer, became a warm personal friend from this time.

After Maria's return home she began a new series of "Early Lessons," for which parents had expressed a desire, they found the earlier part so helpful to them in educating their children. This included the second part of "Frank," "Rosamond," and "Harry and Lucy." It was the work of some years, and delayed by sickness in the family and her father's death. She published it in 1821.

"Patronage" was published in 1814. Some slight

alterations were made in the third edition, as the critics objected to trifling details. On the whole, the book was favorably received, though objections are made to its length and the obvious determination to adjust the story to a moral. This defect is always the fault of Miss Edgeworth, but she shows it perhaps more plainly in "Patronage" than in any other work. Her father's influence shows itself most strongly in this style. He was determined to make the tale subservient to the moral he wished to instil, forgetting what Madame de Staël so truly says: Good intentions go for nothing in a work of art. Real life is not all success or all failure, and people have succeeded with patronage and without it.

On the appearance of "Waverley," Maria was greatly impressed by the genius of the unknown author. She was touched and gratified, after reading the book, to have her attention called to the generous and cordial recognition which Scott accorded her in his "Postscript," ascribing to the influence of her novels his own desire to do something similar for Scotland and her people. She always said there was a freshness and novelty in the style of "Waverley" which gave it the first place in her mind, over all the others of the series.

In 1816, a little volume of selections from the poets, called "Readings on Poetry," was published by Mr. Edgeworth and his daughter. In 1817 Maria published, in one volume, some of the little plays written at various times for the children of the family to act.

A correspondence with a Hebrew lady, Miss Mordecai, of Virginia, who gently reproached Maria with making Jews odious and ridiculous, caused her to begin "Harrington." "Ormond" was the pendant to this tale. Mr. Edgeworth expressed a desire that she should consider the plot of a story as a companion to "Harrington," and "Ormond" was the result. The health of Mr. Edgeworth began to fail in 1815, and he suffered much during the years before his death.

By the bedside of her suffering father Maria read the chapters of "Ormond" as she completed each. With a powerful effort of mind she threw the sparkling gayety and spirit she was far from feeling into those brilliant pages. She knew too well what the unceasing weakness and long-continued distress of her father portended, but her life-long devotion supported her in this last effort to please him. She threw all the force of her determination into "Ormond," and it was a great pleasure to the dying man, who wrote only four days before his death to Lady Romilly of the promised appearance of "Harrington" and "Ormond," — "They have cheered the lingering hours of my illness; and they have — I speak literally — given me more pleasure during confinement than could have been imagined from the nature of my illness." A beautiful tribute to the genius of his daughter, and an evidence of the vigor of mind and sympathy of the writer. He wrote the preface for the volume, and it is dated May 31. He died the 13th of June, 1817.

To one who marvelled at the influence of Mr. Edgeworth over all his intimate friends and his family, a young relative, Miss Beaufort, now the celebrated Lady Strangford, replied: "You do not in the least understand what my Uncle Edgeworth was. I never knew anything like him. Brilliant, full of energy and charm, he was something quite extraordinary and irresistible. If you had known him you would not have wondered at anything."

Mr. Edgeworth desired his daughter Maria to complete his Memoir, which he had carried to the year 1782, and he said in his own introduction to it, "My beloved daughter Maria, at my earnest request, has promised to revise, complete, and publish her father's life." This labor of love was a fortunate break in the intense grief felt by Maria. She roused herself from the monotony of her affliction and set her mind resolutely at work to pay this tribute to his memory. Many friends took a great interest in this Memoir, and Lord and Lady Lansdowne urged

her to meet M. Dumont at Bowood, that he might give what she felt she sadly needed after her father's death, critical advice.

She gladly accepted the invitation, and reached Bowood in September of 1818. Bowood in those days was a charming place for literary society, but the home life of the family was perhaps even more remarkable than the intellectual gatherings held under its roof. Its master and mistress were talented, high-bred, and generous-hearted people. Their high rank was only the final touch which completed the picture. Bowood was literally a home. Open to the great of all nations, there Maria found a cordial welcome. Though she had known the Lansdownes for some years, she was more than ever impressed with the intrinsic worth of their characters. She was charmed with the gracious hospitality which welcomed simple talent and true worth. In finishing her visit she wrote how much pleasure it had given her, — "I much enjoy the sight of Lady Lansdowne's happiness with her husband and her children; beauty, fortune, cultivated society, in short, everything that the most reasonable or unreasonable could wish. She is so amiable, and so desirous to make others happy."

After a delightful stay at Bowood, and consultations with M. Dumont on the subject of the Memoir, Maria made other visits in England and in and about London, being at Hampstead with the sisters Agnes and Joanna Baillie, and at Wimbledon with Lady Spence. She returned to Bowood to meet her old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Dugald Stewart. Then came visits to other friends, and a stay was made at Lady Whitbread's at Kensington, where Maria was making her business arrangements for publishing the Memoir. Dinners, breakfasts, and other engagements were made, and many old friendships were renewed and delightful acquaintances made among the people who had appeared on the social scene since the time when Maria was in London in 1813.

xxx *SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

During one of her visits to London, Miss Edgeworth went to dine at the house of Mr. Marshall; and his daughter, Lady Monteagle, tells a little story which gives an impression, and a kind one, of the celebrated guest. Everything had been prepared in her honor, the lights lighted, the viands were cooked. Dinner was announced, and some important person was brought forward to hand Miss Edgeworth down, when it was discovered that she had vanished. For a moment the company and the dinner were all at a standstill. She was a small person, but diligent search was made. Miss Edgeworth had last been seen with the children of the house, and she was eventually found in the back kitchen, escorted by the said children, who, having confided their private affairs to her sympathetic ear, had finally invited her to come with them and see some rabbits which they were rearing down below.

Maria returned to Ireland in the summer of 1819, and passed some months in revising and preparing for the press the Memoir, which was ready to publish early in 1820. After the MSS. had been put into Mr. Hunter's hands, Miss Edgeworth decided to take a continental trip; and she left home, taking with her two of her young half-sisters, in April, 1820.

The party were most cordially received in Paris, and they saw all the notabilities, the wits, the beauties. The fashion, science, and literature of Paris offered a most entertaining field for an observer of men and manners.

The names of Madame Récamier, Madame de la Rochejaquelein, the Countess de Rumford, the Princess Potemkin, the Duchesse D'Escars, Madame Swetchin, Cuvier, Humboldt, the Delesserts, Pastorets, and many more, will give the reader an idea of the very varied society Maria enjoyed in Paris. She knew all parties, and was kindly welcomed by all; the extreme liberals and the old aristocratic party vied with each other in courtesy and attention to Maria. The connection with the Abbé Edgeworth

was a sure passport to the hearts of the *ancienne noblesse*; while the strong admiration Maria always felt and expressed for the genius of Napoleon, gave the scientific men who still clung to his memory an interest in her.

Miss Edgeworth was an admirable listener as well as a good talker. This is quite evident from the careful study she made of character, the pertinent and clear way she had of narrating anecdotes which she heard, and the admirable pen-portraits of the men and women she met.

Leaving the attractions of Paris, the sisters travelled to Switzerland. At Geneva, then in its palmy days of social and scientific life, they were most politely treated. Dinners in the old city, with excursions in the neighborhood to the country houses, moonlight drives by the lake, and outdoor fêtes on lovely lawns sloping to the water, made the time pass most agreeably.

The society of old friends like the Marcets, Moilliets, and M. Dumont, with the acquaintance of such interesting people as Arago, De Candolle, Sismondi, Pictet, De Rochemont, M. de Staël, and his sister the Duchesse de Broglie, made this time delightful. With M. Dumont they made a tour round the Lake of Geneva; and a visit with him to Chamouni was a great pleasure to Maria, who said her first sight of Mt. Blanc "will remain an era in my life — a new idea, a new feeling standing alone in my mind." Dumont, who loved "Mt. Blanc, next to Bentham, above all created things," Maria said, was perfectly devoted to the sisters during these weeks, and added much to their pleasure by his sympathetic interest in showing them his country.

A visit to Coppet, the early home of Madame de Staël, where she returned an exile, lived through many years of work, and among a circle of adoring friends who consoled her somewhat for her trials, was very interesting to Maria. M. de Staël and the Duchesse de Broglie, with the English friend of Madame de Staël, Miss Randall, were at Coppet for the summer as usual. They were most friendly to

Miss Edgeworth, and she spent some days at the Chateau. She saw the child of the second marriage of Madame de Staël, and said, "The little Rocca, seven years old, is an odd, cold, prudent-old-man sort of child, as unlike as possible to the son you would have expected from such parents."

Miss Edgeworth, with the generous enthusiasm of her large nature, was greatly impressed by what she saw and heard at Coppet of one who was justly considered by her the first woman of her day. She wrote of this visit, "There is something inexpressibly melancholy, awful, in this house, in these rooms, where the thought continually recurs: here genius *was*; here was ambition, love, all the great struggles of the passions, — here was Madame de Staël!"

While Mr. Hunter was printing "*Rosamond*" he found the copy was short for the second volume; so Maria wrote while at Pregny, the home of the Moilliets, "*The Bracelet of Memory*" and "*Blind Kate*." The last of October, the sisters turned their faces towards Paris, and after a few weeks' stay they crossed to England.

In December she reached Ireland, after little visits at Bowood and Clifton. The home life of Edgeworth's-town was always interesting to Maria. She took very practical views of her duty towards the tenants, and looked well after their interests. At one time she was "building a gutter, a sewer, and a pathway in the street," having found it would give employment to twenty men in need of work. A legacy of diamonds left her by one of the English Edgeworths was devoted to building a market-house and hall over it for magistrates' meetings. She was continually devising plans for helping the poor with work and other assistance.

Many visits were made by Miss Edgeworth during these years. She often crossed to England, and we hear of visits at Bowood, Wycombe Abbey, Gatcombe Park, Easton Grey, Smethwick Grove, lovely Deepdene, Hampstead, and London.

Of one London season's campaign she wrote, "We know, I think, six different and totally independent sets of scientific, literary, political, travelled, artist, and the fine fashionables of various shades; and the different styles of conversation are very entertaining." During one London visit Miss Edgeworth saw much of Mrs. Siddons; she became intimate with Mrs. Somerville, and visited Newgate Prison with Mrs. Fry. Universal in her sympathies, she found enjoyment and interest in all human beings. In the hovels of Ireland she was as much at home by her sympathy as in the fashionable drawing-rooms of London.

For a long time Sir Walter Scott had urged Maria to visit Scotland, and finally she was able to take the long anticipated journey in the summer of 1823. She visited the Bannatynes in Glasgow, saw the Stewarts, Kinneil Castle, and after seeing Edinburgh under the auspices of Scott, made an excursion to the Highlands. On her return, the memorable visit was made at Abbotsford. Sir Walter said of his impressions of Maria, that, "she not only completely answered, but exceeded, the expectations" he had formed. He was particularly delighted with the "naïveté and good-humored ardor of mind, which she united with such formidable powers of acute observation." Her appearance he compared to that of the fairies, so *petite* was she, and thought she drew a wand from her pocket and conjured a little before writing. A little visit was made at Craigmook, the home of Lord Jeffrey, the distinguished editor of the "Edinburgh Review."

Abbotsford was nearly finished at the time of this visit, and the arrangement of the treasures which still adorn it was the daily pleasure of its master. Drives, walks, picnics, to places of interest filled those happy summer days. No shadow marred the happy home life of the great master of romance, and the description left by Maria of his appearance and Lady Scott's, as they drove with

their pet dogs in the carriage, is most vivid and natural. Sir Walter entered heart and soul into the reception of the woman he respected and admired. Together they visited Melrose Abbey, Ettrick Forest, the ruins of Norwalk Hall, the Cauldshiel Loch, Thomas the Rhymer's Glen and Waterfall, the banks of Yarrow.

Maria spent happy hours in seeing the spots consecrated by the art of Scott, enjoyed in the highest degree the cordial friendship the whole family showed her, and was deeply gratified by the manner in which Sir Walter treated her. For her he threw aside his cares and devoted days to old Edinburgh, and in company they saw all of interest in the grand, historic city. He unconsciously revealed himself to her as "one of the best-bred men I ever saw, with all the exquisite politeness which he knows so well how to describe, which is of no particular school or country, but which is of all countries,—the politeness which arises from good and quick sense and feeling, which seems to know by instinct the character of others, to see what will please, and put all his guests at their ease.

Miss Edgeworth returned to Ireland in the fall. She had so much interested Scott in Ireland that he resolved to see the country. In 1825 he went with some of his family, and Edgeworth's town was the scene of some days' gayety during his stay. Miss Edgeworth and her sisters joined the party, and the two novelists together saw Killarney and the famous vale of Avoca, so celebrated in song and prose. They became more and more drawn to each other by the qualities natural to each; their entire simplicity, their kindness of heart, and their love of literature gave them ample subjects for gay badinage, for serious thought and deep conversations. Happily constituted by nature, both could so mingle jest and earnest that they were not easily wearied by the trifling annoyances of travel; and they drew amusement from small incidents, food for study and thought from their daily

observation. They never met again after this time, but each felt for the other warm and true sympathy.

For several years Edgeworth's-town became the centre of interest for Maria's friends, who travelled far to see her in her own home. All bear ample testimony to the warm reception accorded them by the family. Mrs. Edgeworth and Maria were of one mind in most matters ; and she had her most cordial co-operation in the entertainment of the distinguished men and women who found their way there, attracted by the fame of her works. The affairs of the family estate were long administered by Maria, who took great pride in keeping accurate accounts, and making good returns to her brother, while she was careful always to deal justly and tenderly with the poor around her.

Though busy with society and home duties, Maria read, made notes, and thought for a new book ; and after anxious years she offered "*Helen*" to the public in 1833. This story was the first and last large piece of literary work done by Maria after her father's death. She prepared his Memoir, continuing and finishing it from the year he returned with his family to live permanently in Ireland, to the date of his death. For this she had ample material, and the incentive of his earnest desire to guide her. Then the second series — of "*Frank*," "*Harry and Lucy*," and "*Rosamond*" — was rather an easy and natural outcome of her earlier work for children ; but "*Helen*" must be considered quite her own creation, and as such will not fail to interest the observer.

The full maturity of its author's mind is here evident. Her easy grasp of conversation, broad character-drawing, and the firm, masterly way in which she paints the peculiarities of each and all her men and women, cannot fail to impress the reader. To this study Miss Edgeworth brought the ripened powers of observation, her social tact, keen insight, and study of the high life of the day. It must be allowed that no writer ever had better oppor-

tunities for observing all sides of human nature. To her the doors of peasant and duchess were alike thrown open with a cordial welcome. Her "Open Sesame" was that of the true-hearted, simple woman. The character of Lady Davenant in "Helen" is one so strongly marked that many critics thought it must be a portrait. Miss Edgeworth herself, on being appealed to, said, "I hope it may be called an invention of many ideas of individual characters in one new whole." George Ticknor, who visited Edgeworth's town shortly after the publication of "Helen," thought the animated conversation of Miss Edgeworth very much like that of Lady Davenant.

Lady Davenant is a very real person to the reader. Her character is strong, womanly, and lovable, in spite of her faults she names to "Helen" so frankly, in her long confidential chat with her in her pony phaeton.

This, the last novel of Miss Edgeworth, was quite unlike her others. It had no Irish character in it, no humor. She said, herself, of this: "We are in too perilous a case to laugh. Humor would be out of season, worse than bad taste. Whenever the danger is past, as the man in the sonnet says, 'We may look back on the hardest part and laugh.' Then I shall be ready to join in the laugh. Sir Walter Scott once said to me, 'Do explain to the public why Pat, who gets forward so well in other countries, is so miserable in his own.' A very difficult question, I fear above my power. But I shall think continually, and listen and look and read."

In some notes on the subject of Ireland and her troubles, Miss Edgeworth questioned whether the potato had been a blessing or a curse to her unhappy country, and she always was most anxious for the amelioration of Irish affairs. She saw two famines, and a period of great financial distress occurred in the last years of her life. This was met by her with her usual energy, promptness, and generosity. She carried the affairs of the estate successfully through it by her good management, gave all

the relief in her power for the poor by giving work, providing food at half price ; and in many ways she showed her constant devotion to the people. For many years she attended to the directing and mailing of the letters of the peasants to their friends in America, and often wrote the letters herself. She always found time for their needs, and could listen to their story, and if possible, give help.

The last story Miss Edgeworth published, "Orlandino," was written by her for "Chambers' Miscellany," in order that she might enlarge her contribution to the "Poor Relief Fund." It contained an enthusiastic passage about the good influence of Father Mathew's temperance work. She said, "Since that time of the crusades, never has one single voice awakened such moral energies."

To the very last of her long, useful, and happy life, Miss Edgeworth kept up her mental and bodily habits of activity.

She corresponded with many friends, and was interested in the progress of events without being at all a politician. A new book gave her genuine pleasure, and she hailed a new story or history with as much pleasure at eighty as she could have felt at eighteen. She preserved in a beautiful and unusual manner her youthful freshness of feeling, clear head, and warm heart, to the very last. Unequivocal testimony has been given me of her earnest religious feeling by the rector of Edgeworth's-town, who is now Dean Lysko of Ontario, Canada. He writes that "her attendance was constant and regular, and her whole sympathy and feelings were evidently those of entire absorption in the service of the church."

The life of Miss Edgeworth is remarkable for several things besides her literary work. One cannot fail to notice and be impressed with her great unselfishness, her tender devotion to family and friends, her wit and spirit, and above all her true womanly nature. She died without a struggle in the arms of her step-mother, at the old

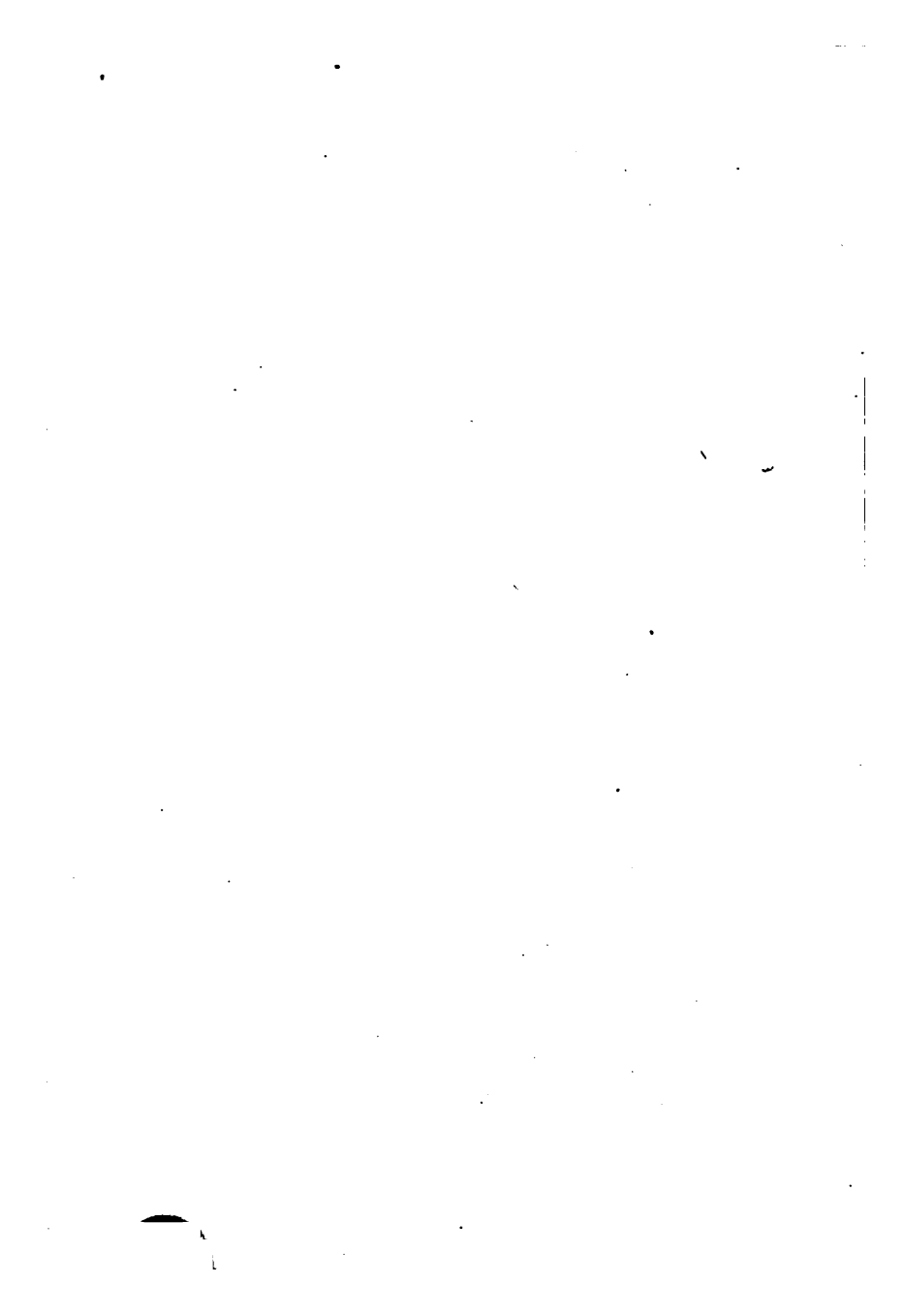
xxxviii *SKETCH OF MARIA EDGEWORTH.*

family home, May 22, 1849, having been ill only a few hours, and till that short summons she was in her usual state of health. She was never a very strong person, but constant occupation and active habits kept her happy to the last.

CLASSIC TALES

BY

MARIA EDGEWORTH.



SIMPLE SUSAN.

CHAPTER I.

Waked, as her custom was, before the day,
To do the observance due to sprightly May.
DRYDEN.

IN a retired hamlet, on the borders of Wales, between Oswestry and Shrewsbury, it is still the custom to celebrate the 1st of May.

The children of the village, who look forward to this rural festival with joyful eagerness, usually meet on the last day of April to make up their nosegays for the morning, and to choose their queen. Their customary place of meeting is at a hawthorn, which stands in a little green nook, open on one side to a shady lane, and separated on the other side by a thick sweet-brier and hawthorn hedge from the garden of an attorney.

This attorney began the world with nothing ; but he contrived to scrape together a good deal of money : everybody knew how. He built a new house at the entrance of the village, and had a large well-fenced garden ; yet, notwithstanding his fences, he never felt himself secure. Such were his litigious habits, and his suspicious temper, that he was constantly at variance with his simple and peaceable neighbors. Some pig, or dog, or goat, or goose was for ever trespassing. His complaints and his extortions wearied and alarmed the whole hamlet. The paths in his fields were at length unfrequented — his stiles were blocked up with stones, or stuffed with brambles and briers, so that not

a gosling could creep under or a giant get over them. Indeed, so careful were even the village children of giving offence to this irritable man of the law, that they would not venture to fly a kite near his fields, lest it should entangle in his trees, or fall upon his meadow.

Mr. Case, for this was the name of our attorney, had a son and a daughter, to whose education he had not time to attend, as his whole soul was intent upon accumulating for them a fortune. For several years he suffered his children to run wild in the village; but suddenly, upon his being appointed to a considerable agency, he began to think of making his children a little genteel. He sent his son to learn Latin; he hired a maid to wait upon his daughter Barbara; and he strictly forbade her *thenceforward* to keep company with any of the poor children, who had hitherto been her playfellows. They were not sorry for this prohibition, because she had been their tyrant rather than their companion. She was vexed to observe that her absence was not regretted, and she was mortified to perceive that she could not humble them by any display of airs and finery.

There was one poor girl, amongst her former associates, to whom she had a peculiar dislike, — Susan Price, a sweet-tempered, modest, sprightly, industrious lass, who was the pride and delight of the village. Her father rented a small farm, and, unfortunately for him, he lived near Attorney Case.

Barbara used often to sit at her window, watching Susan at work. Sometimes she saw her in the neat garden raking the beds, or weeding the borders; sometimes she was kneeling at her beehive with fresh flowers for her bees; sometimes she was in the poultry-yard, scattering corn from her sieve amongst the eager chickens; and in the evening she was often seated in a little honeysuckle arbor, with a clean, light, three-legged deal table before her, upon which she put her plain work.

Susan had been taught to work neatly by her good mother, who was very fond of her, and to whom she was most gratefully attached.

Mrs. Price was an intelligent, active, domestic woman; but her health was not robust. She earned money, however, by taking in plain work; and she was famous for baking excellent bread and breakfast-cakes. She was respected in the village for her conduct as a wife and as a mother, and all were eager to show her attention. At her door the first branch of hawthorn was always placed on May-morning, and her Susan was usually Queen of the May.

It was now time to choose the Queen. The setting sun shone full upon the pink blossoms of the hawthorn, when the merry group assembled upon their little green. Barbara was now walking in sullen state in her father's garden. She heard the busy voices in the lane, and she concealed herself behind the high hedge, that she might listen to their conversation.

"Where 's Susan?" were the first unwelcome words which she overheard. "Ay, where 's Susan?" repeated Philip, stopping short in the middle of a new tune that he was playing on his pipe. "I wish Susan would come! I want her to sing me this same tune over again; I have not it yet."

"And I wish Susan would come, I'm sure," cried a little girl, whose lap was full of primroses. "Susan will give me some thread to tie up my nosegays, and she'll show me where the fresh violets grow; and she has promised to give me a great bunch of her double cowslips to wear to-morrow. I wish she would come."

"Nothing can be done without Susan! She always shows us where the nicest flowers are to be found in the lanes and meadows," said they. "She must make up the garlands; and she shall be Queen of the May!" exclaimed a multitude of little voices.

"But she does not come!" said Philip.

Rose, who was her particular friend, now came forward to assure the impatient assembly, "that she would answer for it Susan would come as soon as she possibly could, and that, she probably was detained by business at home."

The little electors thought that all business should give way to theirs, and Rose was despatched to summon her friend immediately.

"Tell her to make haste," cried Philip. "Attorney Case dined at the Abbey to-day — luckily for us. If he comes home and finds us here, maybe he'll drive us away; for he says this bit of ground belongs to his garden: though that is not true, I'm sure; for Farmer Price knows, and says, it was always open to the road. The attorney wants to get our playground, so he does. I wish he and his daughter Bab, or Miss Barbara, as she must now be called, were a hundred miles off, out of our way, I know. No later than yesterday she threw down my nine-pins in one of her ill-humors, as she was walking by with her gown all trailing in the dust."

"Yes," cried Mary, the little primrose-girl, "her gown is always trailing. She does not hold it up nicely, like Susan; and with all her fine clothes she never looks half so neat. Mamma says she wishes I may be like Susan, when I grow up to be a great girl, and so do I. I should not like to look conceited as Barbara does, if I was ever so rich."

"Rich or poor," said Philip, "it does not become a girl to look conceited, much less *bold*, as Barbara did the other day, when she was standing at her father's door, without a hat upon her head, staring at the strange gentleman who stopped hereabout to let his horse drink. I know what he thought of Bab by his looks, and of Susan, too; for Susan was in her garden, bending down a branch of the laburnum-tree, looking at its yellow flowers, which were just come out; and when the gentleman asked her how many miles it was from

Shrewsbury, she answered him so modest ! — not bashful, like as if she had never seen nobody before — but just right ; and then she pulled on her straw hat, which was fallen back with her looking up at the laburnum, and she went her ways home ; and the gentleman says to me, after she was gone, ‘ Pray, who is that neat, modest girl ? ’ But I wish Susan would come,” cried Philip, interrupting himself.

Susan was all this time, as her friend Rose rightly guessed, busy at home. She was detained by her father’s returning later than usual. His supper was ready for him nearly an hour before he came home ; and Susan swept up the ashes twice, and twice put on wood to make a cheerful blaze for him ; but at last, when he did come in, he took no notice of the blaze or of Susan ; and when his wife asked him how he did, he made no answer, but stood with his back to the fire, looking very gloomy. Susan put his supper upon the table, and set his own chair for him ; but he pushed away the chair and turned from the table, saying, — “ I shall eat nothing, child ! Why have you such a fire, to roast me at this time of the year ? ”

“ You said yesterday, father, I thought, that you liked a little cheerful wood fire in the evening ; and there was a great shower of hail ; your coat is quite wet, we must dry it.”

“ Take it then, child,” said he, pulling it off — “ I shall soon have no coat to dry — and take my hat too,” said he, throwing it upon the ground.

Susan hung up his hat, put his coat over the back of a chair to dry, and then stood anxiously looking at her mother, who was not well ; she had this day fatigued herself with baking ; and now, alarmed by her husband’s moody behavior, she sat down pale and trembling. He threw himself into a chair, folded his arms, and fixed his eyes upon the fire.

Susan was the first who ventured to break silence.

Happy the father who has such a daughter as Susan !—her unaltered sweetness of temper, and her playful, affectionate caresses, at last somewhat dissipated her father's melancholy.

He could not be prevailed upon to eat any of the supper which had been prepared for him ; however, with a faint smile, he told Susan that he thought he could eat one of her Guinea-hen's eggs. She thanked him, and with that nimble alacrity which marks the desire to please, she ran to her neat chicken-yard ; but, alas ! her Guinea-hen was not there !—it had strayed into the attorney's garden. She saw it through the paling, and timidly opening the little gate, she asked Miss Barbara, who was walking slowly by, to let her come in and take her Guinea-hen. Barbara, who was at this instant reflecting, with no agreeable feelings, upon the conversation of the village children, to which she had recently listened, started when she heard Susan's voice, and with a proud, ill-humored look and voice, refused her request.

"Shut the gate," said Barbara, "you have no business in *our* garden ; and as for your hen, I shall keep it ; it is always flying in here, and plaguing us ; and my father says it is a trespasser ; and he told me I might catch it and keep it the next time it got in ; and it is in now." Then Barbara called to her maid Betty, and bid her catch the mischievous hen.

"Oh, my Guinea-hen ! my pretty Guinea-hen," cried Susan, as they hunted the frightened, screaming creature from corner to corner.

"Here we have got it !" said Betty, holding it fast by the legs.

"Now pay damages, Queen Susan ; or good-bye to your pretty Guinea-hen !" said Barbara, in an insulting tone.

"Damages ! what damages ?" said Susan ; "tell me what I must pay." "A shilling," said Barbara. "Oh,

if sixpence would do!" said Susan; "I have but sixpence of my own in the world, and here it is." "It won't do," said Barbara, turning her back. "Nay, but hear me," cried Susan; "let me at least come in to look for its eggs. I only want *one* for my father's supper; you shall have all the rest." "What's your father or his supper to us; is he so nice that he can eat none but Guinea-hen's eggs?" said Barbara. "If you want your hen and your eggs, pay for them, and you'll have them." "I have but sixpence, and you say that won't do," said Susan with a sigh, as she looked at her favorite, which was in the maid's grasping hands, struggling and screaming in vain.

Susan retired disconsolate. At the door of her father's cottage she saw her friend Rose, who was just come to summon her to the hawthorn-bush.

"They are all at the hawthorn, and I am come for you. We can do nothing without *you*, dear Susan," cried Rose, running to meet her, at the moment she saw her. "You are chosen Queen of the May;—come, make haste. But what's the matter? why do you look so sad?"

"Ah!" said Susan, "don't wait for me; I can't come to you; but," added she, pointing to the tuft of double cowslips in the garden, "gather those for poor little Mary; I promised them to her; and tell her the violets are under the hedge just opposite the turnstile, on the right as we go to church. Good-bye; never mind me; I can't come—I can't stay; for my father wants me."

"But don't turn away your face; I won't keep you a moment; only tell me what's the matter," said her friend following her into the cottage.

"Oh, nothing, not much," said Susan; "only that I wanted the egg in a great hurry for father, it would not have vexed me—to be sure I should have clipped my Guinea-hen's wings, and then she could not have

flown over the hedge ; but let us think no more about it now," added she, twinkling away a tear.

When Rose, however, learnt that her friend's Guinea-hen was detained prisoner by the attorney's daughter, she exclaimed, with all the honest warmth of indignation, and instantly ran back to tell the story to her companions.

"Barbara ! ay ; like father, like daughter," cried Farmer Price, starting from the thoughtful attitude in which he had been fixed, and drawing his chair closer to his wife.

"You see something is amiss with me, wife — I'll tell you what it is." As he lowered his voice, Susan, who was not sure that he wished she should hear what he was going to say, retired from behind his chair. "Susan, don't go ; sit you down here, my sweet Susan," said he, making room for her upon his chair ; "I believe I was a little cross when I came in first to-night ; but I had something to vex me, as you shall hear.

"About a fortnight ago, you know, wife," continued he, "there was a balloting in our town for the militia ; now at that time I wanted but ten days of forty years of age ; and the attorney told me I was a fool for not calling myself plump forty. But the truth is the truth ; and it is what I think fittest to be spoken at all times, come what will of it — so I was drawn for a militiaman ; but when I thought how loth you and I would be to part, I was main glad to hear that I could get off by paying eight or nine guineas for a substitute ; only I had not the nine guineas ; for you know we had bad luck with our sheep this year, and they died away one after another ; but that was no excuse ; so I went to Attorney Case, and with a power of difficulty I got him to lend me the money ; for which, to be sure, I gave him something, and left my lease of our farm with him, as he insisted upon it, by way of security for the loan. Attorney Case is too many for me. He has found what

he calls a *flaw* in my lease ; and the lease he tells me is not worth a farthing, and that he can turn us all out of our farm to-morrow if he pleases ; and sure enough he will please ; for I have thwarted him this day, and he swears he 'll be revenged of me. Indeed he has begun with me badly enough already. I'm not come to the worst part of my story yet —."

Here Farmer Price made a dead stop ; and his wife and Susan looked up in his face breathless with anxiety.

"It must come out," said he, with a short sigh ; "I must leave you in three days, wife."

"Must you !" said his wife, in a faint, resigned voice. "Susan, love, open the window." Susan ran to open the window, and then returned to support her mother's head.

When she came a little to herself, she sat up, begged that her husband would go on, and that nothing might be concealed from her. Her husband had no wish indeed to conceal anything from a wife he loved so well ; but, firm as he was, and steady to his maxim, that the truth was the thing the fittest to be spoken at all times, his voice faltered, and it was with some difficulty that he brought himself to speak the whole truth at this moment.

The fact was this : — Case met Farmer Price, as he was coming home, whistling, from a new-ploughed field. The attorney had just dined at *the Abbey*. The Abbey was the family seat of an opulent baronet in the neighborhood, to whom Mr. Case had been agent. The baronet died suddenly, and his estate and title devolved to a younger brother, who was now just arrived in the country, and to whom Mr. Case was eager to pay his court, in hopes of obtaining his favor. Of the agency he flattered himself that he was pretty secure ; and he thought that he might assume the tone of command towards the tenants, especially towards one who was some guineas in debt, and in whose lease there was a flaw.

Accosting the farmer in a haughty manner, the attorney began with, "So, Farmer Price, a word with you, if you please; walk on here, man, beside my horse, and you'll hear me. You have changed your opinion, I hope, about that bit of land,—that corner at the end of my garden?" "As how, Mr. Case?" said the farmer. "As how, man—why, you said something about its not belonging to me, when you heard me talk of enclosing it the other day." "So I did," said Price, "and so I do."

Provoked and astonished at the firm tone in which these words were pronounced, the attorney was upon the point of swearing that he would have his revenge; but, as his passions were habitually attentive to the *letter* of the law, he refrained from any hasty expression, which might, he was aware, in a court of justice, be hereafter brought against him.

"My good friend, Mr. Price," said he, in a soft voice, and pale with suppressed rage—he forced a smile—"I'm under the necessity of calling in the money I lent you some time ago, and you will please to take notice, that it must be paid to-morrow morning. I wish you a good evening. You have the money ready for me, I dare say."

"No," said the farmer, "not a guinea of it; but John Simpson, who was my substitute, has not left our village yet. I'll get the money back from him, and go myself, if so be it must be so, into the militia—so I will."

The attorney did not expect such a determination, and he represented, in a friendly, hypocritical tone to Price, that he had no wish to drive him to such an extremity; that it would be the height of folly in him *to run his head against a wall for no purpose*. "You don't mean to take the corner into your own garden, do you, Price?" said he. "I," said the farmer, "God forbid! it's none of mine, I never take what does not

belong to me." "True, right, very proper, of course," said Mr. Case; "but then you have no interest in life in the land in question?" "None." "Then why so stiff about it, Price? all I want of you is to say—" "To say that black is white, which I won't do, Mr. Case. The ground is a thing not worth talking of; but it's neither yours nor mine. In my memory, since the *new* lane was made, it has always been open to the parish; and no man shall inclose it with my good-will. Truth is truth, and must be spoken; justice is justice, and should be done, Mr. Attorney." "And law is law, Mr. Farmer, and shall have its course, to your cost," cried the attorney, exasperated by the dauntless spirit of this village Hampden.

Here they parted. The glow of enthusiasm, the pride of virtue, which made our hero brave, could not render him insensible. As he drew nearer home, many melancholy thoughts pressed upon his heart. He passed the door of his own cottage with resolute steps, however, and went through the village in search of the man who had engaged to be his substitute. He found him; told him how the matter stood; and luckily the man, who had not yet spent the money, was willing to return it; as there were many others drawn for the militia, who, he observed, would be glad to give him the same price, or more, for his services.

The moment Price got the money, he hastened to Mr. Case's house, walked straight forward into his room, and laying the money down upon his desk, "There, Mr. Attorney, are your nine guineas; count them; now I have done with you."

"Not yet," said the attorney, jingling the money triumphantly in his hand. "We'll give you a taste of the law, my good sir, or I'm mistaken. You forgot the flaw in your lease, which I have safe in this desk."

"Ah, my lease," said the farmer, who had almost

forgot to ask for it till he was thus put in mind of it by the attorney's imprudent threat.

"Give me my lease, Mr. Case. I've paid my money; you have no right to keep the lease any longer, whether it is a bad one or a good one."

"Pardon me," said the attorney, locking his desk, and putting the key into his pocket, "possession, my honest friend," cried he, striking his hand upon the desk, "is nine points of the law. Good night to you. I cannot in conscience return a lease to a tenant in which I know there is a capital flaw. It is my duty to show it to my employer; or, in other words, to your new landlord, whose agent I have good reasons to expect I shall be. You will live to repent your obstinacy, Mr. Price. Your servant, sir."

Price retired with melancholy feelings, but not intimidated. Many a man returns home with a gloomy countenance, who has not quite so much cause for vexation.

When Susan heard her father's story, she quite forgot her Guinea-hen, and her whole soul was intent upon her poor mother, who, notwithstanding her utmost exertion, could not support herself under this sudden stroke of misfortune.

In the middle of the night Susan was called up; her mother's fever ran high for some hours; but towards morning it abated, and she fell into a soft sleep with Susan's hand locked fast in hers.

Susan sat motionless, and breathed softly, lest she should disturb her. The rushlight, which stood beside the bed, was now burnt low; the long shadow of the tall wicker chair flitted, faded, appeared, and vanished, as the flame rose and sunk in the socket. Susan was afraid that the disagreeable smell might waken her mother; and, gently disengaging her hand, she went on tiptoe to extinguish the candle. All was silent: the gray light of the morning was now spreading over every

object ; the sun rose slowly, and Susan stood at the lattice-window, looking through the small leaded, cross-barred panes at the splendid spectacle. A few birds began to chirp ; but, as Susan was listening to them, her mother started in her sleep, and spoke unintelligibly. Susan hung up a white apron before the window to keep out the light, and just then she heard the sound of music at a distance in the village. As it approached nearer, she knew that it was Philip playing upon his pipe and tabor. She distinguished the merry voices of her companions "carolling in honor of the May," and soon she saw them coming towards her father's cottage, with branches and garlands in their hands. She opened quick, but gently, the latch of the door, and ran out to meet them.

"Here she is ! — here's Susan !" they exclaimed joyfully. "Here's the Queen of the May." "And here's her crown !" cried Rose, pressing forward ; but Susan put her finger upon her lips, and pointed to her mother's window. Philip's pipe stopped instantly.

"Thank you," said Susan, "my mother is ill ; I can't leave her, you know." Then gently putting aside the crown, her companions bid her say who should wear it for her.

"Will you, dear Rose ?" said she, placing the garland upon her friend's head. "It's a charming May morning," added she, with a smile ; "good-bye. We shan't hear your voices or the pipe when you have turned the corner into the village ; so you need only stop till then, Philip."

"I shall stop for all day," said Philip : "I've no mind to play any more."

"Good-bye, poor Susan. It is a pity you can't come with us," said all the children ; and little Mary ran after Susan to the cottage-door.

"I forgot to thank you," said she, "for the double cowslips ; look how pretty they are, and smell how

sweet the violets are in my bosom, and kiss me quick, for I shall be left behind." Susan kissed the little breathless girl, and returned softly to the side of her mother's bed.

"How grateful that child is to me for a cowslip only! How can I be grateful enough to such a mother as this?" said Susan to herself, as she bent over her sleeping mother's pale countenance.

Her mother's unfinished knitting lay upon a table near the bed, and Susan sat down in her wicker arm-chair, and went on with the row, in the middle of which her hand stopped the preceding evening. "She taught me to knit, she taught me everything that I know," thought Susan, "and best of all, she taught me to love her, to wish to be like her."

Her mother, when she awakened, felt much refreshed by her tranquil sleep, and observing that it was a delightful morning, said "that she had been dreaming she heard music; but that the drum frightened her, because she thought it was the signal for her husband to be carried away by a whole regiment of soldiers, who had pointed their bayonets at him. But that was but a dream, Susan; I awoke, and knew it was a dream, and I then fell asleep, and have slept soundly ever since."

How painful it is to awake to the remembrance of misfortune. Gradually as this poor woman collected her scattered thoughts, she recalled the circumstances of the preceding evening. She was too certain that she had heard from her husband's own lips the words, "*I must leave you in three days;*" and she wished that she could sleep again, and think it all a dream.

"But he'll want, he'll want a hundred things," said she, starting up. "I must get his linen ready for him. I'm afraid it's very late. Susan, why did you let me lie so long?"

"Everything shall be ready, dear mother; only

don't hurry yourself," said Susan. And indeed her mother was ill able to bear any hurry, or to do any work this day. Susan's affectionate, dexterous, sensible activity was never more wanted, or more effectual. She understood so readily, she obeyed so exactly; and when she was left to her own discretion, judged so prudently, that her mother had little trouble and no anxiety in directing her. She said that Susan never did too little, or too much.

Susan was mending her father's linen, when Rose tapped softly at the window, and beckoned to her to come out. She went out. "How does your mother do, in the first place?" said Rose. "Better, thank you." "That's well, and I have a little bit of good news for you besides — here," said she, pulling out a glove, in which there was money, "we'll get the Guinea-hen back again — we have all agreed about it.. This is the money that has been given to us in the village this May morning. At every door they gave silver. See how generous they have been, — twelve shillings, I assure you. Now we are a match for Miss Barbara. You won't like to leave home. I'll go to Barbara, and you shall see your Guinea-hen in ten minutes."

Rose hurried away, pleased with her commission, and eager to accomplish her business. Miss Barbara's maid Betty was the first person that was visible at the attorney's house. Rose insisted upon seeing Miss Barbara herself, and she was shown into a parlor to the young lady, who was reading a dirty novel, which she put under a heap of law-papers as they entered.

"Dear, how you *startled* me! Is it only you?" said she to her maid; but as soon as she saw Rose behind the maid, she put on a scornful air. "Could not ye say I was not at home, Betty? Well, my good girl, what brings you here? Something to borrow or beg, I suppose."

May every ambassador.—every ambassador in as

good a cause — answer with as much dignity and moderation as Rose replied to Barbara upon the present occasion. She assured her, that the person from whom she came did not send her either to beg or borrow ; that she was able to pay the full value of that for which she came to ask ; and, producing her well-filled purse, “ I believe that this is a very good shilling,” said she. “ If you don’t like it I will change it ; and now you will be so good as to give me Susan’s Guinea-hen. It is in her name I ask for it.”

“ No matter in whose name you ask for it,” replied Barbara, “ you will not have it. Take up your shilling, if you please. I would have taken a shilling yesterday, if it had been paid at the time properly ; but I told Susan, that if it was not paid then, I should keep the hen ; and so I shall, I promise her. You may go back, and tell her so.”

The attorney’s daughter had, whilst Rose opened her negotiation, measured the depth of her purse with a keen eye ; and her penetration discovered that it contained at least ten shillings. With proper management she had some hopes that the Guinea-hen might be made to bring in at least half the money.

Rose, who was of a warm temper, not quite so fit a match as she had thought herself for the wily Barbara, incautiously exclaimed, “ Whatever it costs us, we are determined to have Susan’s favorite hen ; so, if one shilling won’t do, take two ; and if two won’t do, why take three.”

The shillings sounded provokingly upon the table, as she threw them down one after another, and Barbara coolly replied, “ Three won’t do.” “ Have you no conscience, Miss Barbara ? then take four.” Barbara shook her head. A fifth shilling was instantly proffered ; but Bab, who now saw plainly that she had the game in her own hands, preserved a cold, cruel silence. Rose went on rapidly, bidding shilling after shilling, till she

had completely emptied her purse. The twelve shillings were spread upon the table. Barbara's avarice was moved ; she consented for this ransom to liberate her prisoner.

Rose pushed the money towards her ; but just then recollecting that she was acting for others more than for herself, and doubting whether she had full powers to conclude such an extravagant bargain, she gathered up the public treasure, and with newly-recovered prudence observed, that she must go back to consult her friends. Her generous little friends were amazed at Barbara's meanness ; but with one accord declared, that they were most willing, for their parts, to give up every farthing of the money. They all went to Susan in a body, and told her so. "There 's our purse," said they ; "do what you please with it." They would not wait for one word of thanks, but ran away, leaving only Rose with her to settle the treaty for the Guinea-hen.

There is a certain manner of accepting a favor, which shows true generosity of mind. Many know how to give, but few know how to accept a gift properly. Susan was touched, but not astonished, by the kindness of her young friends, and she received the purse with as much simplicity as she would have given it.

"Well," said Rose, "shall I go back for the Guinea-hen?" "The Guinea-hen!" said Susan, starting from a reverie into which she had fallen, as she contemplated the purse. "Certainly I *do* long to see my pretty Guinea-hen once more ; but I was not thinking of her just then — I was thinking of my father."

Now Susan had heard her mother often, in the course of this day, wish that she had but money enough in the world to pay John Simson for going to serve in the militia instead of her husband. "This, to be sure, will go but a little way," thought Susan ; "but still it may be of some use to my father." She told her mind to Rose, and concluded by saying decidedly, that "if the

money was given to her to dispose of as she pleased, she would give it to her father."

"It is all yours, my dear good Susan," cried Rose, with a look of warm approbation. "This is so like you! — But I'm sorry that Miss Bab must keep your Guinea-hen. I would not be her for all the Guinea-hens, or guineas either, in the whole world. Why, I'll answer for it, the Guinea-hen won't make her happy, and you'll be happy *even* without; because you are good. Let me come and help you to-morrow," continued she, looking at Susan's work, "if you have any more mending work to do — I never liked work till I worked with you. I won't forget my thimble or my scissors," added she, laughing, — "though I used to forget them when I was a giddy girl. I assure you I am a great hand at my needle now — try me."

Susan assured her friend that she did not doubt the powers of her needle, and that she would most willingly accept of her services, but that *unluckily* she had finished all the needle-work that was immediately wanted.

"But do you know," said she, "I shall have a great deal of business to-morrow; but I won't tell you what it is that I have to do, for I am afraid I shall not succeed; but if I do succeed, I'll come and tell you directly, because you will be so glad of it."

Susan, who had always been attentive to what her mother taught her, and who had often assisted her when she was baking bread and cakes for the family at the Abbey, had now formed the courageous, but not presumptuous idea, that she could herself undertake to bake a batch of bread. One of the servants from the Abbey had been sent all round the village in the morning, in search of bread, and had not been able to procure any that was tolerable. Mrs. Price's last baking failed for want of good barm. She was not now strong enough to attempt another herself; and when the brewer's boy came with eagerness to tell her that he

had some fine fresh yeast for her, she thanked him, but sighed, and said it would be of no use to her, she was too ill for the work. Susan modestly requested permission to try her hand, and her mother would not refuse her. Accordingly she went to work with much prudent care, and when her bread the next morning came out of the oven, it was excellent; at least her mother said so, and she was a good judge. It was sent to the Abbey; and as the family there had not tasted any good bread since their arrival in the country, they also were earnest and warm in its praise. Inquiries were made from the housekeeper, and they heard, with some surprise, that this excellent bread was made by a young girl only twelve years old.

The housekeeper, who had known Susan from a child, was pleased to have an opportunity of speaking in her favor. "She is the most industrious little creature, ma'am, in the world," said she to her mistress. "Little I can't so well call her now, since she's grown tall and slender to look at; and glad I am she is grown up likely to look at; for handsome is that handsome does; and she thinks no more of her being handsome than I do myself; yet she has as proper a respect for herself, ma'am, as you have; and I always see her neat, and with her mother, ma'am, or fit people, as a girl should be. As for her mother, she dotes upon her, as well she may; for I should myself if I had half such a daughter: and then she has two little brothers; and she's as good to them, and, my boy Philip says, taught 'em to read more than the school-mistress, all with tenderness and good nature; but I beg your pardon, ma'am, I cannot stop myself when I once begin to talk of Susan."

"You have really said enough to excite my curiosity," said her mistress; "pray send for her immediately; we can see her before we go out to walk."

The benevolent housekeeper despatched her boy Philip for Susan, who never happened to be in such an

untidy state as to be unable to obey a summons without a long preparation. She had, it is true, been very busy ; but orderly people can be busy and neat at the same time. She put on her usual straw hat, and accompanied Rose's mother, who was going with a basket of cleared muslin to the Abbey.

The modest simplicity of Susan's appearance, and the artless good sense and propriety of the answers she gave to all the questions that were asked her, pleased the ladies at the Abbey, who were good judges of character and manners.

Sir Arthur Somers had two sisters, sensible, benevolent women. They were not of that race of fine ladies who are miserable the moment they come to *the country* ; nor yet were they of that bustling sort, who quack and direct all their poor neighbors, for the mere love of managing, or the want of something to do. They were judiciously generous ; and whilst they wished to diffuse happiness, they were not peremptory in requiring that people should be happy precisely their own way. With these dispositions, and with a well-informed brother, who, though he never wished to direct, was always willing to assist in their efforts to do good, there were reasonable hopes that these ladies would be a blessing to the poor villagers amongst whom they were now settled.

As soon as Miss Somers had spoken to Susan, she inquired for her brother ; but Sir Arthur was in his study, and a gentleman was with him on business.

Susan was desirous of returning to her mother, and the ladies therefore would not detain her. Miss Somers told her with a smile, when she took leave, that she would call upon her in the evening at six o'clock.

It was impossible that such a grand event as Susan's visit to the Abbey could long remain unknown to Barbara Case and her gossiping maid. They watched eagerly for the moment of her return, that they might

satisfy their curiosity. "There she is, I declare, just come into her garden," cried Bab; "I'll run in and get it all out of her in a minute."

Bab could descend, without shame, whenever it suited her purposes, from the height of insolent pride to the lowest meanness of fawning familiarity.

Susan was gathering some marigolds and some parsley for her mother's broth.

"So, Susan," said Bab, who came close up to her before she perceived it, "how goes the world with you to-day?" "My mother is rather better to-day, she says, ma'am — thank you," replied Susan coldly, but civilly. "Ma'am! dear, how polite we are grown of a sudden!" cried Bab, winking at her maid. — "One may see you've been in good company this morning — hey, Susan. Come, let's hear about it." "Did you see the ladies themselves, or was it only the housekeeper sent for you?" said the maid. "What room did you go into?" continued Bab. "Did you see Miss Somers or Sir Arthur?" "Miss Somers." "La! she saw Miss Somers! Betty, I must hear about it. Can't you stop gathering those things for a minute, and chat a bit with us, Susan?" "I can't stay, indeed, Miss Barbara; for my mother's broth is just wanted, and I'm in a hurry." Susan ran home.

"Lord, her head is full of broth now," said Bab to her maid; "and she has not a word for herself, though she has been abroad. My papa may well call her *Simple Susan*; for simple she is, and simple she will be, all the world over. For my part, I think she's little better than a downright simpleton. But, however, simple or not, I'll get what I want out of her. She'll be able to speak, may be, when she has settled the grand matter of the broth. I'll step in, and ask to see her mother; that will put her in a good humor, and a trice."

Barbara followed Susan into the cottage, and found her occupied with the grand affair of the broth. "Is it

ready?" said Bab, peeping into the pot that was over the fire. "Dear, how savory it smells! I'll wait till you go in with it to your mother; for I must ask her how she does myself." "Will you please to sit down then, miss," said Simple Susan, with a smile; for at this instant she forgot the Guinea-hen; "I have but just put the parsley into the broth; but it will soon be ready."

During this interval Bab employed herself, much to her own satisfaction, in cross-questioning Susan. She was rather provoked indeed that she could not learn exactly how each of the ladies was dressed, and what there was to be for dinner at the Abbey; and she was curious beyond measure to find out what Miss Somers meant, by saying that she would call at Mr. Price's cottage at six o'clock in the evening. — "What do you think she could mean?" "I thought she meant what she said," replied Susan, "that she would come here at six o'clock." "Ay, that's as plain as a pike-staff," said Barbara; "but what else did she mean, think you? People, you know, don't always mean exactly, downright, neither more nor less than they say." "Not always," said Susan, with an arch smile, which convinced Barbara that she was not quite a simpleton. "*Not always*," repeated Barbara coloring, — "oh, then I suppose you have some guess at what Miss Somers meant." "No," said Susan, "I was not thinking about Miss Somers, when I said not always." "How nice that broth does look," resumed Barbara, after a pause.

Susan had now poured the broth into a basin, and as she strewed over it the bright orange marigolds, it looked very tempting. She tasted it, and added now a little salt, and now a little more, till she thought it was just to her mother's taste. "Oh, I must take it," said Bab, taking the basin up greedily. "Won't you take a spoon," said Susan, trembling at the large mouthfuls which Barbara sucked up with a terrible noise.

"Take a spoonful, indeed!" exclaimed Barbara, setting down the basin in high anger. "The next time I taste your broth you shall affront me, if you dare! The next time I set my foot in this house, you shall be as saucy to me as you please." And she flounced out of the house, repeating, "*Take a spoon, pig*, was what you meant to say."

Susan stood in amazement at the beginning of this speech; but the concluding words explained to her the mystery.

Some years before this time, when Susan was a very little girl, and could scarcely speak plain, as she was eating a basin of bread and milk for her supper at the cottage door, a great pig came up, and put his nose into the basin. Susan was willing that the pig should have some share of the bread and milk; but as she ate with a spoon, and he with his large mouth, she presently discovered that he was likely to have more than his share; and in a simple tone of expostulation she said to him, "*Take a spoon, pig*."¹ The saying became proverbial in the village. Susan's little companions repeated it, and applied it upon many occasions, whenever any one claimed more than his share of anything good. Barbara, who was then not Miss Barbara, but plain Bab, and who played with all the poor children in the neighborhood, was often reprov'd in her unjust methods of division by Susan's proverb. Susan, as she grew up, forgot the childish saying; but the remembrance of it rankled in Barbara's mind, and it was to this that she suspected Susan had alluded, when she recommended a spoon to her, whilst she was swallowing the basin of broth.

"La, miss," said Barbara's maid, when she found her mistress in a passion upon her return from Susan's, "I only wondered you did her the honor to set your foot within her doors. What need have you to trouble her

¹ This is a true anecdote.

for news about the Abbey folks, when your own papa has been there all morning, and is just come in, and can tell you everything?"

Barbara did not know that her father meant to go to the Abbey that morning, for Attorney Case was mysterious even to his own family about his morning rides. He never chose to be asked where he was going, or where he had been; and this made his servants more than commonly inquisitive to trace him.

Barbara, against whose apparent childishness and real cunning he was not sufficiently upon his guard, had often the art of drawing him into conversation about his visits. She ran into her father's parlor; but she knew, the moment she saw his face, that it was no time to ask questions; his pen was across his mouth, and his brown wig pushed oblique upon his contracted forehead. The wig was always pushed crooked whenever he was in a brown, or rather a black, study. Barbara, who did not, like Susan, bear with her father's testy humor from affection and gentleness of disposition, but who always humored him from artifice, tried all her skill to fathom his thoughts, and when she found that *it* would not do, she went to tell her maid so, and to complain that her father was so cross there was no bearing him.

It is true that Attorney Case was not in the happiest mood possible; for he was by no means satisfied with his morning's work at the Abbey. Sir Arthur Somers, the *new man*, did not suit him, and he began to be rather apprehensive that he should not suit Sir Arthur. He had sound reasons for his doubts.

Sir Arthur Somers was an excellent lawyer, and a perfectly honest man. This seemed to our attorney a contradiction in terms; in the course of his practice the case had not occurred; and he had no precedents ready to direct his proceedings. Sir Arthur was also a man of wit and eloquence, yet of plain dealing and hu-

manity. The attorney could not persuade himself to believe that his benevolence was anything but enlightened cunning, and his plain dealing he one minute dreaded as the master-piece of art, and the next despised as the characteristic of folly. In short, he had not yet decided whether he was an honest man or a knave. He had settled accounts with him for his late agency, and had talked about sundry matters of business. He constantly perceived, however, that he could not impose upon Sir Arthur ; but the idea that he could know all the mazes of the law, and yet prefer the straight road, was incomprehensible.

Mr. Case having paid Sir Arthur some compliments on his great legal abilities, and his high reputation at the bar, he coolly replied, " I have left the bar." The attorney looked in unfeigned astonishment, that a man who was actually making 3,000*l.* per annum at the bar should leave it.

" I am come," said Sir Arthur, " to enjoy that kind of domestic life in the country which I prefer to all others, and amongst people whose happiness I hope to increase." At this speech the attorney changed his ground, flattering himself that he should find his man averse to business, and ignorant of country affairs. He talked of the value of land, and of new leases.

Sir Arthur wished to enlarge his domain, and to make a ride round it. A map of it was lying upon the table, and Farmer Price's garden came exactly across the new road for the ride. Sir Arthur looked disappointed ; and the keen attorney seized the moment to inform him that " Price's whole land was at his disposal."

" At my disposal ! how so ?" cried Sir Arthur, eagerly ; " it will not be out of lease I believe these ten years. I'll look into the rent-roll again ; perhaps I am mistaken."

" You are mistaken, my good sir, and you are not

mistaken," said Mr. Case, with a shrewd smile. "In one sense, the land will not be out of lease these ten years, and in another it is out of lease at this present time. To come to the point at once, the lease is, *ab origine*, null and void. I have detected a capital flaw in the body of it. I pledge my credit upon it, sir, it can't stand a single term in law or equity."

The attorney observed, that at these words Sir Arthur's eye was fixed with a look of earnest attention. "Now I have him," said the cunning tempter to himself.

"Neither in law nor equity?" repeated Sir Arthur, with apparent incredulity. "Are you sure of that, Mr. Case?" "Sure! As I told you before, sir, I'd pledge my whole credit upon the thing—I'd stake my existence." "*That's something*," said Sir Arthur, as if he was pondering upon the matter.

The attorney went on with all the eagerness of a keen man, who sees a chance at one stroke of winning a rich friend, and of ruining a poor enemy. He explained, with legal volubility and technical amplification, the nature of the mistake in Mr. Price's lease. "It was, sir," said he, "a lease for the life of Peter Price, Susanna his wife, and to the survivor or survivors of them, or for the full time and term of twenty years, to be computed from the first day of May then next ensuing. Now, sir, this, you see, is a lease in reversion, which the late Sir Benjamin Somers had not, by his settlement, a right to make. This is a curious mistake, you see, Sir Arthur; and in filling up those printed leases there's always a good chance of some flaw. I find it perpetually; but I never found a better than this in the whole course of my practice."

Sir Arthur stood in silence.

"My dear sir," said the attorney, taking him by the button, "you have no scruple of stirring in this business."

"A little," said Sir Arthur.

"Why, then, that can be done away in a moment. Your name shall not appear in it at all. You have nothing to do but to make over the lease to me. I make all safe to you with my bond. Now being in possession, I come forward in my own proper person. *Shall I proceed?*"

"No—you have said enough," replied Sir Arthur.

"The case, indeed, lies in a nutshell," said the attorney, who had by this time worked himself up to such a pitch of professional enthusiasm, that, intent upon his vision of a lawsuit, he totally forgot to observe the impression his words made upon Sir Arthur.

"There's only one thing we have forgotten all this time," said Sir Arthur. "What can that be, sir?" "That we shall ruin this poor man."

Case was thunderstruck at these words, or rather by the look which accompanied them. He recollected that he had laid himself open before he was sure of Sir Arthur's *real* character. He softened, and said he should have had certainly more *consideration* in the case of any but a litigious, pig-headed fellow, as he knew Price to be.

"If he be litigious," said Sir Arthur, "I shall certainly be glad to get him fairly out of the parish as soon as possible. When you go home, you will be so good, sir, as to send me his lease, that I may satisfy myself, before we stir in this business."

The attorney, brightening up, prepared to take leave; but he could not persuade himself to take his departure without making one push at Sir Arthur about the agency.

"I will not trouble *you*, Sir Arthur, with this lease of Price's," said Case; "I'll leave it with your agent. Whom shall I apply to?" "*To myself*, sir, if you please," replied Sir Arthur.

The courtiers of Louis XIV. could not have looked more astounded than our attorney when they received

from their monarch a similar answer. It was this unexpected reply of Sir Arthur's which had deranged the temper of Mr. Case, and caused his wig to stand so crooked upon his forehead, and which had rendered him impenetrably silent to his inquisitive daughter Barbara.

After having walked up and down his room, conversing with himself, for some time, the attorney concluded that the agency must be given to somebody when Sir Arthur should have to attend his duty in Parliament; that the agency, even for the winter season, was not a thing to be neglected; and that, if he managed well, he might yet secure it for himself. He had often found that small timely presents worked wonderfully upon his own mind, and he judged of others by himself. The tenants had been in the reluctant but constant practice of making him continual petty offerings; and he resolved to try the same course with Sir Arthur, whose resolution to be his own agent, he thought, argued a close, saving, avaricious disposition. He had heard the housekeeper at the Abbey inquiring, as he passed through the servants, whether there was any lamb to be gotten? She said that Sir Arthur was remarkably fond of lamb, and that she wished she could get a quarter for him. Immediately he sallied into his kitchen, as soon as the idea struck him, and asked a shepherd, who was waiting there, whether he knew of a nice fat lamb to be had anywhere in the neighborhood.

"I know of one," cried Barbara. "Susan Price has a pet lamb that's as fat as fat can be." The attorney eagerly caught at these words, and speedily devised a scheme for obtaining Susan's lamb for nothing.

It would be something strange if an attorney of his talents and standing was not an over-match for Simple Susan. He prowled forth in search of his prey. He found Susan packing up her father's little wardrobe;

and when she looked up as she knelt, he saw that she had been in tears.

"How is your mother to-day, Susan?" inquired the attorney. "Worse, sir. My father goes to-morrow." "That's a pity." "It can't be helped," said Susan, with a sigh. "It can't be helped — how do you know that?" said Case. "Sir! *dear* sir!" cried she, looking up at him, and a sudden ray of hope beamed in her ingenuous countenance. "And if *you* could help it, Susan?" said he. Susan clasped her hands in silence, more expressive than words. "You *can* help it, Susan." She started up in an ecstasy. "What would you give now to have your father at home for a whole week longer?" "Anything! — but I have nothing." "Yes, but you have, a lamb," said the hard-hearted attorney. "My poor little lamb!" said Susan; "but what good can that do?" "What good can any lamb do? Is not lamb good to eat? Why do you look so pale, girl? Are not sheep killed every day, and don't you eat mutton? Is your lamb better than anybody else's, think you?" "I don't know," said Susan, "but I love it better." "More fool you," says he. "It feeds out of my hand, it follows me about; I have always taken care of it; my mother gave it to me." "Well, say no more about it then," he cynically observed; "if you love your lamb better than both your father and your mother, keep it, and good morning to you."

"Stay, oh stay!" cried Susan, catching the skirt of his coat with an eager, trembling hand; — "a whole week, did you say? My mother may get better in that time. No, I do not love my lamb half so well." The struggle of her mind ceased, and with a placid countenance and calm voice, "Take the lamb," said she. "Where is it?" said the attorney. "Grazing in the meadow, by the riverside." "It must be brought up before night-fall for the butcher, remember." "I shall not forget it," said Susan, steadily.

As soon, however, as her persecutor turned his back and quitted the house, Susan sat down, and hid her face in her hands. She was soon roused by the sound of her mother's feeble voice, who was calling *Susan* from the inner room where she lay. Susan went in; but did not undraw the curtain as she stood beside the bed.

"Are you there, love? Undraw the curtain, that I may see you, and tell me; — I thought I heard some strange voice just now talking to my child. Something's amiss, Susan," said her mother, raising herself as well as she was able in the bed, to examine her daughter's countenance.

"Would you think it amiss then, my dear mother," said Susan, stooping to kiss her — "would you think it amiss, if my father was to stay with us a week longer?" "Susan! you don't say so?" "He is, indeed, a whole week; — but how burning hot your hand is still." "Are you sure he will stay?" inquired her mother. "How do you know? Who told you so? Tell me all, quick." "Attorney Case told me so; he can get him a week's longer leave of absence, and he has promised he will." "God bless him for it, for ever and ever!" said the poor woman, joining her hands. "May the blessing of heaven be with him!"

Susan closed the curtains, and was silent — she *could not say, Amen*. She was called out of the room at this moment; for a messenger was come from the Abbey for the bread-bills. It was she who always made out the bills; for though she had not had a great number of lessons from the writing-master, she had taken so much pains to learn, that she could write a very neat, legible hand; and she found this very useful. She was not, to be sure, particularly inclined to draw out a long bill at this instant; but business must be done. She set to work, ruled her lines for the pounds, shillings, and pence, made out the bill for

the Abbey, and despatched the impatient messenger. She then resolved to make out all the bills for the neighbors, who had many of them taken a few loaves and rolls of her baking. "I had better get all my business finished," said she to herself, "before I go down to the meadow to take leave of my poor lamb."

This was sooner said than done; for she found that she had a great number of bills to write, and the slate on which she had entered the account was not immediately to be found; and when it was found, the figures were almost rubbed out: Barbara had sat down upon it. Susan pored over the number of loaves, and the names of the persons who took them; and she wrote, and cast up sums, and corrected, and re-corrected them till her head grew quite puzzled.

The table was covered with little square bits of paper, on which she had been writing bills over and over again, when her father came in with a bill in his hand. "How's this, Susan?" said he;—"how can ye be so careless, child? What is your head running upon? Here, look at the bill you were sending up to the Abbey! I met the messenger, and luckily asked to see how much it was.—Look at it."

Susan looked, and blushed; it was written, "Sir Arthur Somers to John Price,—debtor, six dozen *lamb*s; so much." She altered it, and returned it to her father; but he had taken up some of the papers which lay upon the table.—"What are all these, child?" "Some of them are wrong, and I've written them out again," said Susan. "Some of them! all of them, I think, seem to be wrong, if I can read," said her father, rather angrily; and he pointed out to her sundry strange mistakes. Her head indeed had been running upon her poor lamb. She corrected all the mistakes with so much patience, and bore to be blamed with so much good humor, that her father at last said,

that it was impossible ever to scold Susan, without being in the wrong at the last.

As soon as all was set right, Price took the bills, and said he would go round to the neighbors, and collect the money himself: for that he should be very proud to have it to say to them, that it was all earned by his own little daughter.

Susan resolved to keep the pleasure of telling him of his week's reprieve till he should come home to sup, as he had promised to do, in her mother's room. She was not sorry to hear him sigh as he passed the knapsack, which she had been packing up for his journey. "How delighted he will be when he hears the good news!" said she to herself; "but I know he will be a little sorry too for my poor lamb."

As Susan had now settled all her business, she thought she could have time to go down to the meadow by the river-side to see her favorite; but just as she had tied on her straw hat the village-clock struck four, and this was the hour at which she always went to fetch her little brothers home from a dame-school near the village. She knew that they would be disappointed, if she was later than usual, and she did not like to keep them waiting, because they were very patient good boys: so she put off the visit to her lamb, and went immediately for her brothers.

CHAPTER II.

Ev'n in the spring and play-time of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad,
With all her little ones, a sportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their heads with daisies.

COWPER.

THE dame-school, which was about a mile from the hamlet, was not a showy edifice ; but it was revered as much by the young race of village scholars as if it had been the most stately mansion in the land ; it was a low-roofed, long, thatched tenement, sheltered by a few reverend oaks, under which many generations of hopeful children had gambolled in their turn.

The close-shaven green, which sloped down from the hatch-door of the school-room, was paled round with a rude paling, which, though decayed in some parts by time, was not in any place broken by violence.

The place bespoke order and peace. The dame who governed here was well obeyed, because she was just, and well beloved, and because she was ever glad to give well-earned praise and pleasure to her little subjects.

Susan had once been under her gentle dominion, and had been deservedly her favorite scholar. The dame often cited her as the best example to the succeeding tribe of emulous youngsters. She had scarcely opened the wicket which separated the green before the school-room door from the lane, when she heard the merry voices of the children, and saw the little troop issuing from the hatchway, and spreading over the green.

"Oh, there's our Susan!" cried her two little brothers, running, leaping, and bounding up to her; and many of the other rosy girls and boys crowded round her, to talk of their plays; for Susan was easily interested in all that made others happy; but she could not make them comprehend, that, if they all spoke at once, it was not possible that she could hear what was said.

The voices were still raised one above another, all eager to establish some important observation about ninepins, or marbles, or tops, or bows and arrows, when suddenly music was heard, unusual music, and the crowd was silenced. The music seemed to be near the spot where the children were standing, and they looked round to see whence it could come. Susan pointed to the great oak-tree, and they beheld, seated under its shade, an old man playing upon his harp. The children all approached — at first timidly, for the sounds were solemn; but as the harper heard their little footsteps coming towards him, he changed his hand, and played one of his most lively tunes. The circle closed, and pressed nearer and nearer to him; some who were in the foremost row whispered to each other, "He is blind! What a pity!" and "He looks very poor, — what a ragged coat he wears!" said others. "He must be very old, for all his hair is white; and he must have travelled a great way, for his shoes are quite worn out," observed another.

All these remarks were made whilst he was tuning his harp, for when he once more began to play, not a word was uttered. He seemed pleased by their simple exclamations of wonder and delight, and, eager to amuse his young audience, he played now a gay and now a pathetic air, to suit their several humors.

Susan's voice, which was soft and sweet, expressive of gentleness and good-nature, caught his ear the moment she spoke. He turned his face eagerly to the

place where she stood ; and it was observed, that whenever she said that she liked any tune particularly, he played it over again.

"I am blind," said the old man, "and cannot see your faces ; but I know you all asunder by your voices, and I can guess pretty well at all your humors and characters by your voices."

"Can you so, indeed?" cried Susan's little brother William, who had stationed himself between the old man's knees. "Then you heard *my* sister Susan speak just now. Can you tell us what sort of a person she is?" "That I can, I think, without being a conjurer," said the old man, lifting the boy up on his knee ; "*your* sister Susan is good-natured." The boy clapped his hands. "And good-tempered." "*Right*," said little William, with a louder clap of applause. "And very fond of the little boy who sits upon my knee." "O right ! right ! quite right !" exclaimed the child, and "quite right" echoed on all sides.

"But how came you to know so much, when you are blind?" said William, examining the old man attentively.

"Hush," said John, who was a year older than his brother, and very sage, "you should not put him in mind of his being blind."

"Though I am blind," said the harper, "I can hear, you know, and I heard from your sister herself all that I told you of her, that she was good-tempered and good-natured, and fond of you." "Oh that's wrong — you did not hear all that from herself, I'm sure," said John, "for nobody ever hears her praising herself." "Did not I hear her tell you," said the harper, "when you first came round me, that she was in a great hurry to go home, but that she would stay a little while, since you wished it so much? Was not that good-natured? And when you said you did not like the tune she liked best, she was not angry with you, but

said, 'Then play William's first, if you please,' — was not that good-tempered?" "Oh," interrupted William, "it's all true; but how did you find out that she was fond of me?" "That is such a difficult question," said the harper, "that I must take time to consider." The harper tuned his instrument, as he pondered, or seemed to ponder; and at this instant two boys, who had been searching for birds' nests in the hedges, and who had heard the sound of the harp, came blustering up, and pushing their way through the circle, one of them exclaimed, "What's going on here? Who are you, my old fellow? A blind harper! Well, play us a tune, if you can play ever a good one — play me — let's see, what shall he play, Bob?" added he, turning to his companion. "Bumper Squire Jones."

The old man, though he did not seem quite pleased with the peremptory manner of the request, played, as he was desired, "Bumper Squire Jones;" and several other tunes were afterwards bespoke by the same rough and tyrannical voice.

The little children shrunk back in timid silence, and eyed the great brutal boy with dislike. This boy was the son of Attorney Case; and as his father had neglected to correct his temper when he was a child, as he grew up it became insufferable. All who were younger and weaker than himself dreaded his approach, and detested him as a tyrant.

When the old harper was so tired that he could play no more, a lad, who usually carried his harp for him, and who was within call, came up, and held his master's hat to the company, saying, "Will you be pleased to remember us?" The children readily produced their halfpence, and thought their wealth well bestowed upon this poor, good-natured man, who had taken so much pains to entertain them, better even than upon the gingerbread-woman, whose stall they loved to frequent. The hat was held some time to the attorney's

son before he chose to see it. At last he put his hand surlily into his waistcoat pocket, and pulled out a shilling. There were six pennyworth of halfpence in the hat. "I'll take these halfpence," said he, "and here's a shilling for you." "God bless you, sir," said the lad; but as he took the shilling, which the young gentleman had slyly put *into the blind man's hand*, he saw that it was not worth one farthing. "I am afraid it is not good, sir," said the lad, whose business it was to examine the money for his master. "I am afraid then you'll get no other," said young Case, with an insulting laugh. "It never will do, sir," persisted the lad; "look at it yourself; the edges are all yellow; you can see the copper through it quite plain. Sir, nobody will take it from us." "That's your affair," said the brutal boy, pushing away his hand. "You may pass it, you know, as well as I do, if you look sharp. You have taken it from me, and I shan't take it back again, I promise you."

A whisper of "that's very unjust" was heard. The little assembly, though under evident constraint, could no longer suppress their indignation.

"Who says it's unjust?" cried the tyrant sternly, looking down upon his judges.

Susan's little brothers had held her gown fast, to prevent her from moving at the beginning of this contest, and she was now so much interested to see the end of it, that she stood still, without making any resistance.

"Is any one here amongst yourselves a judge of silver?" said the old man. "Yes, here's the butcher's boy," said the attorney's son; "show it to him." He was a sickly-looking boy, and of a remarkably peaceable disposition. Young Case fancied that he would be afraid to give judgment against him. However, after some moments' hesitation, and after turning the shilling round several times, he pronounced, "that, as

far as his judgment went, but he did not pretend to be downright *certain sure* of it, the shilling was not over and above good." Then turning to Susan, to screen himself from manifest danger, for the attorney's son looked upon him with a vengeful mien, "But here's Susan here, who understands silver a great deal better than I do; she takes a power of it for bread, you know."

"I'll leave it to her," said the old harper; "if she says the shilling is good, keep it, Jack." The shilling was handed to Susan, who, though she had with becoming modesty forborne all interference, did not hesitate, when she was called upon, to speak the truth: "I think that this shilling is a bad one," said she; and the gentle but firm tone in which she pronounced the words, for a moment awed and silenced the angry and brutal boy. "There's another, then," cried he; "I have sixpences and shillings too in plenty, thank my stars."

Susan now walked away with her two little brothers, and all the other children separated to go to their several homes. The old harper called to Susan, and begged, that, if she was going towards the village, she would be so kind as to show him the way. His lad took up his harp, and little William took the old man by the hand. "I'll lead him, I can lead him," said he; and John ran on before them, to gather king-cups in the meadow.

There was a small rivulet, which they had to cross, and as the plank which served for a bridge over it was rather narrow, Susan was afraid to trust the old blind man to his little conductor; she therefore went on the tottering plank first herself, and then led the old harper carefully over. They were now come to a gate, which opened upon the high-road to the village. "There is the high-road straight before you," said Susan to the lad, who was carrying his master's harp; "you can't

miss it. Now I must bid you a good evening ; for I'm in a great hurry to get home, and must go the short way across the fields here, which would not be so pleasant for you, because of the stiles. Good-bye." The old harper thanked her, and went along the high-road, whilst she and her brothers tripped on as fast as they could by the short way across the fields.

"Miss Somers, I am afraid, will be waiting for us," said Susan. "You know she said she would call at six ; and by the length of our shadows I'm sure it is late."

When they came to their own cottage-door, they heard many voices, and they saw, when they entered, several ladies standing in the kitchen. "Come in, Susan ; we thought you had quite forsaken us," said Miss Somers to Susan, who advanced timidly. "I fancy you forgot that we promised to pay you a visit this evening ; but you need not blush so much about the matter ; there is no great harm done ; we have only been here about five minutes ; and we have been well employed in admiring your neat garden, and your orderly shelves. Is it you, Susan, who keep these things in such nice order?" continued Miss Somers, looking round the kitchen.

Before Susan could reply, little William pushed forward, and answered, "Yes, ma'am, it is *my* sister Susan that keeps everything neat ; and she always comes to school for us too, which was what caused her to be so late." "Because as how," continued John, "she was loth to refuse us the hearing a blind man play on the harp. It was we kept her, and we hopes, ma'am, as you *are* — as you *seem* so good, you won't take it amiss."

Miss Somers and her sister smiled at the affectionate simplicity with which Susan's little brothers undertook her defence, and they were, from this slight circumstance, disposed to think yet more favorably of a family which seemed so well united. They took Susan along

with them through the village. Many neighbors came to their doors, and far from envying, they all secretly wished Susan well as she passed.

"I fancy we shall find what we want here," said Miss Somers, stopping before a shop, where unfolded sheets of pins and glass buttons glistened in the window, and where rolls of many-colored ribbons appeared ranged in tempting order. She went in, and was rejoiced to see the shelves at the back of the counter well furnished with glossy tiers of stuffs, and gay, neat, printed linens and calicoes.

"Now, Susan, choose yourself a gown," said Miss Somers; "you set an example of industry and good conduct, of which we wish to take public notice, for the benefit of others."

The shopkeeper, who was father to Susan's friend Rose, looked much satisfied by this speech, and as if a compliment had been paid to himself, bowed low to Miss Somers, and then with alertness, which a London linen-draper might have admired, produced piece after piece of his best goods to his young customer—unrolled, unfolded, held the bright stuffs and calendered calicoes in various lights. Now stretched his arm to the highest shelves, and brought down in a trice what seemed to be beyond the reach of any but a giant's arm; now dived into some hidden recess beneath the counter, and brought to light fresh beauties, and fresh temptations.

Susan looked on with more indifference than most of the spectators. She was thinking much of her lamb, and more of her father.

Miss Somers had put a bright guinea into her hand, and had bid her pay for her own gown; but Susan, as she looked at the guinea, thought it was a great deal of money to lay out upon herself; and she wished, but did not know how to ask, that she might keep it for a better purpose.

Some people are wholly inattentive to the lesser feelings, and incapable of reading the countenances of those on whom they bestow their bounty. Miss Somers and her sister were not of this roughly charitable class.

"She does not like any of these things," whispered Miss Somers to her sister. Her sister observed, that Susan looked as if her thoughts were far distant from gowns.

"If you don't fancy any of these things," said the civil shopkeeper to Susan, "we shall have a new assortment of calicoes for the spring season soon from town." "Oh," interrupted Susan, with a smile and a blush; "these are all pretty, and too good for me, but —" "*But* what, Susan?" said Miss Somers. "Tell us what is passing in your little mind." Susan hesitated. "Well then, we will not press you; you are scarcely acquainted with us yet; when you are, you will not be afraid, I hope, to speak your mind. Put this shining yellow counter," continued she, pointing to the guinea, "in your pocket, and make what use of it you please. From what we know, and from what we have heard of you, we are persuaded that you will make a good use of it."

"I think, madam," said the master of the shop with a shrewd, good-natured look, "I could give a pretty good guess myself what will become of that guinea — but I say nothing."

"No, that is right," said Miss Somers; "we leave Susan entirely at liberty; and now we will not detain her any longer. Good night, Susan; we shall soon come again to your neat cottage." Susan curtsied with an expressive look of gratitude, and with a modest frankness in her countenance, which seemed to say, "I would tell you, and welcome, what I want to do with the guinea; but I am not used to speak before so many people. When you come to our cottage again you shall know all."

When Susan had departed, Miss Somers turned to the obliging shopkeeper, who was folding up all the things he had opened. "You have had a great deal of trouble with us, sir," said she; "and since Susan will not choose a gown for herself, I must." She selected the prettiest; and whilst the man was rolling it in paper, she asked him several questions about Susan and her family, which he was delighted to answer, because he had now an opportunity of saying as much as he wished in her praise.

"No later back, ma'am, than last May morning," said he, "as my daughter Rose was telling us, Susan did a turn, in her quiet way, by her mother, that would not displease you if you were to hear it. She was to have been Queen of the May, which in our little village, amongst the younger tribe, is a thing that is thought of a good deal; but Susan's mother was ill, and Susan, after sitting up with her all night, would not leave her in the morning, even when they brought the crown to her. She put the crown upon my daughter Rose's head with her own hands; and, to be sure, Rose loves her as well as if she was her own sister. But I don't speak from partiality; for I am no relation whatever to the Prices, — only a well-wisher, as every one, I believe, who knows them is. I'll send the parcel up to the Abbèy, shall I, ma'am?"

"If you please," said Miss Somers; "and, as soon as you receive your new things from town, let us know. You will, I hope, find us good customers and well-wishers," added she, with a smile; "for those who wish well to their neighbors surely deserve to have well-wishers themselves."

A few words may encourage the benevolent passions, and may dispose people to live in peace and happiness; a few words may set them at variance, and may lead to misery and lawsuits. Attorney Case and Miss Somers were both equally convinced of this,

and their practice was uniformly consistent with their principles.

But now to return to Susan. She put the bright guinea carefully into the glove with the twelve shillings, which she had received from her companions on May-day. Besides this treasure, she calculated that the amount of the bills for bread could not be less than eight or nine and thirty shillings ; and as her father was now sure of a week's reprieve, she had great hopes that, by some means or other, it would be possible to make up the whole sum necessary to pay for a substitute. "If that could but be done," said she to herself, "how happy would my mother be ! She would be quite stout again, for she certainly is a great deal better, since I told her that father would stay a week longer. Ah ! but she would not have blessed Attorney Case though, if she had known about my poor Daisy."

Susan took the path that led to the meadow by the water-side, resolved to go by herself, and take leave of her innocent favorite. But she did not pass by unperceived. Her little brothers were watching for her return, and, as soon as they saw her, they ran after her, and overtook her as she reached the meadow.

"What did that good lady want with you ?" cried William ; but looking up in his sister's face, he saw tears in her eyes, and he was silent, and walked on quietly. Susan saw her lamb by the water-side. "Who are those two men ?" said William. "What are they going to do with *Daisy* ?" The two men were Attorney Case and the butcher. The butcher was feeling whether the lamb was fat.

Susan sat down upon the bank in silent sorrow ; her little brothers ran up to the butcher, and demanded whether he was going to *do any harm* to the lamb. The butcher did not answer ; but the attorney replied, "It is not your sister's lamb any longer ; it's mine — mine to all intents and purposes." "Yours !" cried

the children with terror; "and will you kill it?" "That's the butcher's business."

The little boys now burst into piercing lamentations. They pushed away the butcher's hand; they threw their arms round the neck of the lamb; they kissed its forehead — it bleated. "It will not bleat to-morrow!" said William, and he wept bitterly. The butcher looked aside, and hastily rubbed his eyes with the corner of his blue apron. The attorney stood unmoved; he pulled up the head of the lamb, which had just stooped to crop a mouthful of clover. "I have no time to waste," said he; "butcher, you'll account with me. If it's fat — the sooner the better. I've no more to say." And he walked off, deaf to the prayers of the poor children.

As soon as the attorney was out of sight, Susan rose from the bank where she was seated, came up to her lamb, and stooped to gather some of the fresh dewy trefoil, to let it eat out of her hand for the last time. Poor Daisy licked her well-known hand.

"Now, let us go," said Susan. "I'll wait as long as you please," said the butcher. Susan thanked him, but walked away quickly, without looking again at her lamb. Her little brothers begged the man to stay a few minutes, for they had gathered a handful of blue speedwell and yellow crowfoot, and they were decking the poor animal. As it followed the boys through the village, the children collected as they passed, and the butcher's own son was among the number. Susan's steadiness about the bad shilling was full in this boy's memory; it had saved him a beating. He went directly to his father to beg the life of Susan's lamb.

"I was thinking about it, boy, myself," said the butcher; "it's a sin to kill a *pet lamb*, I'm thinking — any way, it's what I'm not used to, and don't fancy doing, and I'll go and say as much to Attorney Case;

but he's a hard man ; there's but one way to deal with him, and that's the way I must take, though so be I shall be the loser thereby ; but we'll say nothing to the boys, for fear it might be the thing would not take ; and then it would be worse again to poor Susan, who is a good girl, and always was, as well she may, being of a good breed, and well reared from the first."

"Come, lads, don't keep a crowd and a scandal about my door," continued he, aloud to the children ; "turn the lamb in here, John, in the paddock, for to-night, and go your ways home."

The crowd dispersed, but murmured, and the butcher went to the attorney. "Seeing that all you want is a good, fat, tender lamb, for a present for Sir Arthur, as you told me," said the butcher, "I could let you have what's as good and better for your purpose." "Better — if it's better, I'm ready to hear reason." The butcher had choice tender lamb, he said, fit to eat the next day ; and as Mr. Case was impatient to make his offering to Sir Arthur, he accepted the butcher's proposal, though with such seeming reluctance, that he actually squeezed out of him, before he would complete the bargain, a bribe of a fine sweetbread.

In the mean time Susan's brothers ran home to tell her that her lamb was put into the paddock for the night ; this was all they knew, and even this was some comfort to her. Rose, her good friend, was with her, and she had before her the pleasure of telling her father of his week's reprieve. Her mother was better, and even said she was determined to sit up to supper in her wicker arm-chair.

Susan was getting things ready for supper, when little William, who was standing at the house-door, watching in the dusk for his father's return, suddenly exclaimed, "Susan ! if here is not our old man !"

"Yes," said the old harper, "I have found my way to you. The neighbors were kind enough to show me

whereabouts you lived ; for, though I did n't know your name, they guessed who I meant by what I said of you all." Susan came to the door, and the old man was delighted to hear her speak again. "If it would not be too bold," said he, "I'm a stranger in this part of the country, and come from afar off. My boy has got a bed for himself here in the village ; but I have no place. Could you be so charitable as to give an old blind man a night's lodging?" Susan said she would step in and ask her mother ; and she soon returned with an answer, that he was heartily welcome, if he could sleep upon the children's bed, which was but small.

The old man thankfully entered the hospitable cottage. He struck his head against the low roof, as he stepped over the door-sill. "Many roofs that are twice as high are not half so good," said he. Of this he had just had experience at the house of Attorney Case, where he had asked, but had been roughly refused all assistance by Miss Barbara, who was, according to her usual custom, standing staring at the hall-door.

The old man's harp was set down in Farmer Price's kitchen, and he promised to play a tune for the boys before they went to bed ; their mother giving them leave to sit up to supper with their father. He came home with a sorrowful countenance ; but how soon did it brighten, when Susan, with a smile, said to him, "Father, we've good news for you ! good news for us all ! — You have a whole week longer to stay with us ; and perhaps," continued she, putting her little purse into his hands, — perhaps with what's here and the bread-bills, and what may somehow be got together before a week's at an end, we may make up the nine guineas for the substitute, as they call him. Who knows, dearest mother, but we may keep him with us for ever !" — As she spoke, she threw her arms round her father, who pressed her to his bosom without speak-

ing, for his heart was full. He was some little time before he could perfectly believe that what he heard was true ; but the revived smiles of his wife, the noisy joy of his little boys, and the satisfaction that shone in Susan's countenance, convinced him that he was not in a dream.

As they sat down to supper, the old harper was made welcome to his share of the cheerful though frugal meal.

Susan's father, as soon as supper was finished, even before he would let the harper play a tune for his boys, opened the little purse, which Susan had given to him. He was surprised at the sight of the twelve shillings, and still more, when he came to the bottom of the purse, to see the bright golden guinea.

"How did you come by all this money, Susan?" said he. "Honestly and handsomely, that I'm sure of beforehand," said her proud mother ; "but how I can't make out, except by the baking. Hey, Susan, is this your first baking?" "Oh, no, no," said her father, "I have her first baking snug here, besides, in my pocket. I kept it for a surprise, to do your mother's heart good, Susan. Here's twenty-nine shillings, and the Abbey bill, which is not paid yet, comes to ten more. What think you of this, wife? Have we not a right to be proud of our Susan? Why," continued he, turning to the harper, "I ask your pardon for speaking out so free before strangers in praise of my own, which I know is not mannerly ; but the truth is the fittest thing to be spoken, as I think, at all times ; therefore, here's your good health, Susan ; why, by and by she'll be worth her weight in gold—in silver at least. But tell us, child, how came you by all this riches? and how comes it that I don't go to-morrow? All this happy news makes me so gay in myself, I'm afraid I shall hardly understand it rightly. But speak on, child—first bringing us a bottle of the good mead you made last year from your own honey."

Susan did not much like to tell the history of her Guinea-hen — of the gown — and of her poor lamb. Part of this would seem as if she was vaunting of her own generosity, and part of it she did not like to recollect. But her mother pressed to know the whole, and she related it as simply as she could. When she came to the story of her lamb, her voice faltered, and everybody present was touched. The old harper sighed once, and cleared his throat several times. He then asked for his harp, and, after tuning it for a considerable time, he recollected — for he had often fits of absence — that he sent for it to play the tune he had promised to the boys.

This harper came from a great distance, from the mountains of Wales, to contend with several other competitors for a prize, which had been advertised by a musical society about a year before this time. There was to be a splendid ball given upon the occasion at Shrewsbury, which was about five miles from our village. The prize was ten guineas for the best performer on the harp, and the prize was now to be decided in a few days.

All this intelligence Barbara had long since gained from her maid, who often paid visits to the town of Shrewsbury, and she had long had her imagination inflamed with the idea of this splendid music-meeting and ball. Often had she sighed to be there, and often had she revolved in her mind schemes for introducing herself to some *gentle* neighbors, who might take her to the ball *in their carriage*. How rejoiced, how triumphant was she, when this very evening, just about the time when the butcher was bargaining with her father about Susan's lamb, a *livery* servant from the Abbey rapped at the door, and left a card of invitation for Mr. and Miss Barbara Case.

"There," cried Bab, "*I* and *papa* are to dine and drink tea at the Abbey to-morrow. Who knows? I

dare say, when they see that I'm not a vulgar-looking person, and all that — and if I go cunningly to work with Miss Somers — as I shall — to be sure, I dare say, she'll take me to the ball with her."

"To be sure," said the maid; "it's the least one may expect from a lady that *demeans* herself to visit Susan Price, and goes about a shopping for her. The least she can do for you, is to take you in her carriage, *which* costs nothing, but is just a common civility, to a ball."

"Then pray, Betty," continued Miss Barbara, "don't forget to-morrow, the first thing you do, to send off to Shrewsbury for my new bonnet. I must have it *to dine in*, at the Abbey, or the ladies will think nothing of me; and, Betty, remember the mantua-maker too. I must see and coax papa to buy me a new gown against the ball. I can see, you know, something of the fashions to-morrow at the Abbey. I shall *look the ladies well over*, I promise you. And, Betty, I have thought of the most charming present for Miss Somers: as papa says it's good never to go empty-handed to a great house, I'll make Miss Somers, who is fond, as her maid told you, of such things — I'll make Miss Somers a present of that Guinea-hen of Susan's; it's of no use to me; so do you carry it up early in the morning to the Abbey, with my compliments. That's the thing."

In full confidence that her present and her bonnet would operate effectually in her favor, Miss Barbara paid her first visit at the Abbey. She expected to see wonders. She was dressed in all the finery, which she had heard from her maid, who had heard from the 'prentice of a Shrewsbury milliner, was *the thing* in London; and she was much surprised and disappointed, when she was shown into the room where the Miss Somerses and the ladies at the Abbey were sitting, to see that they did not, in any one part of

their dress, agree with the picture her imagination had formed of fashionable ladies. She was embarrassed when she saw books, and work, and drawings upon the table, and she began to think that some affront was meant to her, because *the company* did not sit with their hands before them.

When Miss Somers endeavored to find out conversation that would interest her, and spoke of walks, and flowers, and gardening, of which she was herself fond, Miss Barbara still thought herself undervalued, and soon contrived to expose her ignorance most completely, by talking of things which she did not understand.

Those who never attempt to appear what they are not—those who do not in their manners pretend to anything unsuited to their habits and situation in life, never are in danger of being laughed at by sensible well-bred people of any rank; but affectation is the constant and just object of ridicule.

Miss Barbara Case, with her mistaken airs of gentility, aiming to be thought a woman, and a fine lady, whilst she was in reality a child, and a vulgar attorney's daughter, rendered herself so thoroughly ridiculous, that the good-natured yet discerning spectators were painfully divided between their sense of comic absurdity, and a feeling of shame for one who could feel nothing for herself.

One by one the ladies dropped off. Miss Somers went out of the room for a few minutes to alter her dress, as it was the custom of the family, before dinner. She left a portfolio of pretty drawings and good prints, for Miss Barbara's amusement; but Miss Barbara's thoughts were so intent upon the harpers' ball, that she could not be entertained with such *trifles*. How unhappy are those who spend their time in expectation! They can never enjoy the present moment. Whilst Barbara was contriving means of interesting Miss Somers in her favor, she recollected, with surprise,

that not one word had yet been said of her present of the Guinea-hen. Mrs. Betty, in the hurry of her dressing her young lady in the morning, had forgotten it ; but it came just whilst Miss Somers was dressing ; and the housekeeper came into her mistress's room to announce its arrival.

"Ma'am," said she, "here 's a beautiful Guinea-hen just come, *with* Miss Barbara Case's compliments to you."

Miss Somers knew, by the tone in which the housekeeper delivered this message, that there was something in the business which did not perfectly please her. She made no answer, in expectation that the housekeeper, who was a woman of a very open temper, would explain her cause of dissatisfaction. In this she was not mistaken. The housekeeper came close up to the dressing-table, and continued, "I never like to speak till I'm sure, ma'am, and I'm not quite sure, to say certain, in this case, ma'am, but still I think it right to tell you, which can't wrong anybody, what came across my mind about this same Guinea-hen, ma'am ; and you can inquire into it, and do as you please afterwards, ma'am. Some time ago we had fine Guinea-fowls of our own, and I made bold, not thinking, to be sure, that all our own would die away from us, as they have done, to give a fine couple last Christmas to Susan Price, and very fond and pleased she was at the time, and I'm sure would never have parted with the hen with her good-will ; but if my eyes don't strangely mistake, this hen, that comes from Miss Barbara, is the self-same identical Guinea-hen that I gave to Susan. And how Miss Bab came by it is the thing that puzzles me. If my boy Philip was at home, maybe, as he's often at Mrs. Price's (which I don't disapprove), he might know the history of the Guinea-hen. I expect him home this night, and if you have no objection, I will sift the affair."

"The shortest way, I should think," said Henrietta, "would be to ask Miss Case herself about it, which I will do this evening." "If you please, ma'am," said the housekeeper coldly; for she knew that Miss Barbara was not famous in the village for speaking truth.

Dinner was now served. Attorney Case expected to smell mint sauce, and, as the covers were taken from off the dishes, looked around for lamb; but no lamb appeared. He had a dexterous knack of twisting the conversation to his point. Sir Arthur was speaking, when they sat down to dinner, of a new carving-knife, which he lately had had made for his sister. The attorney immediately went from carving-knives to poultry; thence to butcher's meat. Some joints, he observed, were much more difficult to carve than others. He never saw a man carve better than the gentleman opposite him, who was the curate of the parish. "But, sir," said the vulgar attorney, "I must make bold to differ with you in one point, and I'll appeal to Sir Arthur. Sir Arthur, pray may I ask, when you carve a fore-quarter of lamb, do you, when you raise the shoulder, throw in salt, or not?" This well-prepared question was not lost upon Sir Arthur. The attorney was thanked for his intended present; but mortified and surprised to hear Sir Arthur say that it was a constant rule of his never to accept of any presents from his neighbors. "If we were to accept a lamb from a rich neighbor on my estate," said he, "I am afraid we should mortify many of our poor tenants, who can have little to offer, though, perhaps, they may bear us thorough good-will notwithstanding."

After the ladies left the dining-room, as they were walking up and down the large hall, Miss Barbara had a fair opportunity of imitating her keen father's method of conversing. One of the ladies observed, that this hall would be a charming place for music. Bab brought in harps, and harpers and the harpers' ball, in a breath.

"I know so much about it, — about the ball I mean," said she, "because a lady in Shrewsbury, a friend of papa's, offered to take me with her; but papa did not like to give her the trouble of sending so far for me, though she has a coach of her own." Barbara fixed her eyes upon Miss Somers as she spoke; but she could not read her countenance as distinctly as she wished, because Miss Somers was at this moment letting down the veil of her hat.

"Shall we walk out before tea?" said Miss Somers to her companions; "I have a pretty Guinea-hen to show you." Barbara, secretly drawing propitious omens from the Guinea-hen, followed with a confidential step. The pheasantry was well filled with pheasants, peacocks, &c.; and Susan's pretty little Guinea-hen appeared well, even in this high company. It was much admired. Barbara was in glory; but her glory was of short duration.

Just as Miss Somers was going to inquire into the Guinea-hen's history, Philip came up, to ask permission to have a bit of sycamore, to turn a nutmeg-box for his mother. He was an ingenious lad, and a good turner for his age. Sir Arthur had put by a bit of sycamore on purpose for him; and Miss Somers told him where it was to be found. He thanked her; but in the midst of his bow of thanks his eye was struck by the sight of the Guinea-hen, and he involuntarily exclaimed, "Susan's Guinea-hen, I declare!" "No, it's not Susan's Guinea-hen," said Miss Barbara, coloring furiously; "it is mine, and I have made a present of it to Miss Somers."

At the sound of Bab's voice, Philip turned — saw her — and indignation, unrestrained by the presence of all the amazed spectators, flashed in his countenance.

"What is the matter, Philip?" said Miss Somers, in a pacifying tone; but Philip was not inclined to be pacified. "Why, ma'am," said he, "may I speak

out?" and, without waiting for permission, he spoke out, and gave a full, true, and warm account of Rose's embassy, and of Miss Barbara's cruel and avaricious proceedings.

Barbara denied, prevaricated, stammered, and at last was overcome with confusion; for which even the most indulgent spectators could scarcely pity her.

Miss Somers, however, mindful of what was due to her guest, was anxious to despatch Philip for his piece of sycamore. Bab recovered herself as soon as he was out of sight; but she further exposed herself by exclaiming, "I'm sure I wish this pitiful Guinea-hen had never come into my possession. I wish Susan had kept it at home, as she should have done!"

"Perhaps she will be more careful now, that she has received so strong a lesson," said Miss Somers. "Shall we try her?" continued she. "Philip will, I dare say, take the Guinea-hen back to Susan, if we desire it." "If you please, ma'am," said Barbara sullenly; "I have nothing more to do with it."

So the Guinea-hen was delivered to Philip, who set off joyfully with his prize, and was soon in sight of Farmer Price's cottage. He stopped when he came to the door. He recollected Rose and her generous friendship for Susan. He was determined that she should have the pleasure of restoring the Guinea-hen. He ran into the village. All the children who had given up their little purse on May-day were assembled on the play-green. They were delighted to see the Guinea-hen once more. Philip took his pipe and tabor, and they marched in innocent triumph towards the whitewashed cottage.

"Let me come with you — let me come with you," said the butcher's boy to Philip. "Stop one minute! my father has something to say to you." He darted into his father's house. The little procession stopped, and in a few minutes the bleating of a lamb was heard.

Through a back passage, which led into the paddock behind the house, they saw the butcher leading a lamb.

"It is Daisy!" exclaimed Rose — "It's Daisy!" repeated all her companions. "Susan's lamb! Susan's lamb!" and there was a universal shout of joy.

"Well, for my part," said the good butcher, as soon as he could be heard, — "for my part, I would not be so cruel as Attorney Case for the whole world. These poor brute beasts don't know beforehand what's going to happen to them; and as for dying, it's what we must all do some time or another; but to keep wringing the hearts of the living, that have as much sense as oneself, is what I call cruel; and is not this what Attorney Case has been doing by poor Susan, and her whole family, ever since he took a spite against them? But, at any rate, here's Susan's lamb safe and sound. I'd have taken it back sooner, but I was off before day to the fair, and am but just come back. Daisy, however, has been as well off in my paddock as he would have been in the field by the water-side."

The obliging shopkeeper, who showed the pretty calicoes to Susan, was now at his door, and when he saw the lamb, and heard that it was Susan's, and learned its history, he said that he would add his mite; and he gave the children some ends of narrow riband, with which Rose decorated her friend's lamb.

The pipe and tabor now once more began to play, and the procession moved on in joyful order, after giving the humane butcher three cheers; — three cheers which are better deserved than "loud huzzas" usually are.

Susan was working in her arbor, with her little deal table before her. When she heard the sound of the music, she put down her work and listened. She saw the crowd of children coming nearer and nearer. They had closed round Daisy, so that she did not see it;

but as they came up to the garden-gate, she saw that Rose beckoned to her. Philip played as loud as he could, that she might not hear, till the proper moment, the bleating of the lamb. Susan opened the garden-wicket, and at this signal the crowd divided, and the first thing that Susan saw, in the midst of her taller friends, was little smiling Mary, with the Guinea-hen in her arms.

"Come on ! Come on !" cried Mary, as Susan started with joyful surprise ; "you have more to see."

At this instant the music paused ; Susan heard the bleating of a lamb ; and scarcely daring to believe her senses, she pressed eagerly forward, and beheld poor Daisy ! — she burst into tears. "I did not shed one tear when I parted with you, my dear little Daisy !" said she. "It was for my father and mother. I would not have parted with you for anything else in the whole world. Thank you, thank you all," added she to her companions, who sympathized in her joy, even more than they had sympathized in her sorrow. "Now if my father was not to go away from us next week, and if my mother was quite stout, I should be the happiest person in the world !"

As Susan pronounced these words, a voice behind the little listening crowd cried, in a brutal tone, "Let us pass, if you please ; you have no right to stop up the public road !" This was the voice of Attorney Case, who was returning with his daughter Barbara from his visit to the Abbey. He saw the lamb, and tried to whistle as he passed on. Barbara also saw the Guinea-hen, and turned her head another way, that she might avoid the contemptuous, reproachful looks of those whom she only affected to despise. Even her new bonnet, in which she had expected to be so much admired, was now only serviceable to hide her face and conceal her mortification.

"I am glad she saw the Guinea-hen," cried Rose,

who now held it in her hands. "Yes," said Philip, "she'll not forget May-day in a hurry." "Nor I neither, I hope," said Susan, looking round upon her companions with a most affectionate smile; "I hope, whilst I live, I shall never forget your goodness to me last May-day. Now I've my pretty Guinea-hen safe once more, I should think of returning your money." "No! no! no!" was the general cry. "We don't want the money—keep it, keep it—you want it for your father." "Well," said Susan, "I am not too proud to be obliged. I *will* keep your money for my father. Perhaps some time or other I may be able to earn—" "Oh," interrupted Philip, "don't let us talk of earning; don't let us talk to her of money now; she has not had time hardly to look at poor Daisy and her Guinea-hen. Come, we had best go about our business, and let her have them all to herself."

The crowd moved away in consequence of Philip's considerate advice; but it was observed that he was the very last to stir from the garden-wicket himself. He stayed, first, to inform Susan that it was Rose who tied the ribands on Daisy's head. Then he stayed a little longer to let her into the history of the Guinea-hen, and to tell her who it was that brought the hen home from the Abbey.

Rose held the sieve, and Susan was feeding her long-lost favorite, whilst Philip leaned over the wicket, prolonging his narration. "Now, my pretty Guinea-hen," said Susan—"my naughty Guinea-hen, that flew away from me, you shall never serve me so again. I must cut your nice wings; but I won't hurt you." "Take care," cried Philip; "you'd better, indeed you'd better, let me hold her, whilst you cut her wings."

When this operation was successfully performed, which it certainly could never have been if Philip had not held the hen for Susan, he recollected that his mother had sent him with a message to Mrs. Price.

This message led to another quarter of an hour's delay ; for he had the whole history of the Guinea-hen to tell over again to Mrs Price, and the farmer himself luckily came in whilst it was going on, so it was but civil to begin it afresh ; and then the farmer was so rejoiced to see his Susan so happy again with her two little favorites, that he declared he must see Daisy fed himself ; and Philip found that he was wanted to hold the jug full of milk, out of which Farmer Price filled the pan for Daisy ! Happy Daisy ! who lapped at his ease, whilst Susan caressed him, and thanked her fond father and her pleased mother.

" But, Philip," said Mrs. Price, " I 'll hold the jug — you 'll be late with your message to your mother ; we 'll not detain you any longer."

Philip departed, and as he went out of the garden-wicket he looked up, and saw Bab and her maid Betty staring out of the window, as usual. On this, he immediately turned back to try whether he had shut the gate fast, lest the Guinea-hen might stray out, and fall again into the hands of the enemy.

Miss Barbara, in the course of this day, had felt considerable mortification, but no contrition. She was vexed that her meanness was discovered ; but she felt no desire to cure herself of any of her faults. The ball was still uppermost in her vain, selfish soul. " Well," said she, to her *confidante* Betty, " you hear how things have turned out ; but if Miss Somers won't think of asking me to go with her, I 've a notion I know who will. As papa says, it's a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

Now, some officers, who were quartered at Shrewsbury, had become acquainted with Mr. Case. They had gotten into some quarrel with a tradesman in the town, and Attorney Case had promised to bring them through the affair, as the man threatened to take the law of them. Upon the faith of this promise, and with

the vain hope that, by civility, they might dispose him to bring in a *reasonable* bill of costs, these officers sometimes invited Mr. Case to the mess; and one of them, who had lately been married, prevailed upon his bride *sometimes* to take a little notice of Miss Barbara. It was with this lady that Miss Barbara now hoped to go to the harpers' ball.

"The officers and Mrs. Strathspey, or, more properly, Mrs. Strathspey and the officers, are to breakfast here to-morrow, do you know," said Bab to Betty. "One of them dined at the Abbey to-day, and told papa that they'd all come. They are going out, on a party, somewhere into the country, and breakfast here in their way. Pray, Betty, don't forget that Mrs. Strathspey can't breakfast without honey. I heard her say so myself." "Then, indeed," said Betty, "I'm afraid Mrs. Strathspey will be likely to go without her breakfast here; for not a spoonful of honey have we, let her long for it ever so much." "But, surely," said Bab, "we can contrive to get some honey in the neighborhood." "There's none to be bought, as I know of," said Betty. "But is there none to be begged or borrowed?" said Bab, laughing. "Do you forget Susan's beehive? Step over to her in the morning with *my compliments*, and see what you can do. Tell her it's for Mrs. Strathspey."

In the morning Betty went with Miss Barbara's compliments to Susan, to beg some honey for Mrs. Strathspey, who could not breakfast without it. Susan did not like to part with her honey, because her mother loved it, and she therefore gave Betty but a small quantity. When Barbara saw how little Susan sent, she called her a *miser*, and said she *must* have some more for Mrs. Strathspey. "I'll go myself and speak to her;—come you with me, Betty," said the young lady, who found it at present convenient to forget her having declared, the day that she sucked up the broth,

that she never would honor Susan with another visit. "Susan," said she, accosting the poor girl, whom she had done everything in her power to injure, "I must beg a little more honey from you for Mrs. Strathspey's breakfast. You know, on a particular occasion, such as this, neighbors must help one another." "To be sure they should," added Betty.

Susan, though she was generous, was not weak ; she was willing to give to those she loved, but not disposed to let anything be taken from her, or coaxed out of her, by those she had reason to despise. She civilly answered, that she was sorry she had no more honey to spare.

Barbara grew angry, and lost all command of herself, when she saw that Susan, without regarding her reproaches, went on looking through the glass pane in the beehive. — "I'll tell you what, Susan Price," said she, in a high tone, "the honey I *will* have ; so you may as well give it to me by fair means — yes or no ? — Speak ! will you give it me, or not ! Will you give me that piece of the honey-comb that lies there !" "That bit of honey-comb is for my mother's breakfast," said Susan ; "I cannot give it you." "Can't you?" said Bab ; "then see if I don't get it." She stretched across Susan for the honey-comb, which was lying by some rosemary-leaves that Susan had freshly gathered for her mother's tea. Bab grasped, but at her first effort she reached only the rosemary. She made a second dart at the honey-comb ; and in her struggle to obtain it she overset the beehive. The bees swarmed about her. Her maid Betty screamed, and ran away. Susan, who was sheltered by a laburnumtree, called to Barbara, upon whom the black clusters of bees were now settling, and begged her to stand still, and not to beat them away. "If you stand quietly, you won't be stung, perhaps." But, instead of standing quietly, Bab buffeted, and stamped, and

roared, and the bees stung her terribly. Her arms and her face swelled in a frightful manner. She was helped home by poor Susan and treacherous Mrs. Betty, who, now the mischief was done, thought only of exculpating herself to her master.

"Indeed, Miss Barbara," said she, "this was quite wrong of you, to go and get yourself into such a scrape. I shall be turned away for it, you'll see."

"I don't care whether you are turned away or not," said Barbara; "I never felt such pain in my life. Can't you do something for me? I don't mind the pain either so much as being such a fright. Pray, how am I to be fit to be seen at breakfast by Mrs. Strathspey; and I suppose I can't go to the ball either to-morrow, after all!"

"No, that you can't expect to do, indeed," said Betty, the comforter. "You need not think of balls; for those lumps and swellings won't go off your face this week. That's not what pains me; but I'm thinking of what your papa will say to me when he sees you, miss."

"Whilst this amiable mistress and maid were in their adversity reviling one another, Susan, when she saw that she could be of no farther use, was preparing to depart; but at the house-door she was met by Mr. Case. Mr. Case had revolved things in his mind; for his second visit at the Abbey pleased him as little as his first, owing to a few words which Sir Arthur and Miss Somers dropped in speaking of Susan and Farmer Price. Mr. Case began to fear that he had mistaken his game in quarrelling with this family. The refusal of his present dwelt upon the attorney's mind; and he was aware that, if the history of Susan's lamb ever reached the Abbey, he was undone. He now thought that the most prudent course he could possibly follow would be to *hush up* matters with the *Prices* with all convenient speed. Consequently, when he met Susan

at his door, he forced a gracious smile. "How is your mother, Susan?" said he. "Is there anything in our house can be of service to her?" On hearing his daughter, he cried out, "Barbara! Barbara! Bab! come downstairs, child, and speak to Susan Price." But as no Barbara answered, her father stalked upstairs directly, opened the door, and stood amazed at the spectacle of her swelled visage.

Betty instantly began to tell the story of Barbara's mishap her own way. Bab contradicted her as fast as she spoke. The attorney turned the maid away upon the spot; and partly with real anger, and partly with feigned affectation of anger, he demanded from his daughter how she dared to treat Susan Price so ill, "when," as he said, "she was so neighborly and obliging as to give you some of her honey? Could n't you be content, without seizing upon the honey-comb by force? This is scandalous behavior, and what, I assure you, I can't countenance."

Susan now interceded for Barbara; and the attorney, softening his voice, said that "Susan was a great deal too good to her; as you are, indeed," added he, "to everybody. I forgive her for your sake." Susan curtsied, in great surprise; but her lamb could not be forgotten, and she left the attorney's house as soon as she could, to make her mother's rosemary-tea for breakfast.

Mr. Case saw that Susan was not so simple as to be taken in by a few fair words. His next attempt was to conciliate Farmer Price. The farmer was a blunt, honest man, and his countenance remained inflexibly contemptuous, when the attorney addressed him in his softest tone.

So stood matters the day of the long-expected harpers' ball. Miss Barbara Case, stung by Susan's bees, could not, after all her manœuvres, go with Mrs. Strathspey to the ball. The ball-room was filled early

in the evening. There was a numerous assembly. The harpers, who contended for the prize, were placed under the music-gallery at the lower end of the room. Amongst them was our old blind friend, who, as he was not so well clad as his competitors, seemed to be disdained by many of the spectators. Six ladies and six gentlemen were now appointed to be judges of the performance. They were seated in a semicircle, opposite to the harpers. The Miss Somerses, who were fond of music, were amongst the ladies in the semicircle; and the prize was lodged in the hands of Sir Arthur. There was now silence. The first harp sounded, and as each musician tried his skill, the audience seemed to think that each deserved the prize. The old blind man was the last. He tuned his instrument; and such a simple, pathetic strain was heard as touched every heart. All were fixed in delighted attention; and when the music ceased, the silence for some moments continued.

The silence was followed by an universal buzz of applause. The judges were unanimous in their opinions, and it was declared that the old blind harper, who played the last, deserved the prize.

The simple, pathetic air which won the suffrages of the whole assembly, was his own composition. He was pressed to give the words belonging to the music; and at last he modestly offered to repeat them, as he could not see to write. Miss Somers's ready pencil was instantly produced; and the old harper dictated the words of his ballad, which he called — "*Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb.*"

Miss Somers looked at her brother from time to time, as she wrote; and Sir Arthur, as soon as the old man had finished, took him aside, and asked him some questions, which brought the whole history of Susan's lamb and of Attorney Case's cruelty to light.

The attorney himself was present when the harper

began to dictate his ballad. His color, as Sir Arthur steadily looked at him, varied continually; till at length, when he heard the words "Susan's lamentation for her Lamb," he suddenly shrunk back, skulked through the crowd, and disappeared. We shall not follow him; we had rather follow our old friend, the victorious harper.

No sooner had he received the ten guineas, his well-merited prize, than he retired into a small room belonging to the people of the house, asked for pen, ink, and paper, and dictated in a low voice to his boy, who was a tolerably good scribe, a letter, which he ordered him to put directly into the Shrewsbury post-office. The boy ran with the letter to the post-office. He was but just in time, for the postman's horn was sounding.

The next morning, when Farmer Price, his wife, and Susan were sitting together, reflecting that his week's leave of absence was nearly at an end, and that the money was not yet made up for John Simpson, the substitute, a knock was heard at the door, and the person who usually delivered the letters in the village, put a letter into Susan's hand, saying "A penny, if you please — here's a letter for your father."

"For me!" said Farmer Price; "here's the penny then; but who can it be from, I wonder? Who can think of writing to me in this world?" He tore open the letter; but the hard name at the bottom of the page puzzled him — *your obliged friend* — Llewellyn."

"And what's this?" said he, opening a paper that was inclosed in the letter. "It's a song, seemingly; it must be somebody that has a mind to make an April fool of me." "But it is not April, it is May, father," said Susan. "Well, let us read the letter, and we shall come at the truth all in good time."

Farmer Price sat down in his own chair, for he could not read entirely to his satisfaction in any other, and read as follows: —

"MY WORTHY FRIEND, — I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have had good success this night. I have won the ten-guinea prize, and for that I am in a great measure indebted to your sweet daughter Susan; as you will see by a little ballad I inclose for her. Your hospitality to me has afforded me an opportunity of learning some of your family history. You do not, I hope, forget that I was present when you were counting the treasure in Susan's little purse, and that I heard for what purpose it was all destined. You have not, I know, yet made up the full sum for your substitute, John Simpson; therefore do me the favor to use the five-guinea bank-note which you will find within the ballad. You shall not find me as hard a creditor as Attorney Case. Pay me the money at your own convenience. If it is never convenient to you to pay it, I shall never ask it. I shall go my rounds again through this country, I believe, about this time next year, and will call to see how you do, and to play the new tune for Susan and the dear little boys.

"I should just add, to set your heart at rest about the money, that it does not distress me at all to lend it to you. I am not quite so poor as I appear to be. But it is my humor to go about as I do. I see more of the world under my tattered garb than, perhaps, I should ever see in a better dress. There are many of my profession who are of the same mind as myself in this respect; and we are glad, when it lies in our way, to do any kindness to such a worthy family as yours. — So fare ye well.

"Your obliged Friend,

"LLEWELLYN."

Susan now, by her father's desire, opened the ballad. He picked up the five-guinea bank-note, whilst she read with surprise, "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb." Her mother leaned over her shoulder to read the

words ; but they were interrupted, before they had finished the first stanza, by another knock at the door. It was not the postman with another letter. It was Sir Arthur and his sisters.

They came with an intention, which they were much disappointed to find that the old harper had rendered vain — they came to lend the farmer and his good family the money to pay for his substitute.

"But since we are here," said Sir Arthur, "let me do my own business, which I had like to have forgotten. Mr. Price, will you come out with me, and let me show you a piece of your land, through which I want to make a road. Look there," said Sir Arthur, pointing to the spot, "I am laying out a ride round my estate, and that bit of land of yours stops me."

"Why, sir, said Price, "the land's mine, to be sure, for that matter ; but I hope you don't look upon me to be that sort of person that would be stiff about a trifle or so."

"The fact is," said Sir Arthur, "I had heard you were a litigious, pig-headed fellow ; but you do not seem to deserve this character."

"Hope not, sir," said the farmer ; "but about the matter of the land, I don't want to take any advantage of your wishing for it. You are welcome to it ; and I leave it to you to find me out another bit of land convenient to me that will be worth neither more nor less ; or else to make up the value to me some way or other. I need say no more about it."

"I hear something," continued Sir Arthur, after a short silence, — "I hear something, Mr. Price, of a *flaw* in your lease. I would not speak to you of it whilst we were bargaining about your land, lest I should over-awe you ; but tell me, what is this *flaw* ?"

"In truth, and the truth is the fittest thing to be spoken at all times," said the farmer, "I didn't know myself what a *flaw*, as they call it, meant, till I heard

of the word from Attorney Case ; and, I take it, *a flaw* is neither more nor less than a mistake, as one should say. Now, by reason a man does not make a mistake on purpose, it seems to me to be the fair thing, that if a man finds out his mistake, he might set it right ; but Attorney Case says this is not law ; and I've no more to say. The man who drew up my lease made a mistake ; and if I must suffer for it, I must," said the farmer. "However, I can show you, Sir Arthur, just for my own satisfaction and yours, a few lines of a memorandum on a slip of paper, which was given me by your relation, the gentleman who lived here before, and let me my farm. You'll see, by that bit of paper, what was meant ; but the attorney says, the paper's not worth a button in a court of justice, and I don't understand these things. All I understand is the common honesty of the matter. I've no more to say."

"This attorney, whom you speak of so often," said Sir Arthur, "you seem to have some quarrel with. Now, would you tell me frankly what is the matter between —"

"The matter between us, then," said Price, "is a little bit of ground, not worth much, that is there open to the lane at the end of Mr. Case's garden, sir, and he wanted to take it in. Now I told him my mind, that it belonged to the parish, and that I never would willingly give my consent to his cribbing it in that way. Sir, I was the more loath to see it shut into his garden, which moreover is large enough of all conscience without it, because you must know, Sir Arthur, the children in our village are fond of making a little play-green of it ; and they have a custom of meeting on May-day at a hawthorn that stands in the middle of it, and altogether I was very loath to see 'em turned out of it by those who had no right."

"Let us go and see this nook," said Sir Arthur. "It is not far off, is it?"

"Oh, no, sir, just hard by here."

When they got to the ground, Mr. Case, who saw them walking together, was in a hurry to join them, that he might put a stop to any explanations. Explanations were things of which he had a great dread; but, fortunately, he was upon this occasion a little too late.

"Is this the nook in dispute?" said Sir Arthur. "Yes; this is the whole thing," said Price. "Why, Sir Arthur," interposed the politic attorney, with an assumed air of generosity, "don't let us talk any more about it. Let it belong to whom it will, I give it up to you."

"So great a lawyer, Mr. Case, as you are," replied Sir Arthur, "must know that a man cannot give up that to which he has no legal title; and in this case it is impossible that, with the best intentions to oblige me in the world, you can give up this bit of land to me, because it is mine already, as I can convince you effectually by a map of the adjoining land, which I have fortunately safe amongst my papers. This piece of ground belonged to the farm on the opposite side of the road, and it was cut off when the lane was made."

"Very possibly. I dare say you are quite correct; you must know best," said the attorney, trembling for the agency.

"Then," said Sir Arthur, "Mr. Price, you will observe that I now promise this little green to the children for a play-ground; and I hope they may gather hawthorn many a May-day at this their favorite bush." Mr. Price bowed low, which he seldom did, even when he received a favor himself. "And now, Mr. Case," said Sir Arthur, turning to the attorney, who did not know which way to look, "you sent me a lease to look over."

"Ye—ye—yes," stammered Mr. Case. "I thought it my duty to do so; not out of any malice or ill-will to this good man."

"You have done him no injury," said Sir Arthur, coolly. "I am ready to make him a new lease, whenever he pleases, of his farm, and I shall be guided by a memorandum of the original bargain, which he has in his possession. I hope I never shall take an unfair advantage of any one."

"Heaven forbid, sir," said the attorney, sanctifying his face, "that I should suggest the taking an *unfair* advantage of any man, rich or poor; but to break a bad lease is not taking an unfair advantage."

"You really think so?" said Sir Arthur. "Certainly I do, and I hope I have not hazarded your good opinion by speaking my mind concerning the flaw so plainly. I always understood that there could be nothing ungentlemanlike, in the way of business, in taking advantage of a flaw in a lease."

"Now," said Sir Arthur, "you have pronounced judgment *undesignedly* in your own case. You intended to send me this poor man's lease; but your son, by some mistake, brought me your own, and I have discovered a fatal error in it." "A fatal error!" said the alarmed attorney. "Yes, sir," said Sir Arthur, pulling the lease out of his pocket. "Here it is. You will observe that it is neither signed nor sealed by the grantor." "But you won't take advantage of me, surely, Sir Arthur?" said Mr. Case, forgetting his own principles. "I shall not take advantage of you, as you would have taken of this honest man. In both cases I shall be guided by memoranda which I have in my possession. I shall not, Mr. Case, defraud you of one shilling of your property. I am ready, at a fair valuation, to pay the exact value of your house and land; but upon this condition, that you quit the parish within one month!"

Attorney Case was thus compelled to submit to the hard necessity of the case, for he knew that he could not legally resist. Indeed he was glad to be let off so

easily ; and he bowed and sneaked away, secretly comforting himself with the hope, that when they came to the valuation of the house and land he should be the gainer, perhaps of a few guineas. His reputation he justly held very cheap.

"You are a scholar ; you write a good hand ; you can keep accounts, cannot you ?" said Sir Arthur to Mr. Price, as they walked home towards his cottage. "I think I saw a bill of your little daughter's drawing out the other day, which was very neatly written. Did you teach her to write ?"

"No, sir," said Price, "I can't say I did *that* ; for she mostly taught it herself ; but I taught her a little arithmetic, as far as I knew, on our winter nights, when I had nothing better to do."

"Your daughter shows that she has been well taught," said Sir Arthur ; "and her good conduct and good character speak strongly in favor of her parents."

"You are very good, very good indeed, sir, to speak in this sort of way," said the delighted father.

"But I mean to do more than *pay you with words*," said Sir Arthur. "You are attached to your own family, perhaps you may become attached to me, when you come to know me, and we shall have frequent opportunities of judging of one another. I want no agent to squeeze my tenants, or to do my dirty work. I only want a steady, intelligent, honest man, like you, to collect my rents, and I hope, Mr. Price, you will have no objection to the employment."

"I hope, sir," said Price, with joy and gratitude glowing in his honest countenance, "that you'll never have cause to repent your goodness."

"And what are my sisters about here ?" said Sir Arthur, entering the cottage, and going behind his sisters, who were busily engaged in measuring an extremely pretty colored calico.

"It is for Susan, my dear brother," said they. "I

knew she did not keep that guinea for herself," said Miss Somers. "I have just prevailed upon her mother to tell me what became of it. Susan gave it to her father; but she must not refuse a gown of our choosing this time; and I am sure she will not, because her mother, I see, likes it. And, Susan, I hear that, instead of being Queen of the May this year, you were sitting in your sick mother's room. Your mother has a little color in her cheeks now."

"Oh, ma'am," interrupted Mrs. Price, "I'm quite well. Joy, I think, has made me quite well."

"Then," said Miss Somers, "I hope you will be able to come out on your daughter's birthday, which, I hear, is the 25th of this month. Make haste and get quite well before that day; for my brother intends that all the lads and lasses of the village shall have a dance on Susan's birthday."

"Yes," said Sir Arthur, "and I hope on that day, Susan, you will be very happy with your little friends upon their play-green. I shall tell them that it is your good conduct which has obtained it for them; and if you have anything to ask, any little favor for any of your companions, which we can grant, now ask, Susan. These ladies look as if they would not refuse you anything that is reasonable; and, I think, you look as if you would not ask anything unreasonable."

"Sir," said Susan, after consulting her mother's eyes, "there is, to be sure, a favor I should like to ask; it is for Rose."

"Well, I don't know who Rose is," said Sir Arthur, smiling; "but go on."

"Ma'am, you have seen her, I believe; she is a very good girl, indeed," said Mrs. Price. "And works very neatly, indeed," continued Susan, eagerly, to Miss Somers; "and she and her mother heard you were looking out for some one to wait upon you."

"Say no more," said Miss Somers; "your wish is

granted. Tell Rose to come to the Abbey to-morrow morning, or rather come with her yourself; for our housekeeper, I know, wants to talk to you about a certain cake. She wishes, Susan, that you should be the maker of the cake for the dance; and she has good things ready looked out for it already, I know. It must be large enough for everybody to have a slice; and the housekeeper will ice it for you. I only hope your cake will be as good as your bread. Fare ye well."

How happy are those who bid farewell to a whole family, silent with gratitude, who will bless them aloud when they are far out of hearing!

"How do I wish, now," said Farmer Price, "and it's almost a sin for one that has had such a power of favours done him, to wish for anything more; but how I *do* wish, wife, that our good friend the harper was only here at this time. It would do his old warm heart good. Well, the best of it is, we shall be able, next year, when he comes his rounds, to pay him his money with thanks, being all the time, and for ever, as much obliged to him as if we kept it. I long, so I do, to see him in this house again, drinking, as he did, just in this spot, a glass of Susan's mead, to her very good health."

"Yes," said Susan, "and the next time he comes, I can give him one of my Guinea-hen's eggs, and I shall show my lamb Daisy."

"True, love," said her mother, "and he will play that tune, and sing that pretty ballad. Where is it? for I have not finished it."

"Rose ran away with it, mother; but I'll step after her, and bring it back to you this minute," said Susan.

Susan found her friend Rose at the hawthorn, in the midst of a crowded circle of her companions, to whom she was reading "Susan's Lamentation for her Lamb."

"The words are something; but the tune — the tune — I must have the tune," cried Philip. "I'll ask my mother to ask Sir Arthur to try and find out which way that good old man went after the ball; and if he's above ground we'll have him back by Susan's birthday; and he shall sit here, just exactly here, by this our bush, and he shall play — I mean if he pleases — that same tune for us; and I shall learn it — I mean if I can — in a minute."

The good news, that Farmer Price was to be employed to collect the rents, and that attorney Case was to leave the parish in a month, soon spread over the village. Many came out of their houses to have the pleasure of hearing the joyful tidings confirmed by Susan herself. The crowd on the play-green increased every minute.

"Yes," cried the triumphant Philip, "I tell you it's all true, — every word of it. Susan's too modest to say it herself; but I tell ye all; Sir Arthur gave us this play-green for ever, on account of her being so good."

You see, at last, Attorney Case, with all his cunning, has not proved a match for "Simple Susan."

THE MIMIC.

CHAPTER I.

MR. and Mrs. Montague spent the summer of the year 1795 at Clifton, with their son Frederick, and their two daughters, Sophia and Marianne. They had taken much care of the education of their children; nor were they ever tempted by any motive of personal convenience or temporary amusement to hazard the permanent happiness of their pupils.

Sensible of the extreme importance of early impressions, and of the powerful influence of external circumstances in forming the character and the manners, they were now anxious that the variety of new ideas and new objects which would strike the minds of their children should appear in a just point of view.

"Let children see and judge for themselves," is often inconsiderately said. Where children see only a part, they cannot judge of the whole; and, from the superficial view which they can have in short visits and desultory conversation, they can form only a false estimate of the objects of human happiness, a false notion of the nature of society, and false opinions of characters.

For the above reasons, Mr. and Mrs. Montague were particularly cautious in the choice of their acquaintance; as they were well aware, that whatever passed in conversation before their children became part of their education.

When they came to Clifton they wished to have a house entirely to themselves : but as they came late in the season, almost all the lodging-houses were full, and for a few weeks they were obliged to remain in a house where some of the apartments were already occupied.

During the first fortnight they scarcely saw or heard anything of one of the families who lodged on the same floor with them. An elderly Quaker, and his sister Bertha, were their silent neighbors. The blooming complexion of the lady had indeed attracted the attention of the children, as they caught a glimpse of her face, when she was getting into her carriage, to go out upon the Downs. They could scarcely believe that she came to the Wells on account of her health.

Besides her blooming complexion, the delicate white of her garments had struck them with admiration ; and they observed that her brother carefully guarded her dress from the wheel of the carriage, as he handed her in. From this circumstance, and from the benevolent countenance of the old gentleman, they concluded that he was very fond of his sister, and that they were certainly very happy, except that they never spoke, and could be seen only for a moment.

Not so the maiden lady who occupied the ground floor. On the stairs, in the passages, at her window, she was continually visible ; and she appeared to possess the art of being present in all these places at once. Her voice was eternally to be heard, and it was not particularly melodious. The very first day she met Mrs. Montague's children on the stairs, she stopped to tell Marianne that she was a charming dear ! and a charming little dear ! to kiss her, to inquire her name, and to inform her that her own name was " Mrs. Theresa Tattle ; " a circumstance of which there was little danger of their long remaining in ignorance ; for, in the course of one morning, at least twenty single and as many double raps at the door were succeeded

by vociferations of "Mrs. Theresa Tattle's servant!" — "Mrs. Theresa Tattle at home!" — "Mrs. Theresa Tattle not at home!"

No person at the Wells was oftener at home and abroad than Mrs. Tattle! She had, as she deemed it, the happiness to have a most extensive acquaintance residing at Clifton. She had for years kept a register of arrivals. She regularly consulted the subscriptions to the circulating libraries, and the lists at the Ball and the Pump-rooms; so that, with a memory unencumbered with literature, and free from all domestic cares; she contrived to retain a most astonishing and correct list of births, deaths, and marriages, together with all the anecdotes, amusing, instructive, or scandalous, which are necessary to the conversation of a water-drinking place, and essential to the character of a "very pleasant woman."

"A very pleasant woman," Mrs. Tattle was usually called; and, conscious of her accomplishments, she was eager to introduce herself to the acquaintance of her new neighbors; having, with her ordinary expedition, collected from their servants, by means of her own, all that could be known, or rather all that could be told, about them. The name of Montague, at all events, she knew was a good name, and justified her courting the acquaintance. She courted it first by nods and becks and smiles at Marianne whenever she met her; and Marianne, who was a very little girl, began presently to nod and smile in return; persuaded that a lady who smiled so much could not be ill-natured. Besides, Mrs. Theresa's parlor-door was sometimes left more than half-open, to afford a view of a green parrot. Marianne sometimes passed very slowly by this door. One morning it was left quite wide open, when she stopped to say "Pretty Poll;" and immediately Mrs. Tattle begged she would do her the honor to walk in and see "Pretty Poll;" at the

same time taking the liberty to offer her a piece of iced plumcake.

The next day Mrs. Theresa Tattle did herself the honor to wait upon Mrs. Montague, "to apologize for the liberty she had taken in inviting Mrs. Montague's charming Miss Marianne into her apartment, to see Pretty Poll; and for the still greater liberty she had taken in offering her a piece of plumcake, — inconsiderate creature that she was! — which might possibly have disagreed with her, and which certainly were liberties she never should have been induced to take, if she had not been unaccountably betwitched by Miss Marianne's striking though highly flattering resemblance to a young gentleman (an officer) with whom she had danced, now nearly twelve years ago, of the name of Montague, — a most respectable young man, and of a most respectable family, with which, in a remote degree, she might presume to say, she herself was someway connected, having the honor to be nearly related to the Joneses of Merionethshire, who were cousins to the Mainwarings of Bedfordshire, who married into the family of the Griffiths; the eldest branch of which, she understood, had the honor to be cousin-german to Mr. Montague; on which account she had been impatient to pay a visit so likely to be productive of most agreeable consequences, by the acquisition of an acquaintance whose society must do her infinite honor."

Having thus happily accomplished her first visit, there seemed little probability of escaping Mrs. Tattle's further acquaintance. In the course of the first week she only hinted to Mr. Montague, that "some people thought his system of education rather odd; that she should be obliged to him if he would, some time or other, when he had nothing else to do, just sit down and make her understand his notions, that she might have something to say to her acquaintance, as she

always wished to have, when she heard any friend attacked, or any friend's opinions."

Mr. Montague declining to sit down and make this lady understand a system of education only to give her something to say, and showing unaccountable indifference about the attacks with which he was threatened, Mrs. Tattle next addressed herself to Mrs. Montague, prophesying, in a most serious whisper, "that the charming Miss Marianne would shortly and inevitably grow quite crooked, if she were not immediately provided with a back-board, a French dancing-master, and a pair of stocks."

This alarming whisper could not, however, have a permanent effect upon Mrs. Montague's understanding, because three days afterwards Mrs. Theresa, upon the most anxious inspection, entirely mistook the just and natural proportions of the hip and shoulder.

This danger vanishing, Mrs. Tattle presently, with a rueful length of face, and formal preface, "hesitated to assure Mrs. Montague, that she was greatly distressed about her daughter Sophy; that she was convinced her lungs were affected; and that she certainly ought to drink the waters morning and evening; and above all things, must keep one of the patirosa lozenges constantly in her mouth, and directly consult Dr. Cardamum, the best physician in the world, and the person she would send for herself upon her death-bed; because, to her certain knowledge, he had recovered a young lady, a relation of her own, after she had lost one whole *globe*¹ of her lungs."

The medical opinion of a lady of so much anatomical precision could not have much weight. Neither was this universal adviser more successful in an attempt to introduce a tutor to Frederick, who, she apprehended, must want some one to perfect him in the Latin and Greek, and dead languages, of which, she

¹ Lobe.

observed, it would be impertinent for a woman to talk ; only she might venture to repeat what she had heard said by good authority, that a competency of the dead tongues could be had nowhere but at a public school, or else from a private tutor who had been abroad (after the advantage of a classical education, finished in one of the universities) with a good family ; without which introduction it was idle to think of reaping solid advantages from any continental tour ; all which requisites, from personal knowledge, she could aver to be concentrated in the gentleman she had the honor to recommend, as having been tutor to a young nobleman, who had now no further occasion for him ; having, unfortunately for himself and his family, been killed in an untimely duel.

All Mrs. Theresa Tattle's suggestions being lost upon these stoical parents, her powers were next tried upon the children, and her success soon became apparent. On Sophy, indeed, she could not make any impression, though she had expended on her some of her finest strokes of flattery. Sophy, though very desirous of the approbation of her friends, was not very desirous of winning the favor of strangers. She was about thirteen, — that dangerous age at which ill-educated girls, in their anxiety to display their accomplishments, are apt to become dependent for applause upon the praise of every idle visitor ; when the habits not being formed, and the attention being suddenly turned to dress and manners, girls are apt to affect and imitate, indiscriminately, every thing that they conceive to be agreeable.

Sophy, whose taste had been cultivated at the same time with her powers of reasoning, was not liable to fall into these errors. She found that she could please those whom she wished to please, without affecting to be anything but what she really was ; and her friends listened to what she said, though she never repeated

the sentiments, or adopted the phrases, which she might easily have copied from the conversation of those who were older or more fashionable than herself.

This word *fashionable*, Mrs. Theresa Tattle knew had usually a great effect even at thirteen ; but she had not observed that it had much power upon Sophy ; nor were her remarks concerning grace and manners much attended to. Her mother had taught Sophy, that it was best to let herself alone, and not to distort either her person or her mind in acquiring grimace, which nothing but the fashion of the moment can support, and which is always detected and despised by people of real good sense and politeness.

"Bless me !" said Mrs. Tattle to herself, "if I had such a tall daughter, and so unformed, before my eyes from morning to night, it would certainly break my poor heart. Thank heaven, I am not a mother ! if I were, Miss Marianne for me !".

Miss Marianne had heard so often from Mrs. Tattle that she was very charming, that she could not help believing it : and from being a very pleasing unaffected little girl, she in a short time grew so conceited, that she could neither speak, look, move, nor be silent, without imagining that everybody was, or ought to be, looking at her ; and when Mrs. Theresa saw that Mrs. Montague looked very grave upon these occasions, she, to repair the ill she had done, would say, after praising Marianne's hair or her eyes, "O, but little ladies should never think about their beauty, you know. Nobody loves anybody, you know, for being handsome, but for being good." People must think children are very silly, or else they can never have reflected upon the nature of belief in their own minds, if they imagine that children will believe the words that are said to them, by way of moral, when the countenance, manner, and every concomitant circum-

stance tell them a different tale. Children are excellent physiognomists ; they quickly learn the universal language of looks ; and what is said *of* them always makes a greater impression than what is said *to* them ; — a truth of which those prudent people surely cannot be aware, who comfort themselves, and apologize to parents, by saying, "O ! but I would not say so and so to the child."

Mrs. Theresa had seldom said to Frederick Montague, "that he had a vast deal of drollery, and was a most incomparable mimic ;" but she had said so of him in whispers, which magnified the sound to his imagination, if not to his ear. He was a boy of much vivacity, and had considerable abilities ; but his appetite for vulgar praise had not yet been surfeited. Even Mrs. Theresa Tattle's flattery pleased him, and he exerted himself for her entertainment so much that he became quite a buffoon. Instead of observing characters and manners, that he might judge of them and form his own, he now watched every person he saw, that he might detect some foible, or catch some singularity in their gesture or pronunciation which he might successfully mimic.

Alarmed by the rapid progress of these evils, Mr. and Mrs. Montague, who, from the first day that they had been honored with Mrs. Tattle's visit, had begun to look out for new lodgings, were now extremely impatient to decamp. They were not people, who, from the weak fear of offending a silly acquaintance, would hazard the happiness of their family. They had heard of a house in the country which was likely to suit them, and they determined to go directly to look at it. As they were to be absent all day, they foresaw that their officious neighbor would probably interfere with their children. They did not choose to exact any promise from them which they might be tempted to break, and therefore

they only said at parting, "If Mrs. Theresa Tattle should ask you to come to her, do as you think proper."

Scarcely had Mrs. Montague's carriage got out of hearing, when a note was brought, directed to "Frederick Montague, junior, Esq.," which he immediately opened, and read as follows:—

"Mrs. Theresa Tattle presents her very best compliments to the entertaining Mr. Frederick Montague; she hopes he will have the charity to drink tea with her this evening, and bring his charming sister Miss Marianne with him, as Mrs. Theresa will be quite alone with a shocking head-ache, and is sensible her nerves are affected; and Dr. Cardamum says that (especially in Mrs. T. T.'s case) it is downright death to nervous patients to be alone an instant. She therefore trusts Mr. Frederick will not refuse to come and make her laugh. Mrs. Theresa has taken care to provide a few macaroons for her little favorite, who said she was particularly fond of them the other day. Mrs. Theresa hopes they will all come at six, or before, not forgetting Miss Sophy, if she will condescend to be of the party."

At the first reading of this note, "the entertaining" Mr. Frederick, and the "charming" Miss Marianne, laughed heartily, and looked at Sophy as if they were afraid that she should think it possible they could like such gross flattery; but upon a second perusal, Marianne observed that it certainly was good-natured of Mrs. Theresa to remember the macaroons; and Frederick allowed that it was wrong to laugh at the poor woman because she had the head-ache. Then, twisting the note in his fingers, he appealed to Sophy:—

"Well, Sophy, leave off drawing for an instant," said Frederick, "and tell us what answer can we send?"

"Can I—we can send what answer we please."

"Yes, I know that," said Frederick; "I would refuse if I could; but we ought not to do anything rude,

should we? So I think we might as well go; because we could not refuse, if we would, I say."

"You have made such confusion," replied Sophy, "between 'could n't,' and 'would n't,' and 'should n't,' that I can't understand you; surely they are all different things."

"Different! no," cried Frederick, "*could*, *would*, *should*, *might*, and *ought*, are all the same thing in the Latin grammar: all of 'em signs of the potential mood, you know."

Sophy, whose powers of reasoning were not to be confounded, even by quotations from the Latin grammar, looked up soberly from her drawing, and answered, "that very likely those words might be signs of the same thing in the Latin grammar, but she believed that they meant perfectly different things in real life."

"That's just as people please," said her sophistical brother. "You know words mean nothing in themselves. If I choose to call my hat my cadwallader, you would understand me just as well, after I had once explained it to you, that by cadwallader I meant this black thing that I put upon my head; cadwallader and hat would then be just the same thing to you."

"Then why have two words for the same thing?" said Sophy; "and what has this to do with *could* and *should*? You wanted to prove —"

"I wanted to prove," interrupted Frederick, that it's not worth while to dispute for two hours about two words. Do keep to the point, Sophy, and don't dispute with me."

"I was not disputing, I was reasoning."

"Well, reasoning or disputing. Women have no business to do either; for how should they know how to chop logic like men?"

At this contemptuous sarcasm upon her sex, Sophy's color rose.

"There!" cried Frederick, exulting, "now we shall

see a philosopheress in a passion ; I'd give sixpence, half-price for a harlequin entertainment, to see Sophy in a passion. Now, Marianne, look at her brush dabbing so fast in the water ! ”

Sophy, who could not easily bear to be laughed at, with some little indignation, said, “ Brother, I wish —.”

“ There ! there ! ” cried Frederick, pointing to the color which rose in her cheeks almost to her temples ; “ rising ! rising ! rising ! look at the thermometer ! blood-heat ! blood ! fever-heat ! boiling-water heat ! Marianne.”

“ Then,” said Sophy, smiling, “ you should stand a little farther off, both of you. Leave the thermometer to itself a little while. Give it time to cool. It will come down to ‘temperate’ by the time you look again.”

“ Oh ! brother,” cried Marianne, “ she’s so good-humored, don’t tease her any more ; and don’t draw heads upon her paper ; and don’t stretch her India-rubber ; and don’t let us dirty any more of her brushes. See ! the sides of her tumbler are all manner of colors.”

“ Oh ! I only mixed red, blue, green, and yellow, to show you, Marianne, that all colors mixed together make white. But she is temperate now, and I won’t plague her ; she shall chop logic if she likes it, though she is a woman.”

“ But that’s not fair, brother,” said Marianne, “ to say ‘woman’ in that way. I’m sure Sophy found out how to tie that difficult knot, which papa showed us yesterday, long before you did, though you are a man.” “ Not long,” said Frederick. “ Besides, that was only a conjuring trick.”

“ It was very ingenious, though,” said Marianne ; “ and papa said so. Besides, she understood the ‘Rule of Three,’ which was no conjuring trick, better than you did, though she is a woman ; and she can reason too, mamma says.”

"Very well, let her reason away," said the provoking wit. "All I have to say is that she 'll never be able to make a pudding."

"Why not, pray, brother?" inquired Sophy, looking up again very gravely.

"Why, you know papa himself, the other day at dinner, said that that woman who talks Greek and Latin as well as I do is a fool after all; and that she had better have learned something useful; and Mrs. Tattle said, she'd answer for it she did not know how to make a pudding."

"Well! but I am not talking Greek and Latin, am I?"

"No, but you are drawing, and that's the same thing."

"The same thing! O Frederick!" said little Marianne, laughing.

"You may laugh; but I say it is the same sort of thing. Women who are always drawing and reasoning never know how to make puddings. Mrs. Theresa Tattle said so, when I showed her Sophy's beautiful drawing yesterday."

"Mrs. Theresa Tattle might say so," replied Sophy, calmly; "but I do not perceive the reason, brother, why drawing should prevent me from learning how to make a pudding."

"Well, I say you 'll never learn how to make a good pudding."

"I have learned," continued Sophy, who was mixing her colors, "to mix such and such colors together to make the color that I want; and why should I not be able to learn to mix flour and butter, and sugar and egg, together, to produce the taste that I want?"

"Oh, but mixing will never do, unless you know the quantities, like a cook; and you would never learn the right quantities."

"How did the cook learn them? Cannot I learn them as she did?"

"Yes, but you'd never do it exactly, and mind the spoonfuls right by the receipt, like a cook."

"Indeed ! indeed ! but she would," cried Marianne, eagerly : "and a great deal more exactly, for mamma has taught her to weigh and measure things very carefully : and when I was ill she always weighed my bark so nicely, and dropped my drops so carefully : better than the cook. When mamma took me down to see the cook make a cake once, I saw her spoonfuls, and her ounces, and her handfuls : she dashed and splashed without minding exactness, or the receipt, or anything. I'm sure Sophy would make a much better pudding, if exactness only were wanting."

"Well, granting that she could make the best pudding in the whole world, what does that signify ! I say she never would : so it comes to the same thing."

"Never would ! How can you tell that, brother ?"

"Why, now look at her with her books and her drawings, and all this apparatus. Do you think she would ever jump up, with all her nicety too, and put by all these things, to go down into the greasy kitchen, and plump up to the elbows in suet, like a cook, for a plum-pudding ?"

"I need not plump up to the elbows, brother," said Sophy, smiling : "nor is it necessary that I should be a cook : but, if it were necessary, I hope I should be able to make a pudding."

"Yes, yes," cried Marianne warmly ; "and she would jump up, and put by all her things in a minute if it were necessary, and run down stairs and up again like lightning, or do anything that was ever so disagreeable to her, even about the suet, with all her nicety, brother, I assure you, as she used to do anything, everything for me, when I was ill last winter. O brother, she can do anything ; and she could make the best plum-pudding in the whole world, I'm sure, in a minute if it were necessary."

CHAPTER II.

A KNOCK at the door, from Mrs. Theresa Tattle's servant, recalled Marianne to the business of the day.

"There," said Frederick, "we have sent no answer all this time. It's necessary to think of that in a minute."

The servant came, with his mistress's compliments, to let the young ladies and Mr. Frederick know that she was waiting tea for them.

"Waiting! then we must go," said Frederick.

The servant opened the door wider, to let him pass, and Marianne thought she must follow her brother: so they went down stairs together, while Sophy gave her own message to the servant, and quietly staid at her usual occupations.

Mrs. Tattle was seated at her tea-table, with a large plate of macaroons beside her, when Frederick and Marianne entered. She was "delighted" they were come, and "grieved" not to see Miss Sophy along with them. Marianne colored a little; for though she had precipitately followed her brother, and though he had quieted her conscience for a moment by saying, "You know papa and mamma told us to do what we thought best," yet she did not feel quite pleased with herself; and it was not till after Mrs. Theresa had exhausted all her compliments, and half her macaroons, that she could restore her spirits to their usual height.

"Come, Mr. Frederick," said she, after tea, "you promised to make me laugh; and nobody can make me laugh so well as yourself."

"O brother," said Marianne, "show Mrs. Theresa Dr. Carbuncle eating his dinner; and I'll be Mrs. Carbuncle."

Marianne. Now, my dear, what shall I help you to?

Frederick. "My dear!" she never calls him my dear, you know, but always Doctor.

Mar. Well then, doctor, what will you eat to-day?

Fred. Eat, madam! eat! nothing! nothing! I don't see anything here that I can eat, ma'am.

Mar. Here's eels, sir; let me help you to some eel — stewed eel; you used to be fond of stewed eel.

Fred. Used, ma'am, used! But I'm sick of stewed eels. You would tire one of anything. Am I to see nothing but eels? And what's this at the bottom?

Mar. Mutton, doctor, roast mutton; if you'll be so good as to cut it.

Fred. Cut it, ma'am, I can't cut it, I say; it's as hard as a deal board. You might as well tell me to cut the table, ma'am. Mutton, indeed! not a bit of fat. Roast mutton indeed! not a drop of gravy. Mutton, truly! quite a cinder. I'll have none of it. Here, take it away; take it down stairs to the cook. It's a very hard case, Mrs. Carbuncle, that I can never have a bit of anything that I can eat at my own table, Mrs. Carbuncle, since I was married, ma'am, I that am the easiest man in the whole world to please about my dinner. It's really very extraordinary, Mrs. Carbuncle! What have you at that corner there, under the cover?

Mar. Patties, sir; oyster-patties.

Fred. Patties, ma'am! kickshaws! I hate kickshaws. Not worth putting under a cover, ma'am. And why not have glass covers, that one may see one's dinner before one, before it grows cold with asking questions, Mrs. Carbuncle, and lifting up covers? But nobody has any sense: and I see no water-plates anywhere lately.

Mar. Do, pray, doctor, let me help you to a bit of chicken before it gets cold, my dear.

Fred. (aside). "My dear" again, Marianne!

Mar. Yes, brother, because she is frightened, you know, and Mrs. Carbuncle always says "my dear" to him when she's frightened, and looks so pale from side to side; and sometimes she cries before dinner's done, and then all the company are quite silent, and don't know what to do.

"O, such a little creature; to have so much sense, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa, with rapture. "Mr. Frederick, you'll make me die with laughing! Pray go on, Dr. Carbuncle."

Fred. Well, ma'am, then if I must eat something, send me a bit of fowl; a leg and wing, the liver-wing, and a bit of the breast, oyster-sauce, and a slice of that ham, if you please, ma'am.

(Dr. Carbuncle eats voraciously, with his head down to his plate, and dropping the sauce, he buttons up his coat tight across the breast.)

Fred. Here; a plate, knife, and fork; bit o'bread; a glass of Dorchester ale!

"O, admirable!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle, clapping her hands.

"Now, brother, suppose that it is after dinner," said Marianne; "and show us how the doctor goes to sleep."

Frederick threw himself back in an arm-chair, leaning his head back, with his mouth open, snoring; nodded from time to time, crossed and uncrossed his legs, tried to awake himself by twitching his wig, settling his collar, blowing his nose, and rapping on the lid of his snuff-box.

All which infinitely diverted Mrs. Tattle, who, when she could stop herself from laughing, declared "it made her sigh too, to think of the life poor Mrs. Carbuncle led with that man, and all for nothing too; for

her jointure was nothing, next to nothing, though a great thing, to be sure, her friends thought for her, when she was only Sally Ridgeway before she was married. Such a wife as she makes," continued Mrs. Theresa, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven, "and so much as she has gone through, the brute ought to be ashamed of himself if he does not leave her something extraordinary in his will ; for turn it which way she will, she can never keep a carriage, or live like anybody else, on her jointure, after all, she tells me, poor soul ! A sad prospect, after her husband's death, to look forward to, instead of being comfortable, as her friends expected ; and she, poor young thing, knowing no better when they married her ! People should look into these things, beforehand, or never marry at all, I say, Miss Marianne."

Miss Marianne, who did not clearly comprehend this affair of the jointure, or the reason why Mrs. Carbuncle would be so unhappy after her husband's death, turned to Frederick, who was at that instant studying Mrs. Theresa as a future character to mimic. "Brother," said Marianne, "now sing an Italian song for us like Miss Croker. Pray, Miss Croker, favor us with a song. Mrs. Theresa Tattle has never had the pleasure of hearing you sing ; she's quite impatient to hear you sing."

"Yes, indeed I am," said Mrs. Theresa.

Frederick put his hands before him affectedly ; "O, indeed, ma'am ! indeed, ladies ! I really am so hoarse, it distresses me so to be pressed to sing ; besides, upon my word, I have quite left off singing. I've never sung once, except for very particular people, this winter."

Mar. But Mrs. Theresa Tattle is a very particular person. I'm sure you'll sing for her.

Fred. Certainly, ma'am, I allow that you use a powerful argument ; but I assure you now, I would do my

best to oblige you, but I absolutely have forgotten all my English songs. Nobody hears anything but Italian now, and I have been so giddy as to leave my Italian music behind me. Besides, I make it a rule never to hazard myself without an accompaniment.

Mar. O try, Miss Croker, for once.

[Frederick sings after much preludeing.]

Violante in the pantry,
Gnawing of a mutton-bone;
How she gnaw'd it,
How she claw'd it,
When she found herself alone!

"Charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle; "so like Miss Croker, I'm sure I shall think of you, Mr. Frederick, when I hear her asked to sing again. Her voice, however, introduces her to very pleasant parties, and she's a girl that's very much taken notice of, and I don't doubt will go off vastly well. She's a particular favorite of mine, you must know; and I mean to do her a piece of service the first opportunity, by saying something or other, that shall go round to her relations in Northumberland, and make them do something for her; as well they may, for they are all rolling in gold, and won't give her a penny."

Mar. Now, brother, read the newspaper, like Counsellor Puff.

"O! pray do, Mr. Frederick, for I declare I admire you of all things! you are quite yourself to-night. Here's a newspaper, sir. Pray let us have Counsellor Puff. It's not late."

[Frederick reads in a pompous voice.]

"As a delicate white hand has ever been deemed a distinguishing ornament in either sex, Messrs. Valiant and Wise conceive it to be their duty to take the earliest opportunity to advertise the nobility and gentry of Great Britain in general, and their friends in particular, that they have now ready for sale, as usual, at

the Hippocrates' Head, a fresh assortment of new-invented, much admired, primrose soap. To prevent impositions and counterfeits, the public are requested to take notice, that the only genuine primrose soap is stamped on the outside, 'Valiant and Wise.'"

"O, you most incomparable mimic! 't is absolutely the counsellor himself. I absolutely must show you, some day, to my friend Lady Battersby; you'd absolutely make her die with laughing; and she'd quite adore you," said Mrs. Theresa, who was well aware that every pause must be filled with flattery. "Pray go on, pray go on: I shall never be tired, if I sit looking at you these hundred years."

Stimulated by these plaudits, Frederick proceeded to show how Colonel Epaulette blew his nose, flourished his cambric handkerchief, bowed to Lady Diana Periwinkle, and admired her work, saying, "Done by no hands, as you may guess, but those of Fairly Fair." Whilst Lady Diana, he observed, simpered so prettily, and took herself so quietly for Fairly Fair, not perceiving that the Colonel was admiring his own nails all the while.

Next to Colonel Epaulette, Frederick, at Marianne's particular desire, came into the room like Sir Charles Slang.

"Very well, brother," cried she, "your hand down to the very bottom of your pocket, and your other shoulder up to your ear; but you are not quite wooden enough and you should walk as if your hip were out of joint. There now, Mrs. Tattle, are not those good eyes? They stare so like his, without seeming to see anything all the while."

"Excellent! admirable! Mr. Frederick. I must say that you are the best mimic of your age I ever saw, and I'm sure Lady Battersby will think so too. That is Sir Charles to the very life. But with all that, you must know, he's a mighty pleasant fashionable young

man, when you come to know him, and has a great deal of sense under all that, and is of a very good family — the Slangs, you know. Sir Charles will come into a fine fortune himself next year, if he can keep clear of gambling, which I hear is his foible, poor young man! Pray go on. I interrupt you, Mr. Frederick."

"Now, brother," said Marianne.

"No, Marianne, I can do no more. I'm quite tired, and I will do no more," said Frederick, stretching himself at full length upon a sofa.

Even in the midst of laughter, and whilst the voice of flattery yet sounded in his ear, Frederick felt sad, displeased with himself, and disgusted with Mrs. Theresa.

"What a deep sigh was there!" said Mrs. Theresa; "what can make you sigh so bitterly? You, who make everybody else laugh. O, such another sigh again!"

"Marianne," cried Frederick, "do you remember the man in the mask?"

"What man in the mask, brother?"

"The man — the actor — the buffoon, that my father told us of, who used to cry behind the mask that made everybody else laugh."

"Cry! bless me," said Mrs. Theresa, "mighty odd! very extraordinary! but one can't be surprised at meeting with extraordinary characters amongst that race of people, actors by profession, you know; for they are brought up from the egg to make their fortune, or at least their bread, by their oddities. But, my dear Mr. Frederick, you are quite pale, quite exhausted; no wonder — what will you have? a glass of cowslip-wine?"

"O no, thank you, ma'am," said Frederick.

"O yes; indeed you must not leave me without taking something; and Miss Marianne must have another macaroon. I insist upon it," said Mrs. Theresa

ringing the bell. "It is not late, and my man Christopher will bring up the cowslip-wine in a minute."

"But, Sophy! and papa and mamma, you know, will come home presently," said Marianne.

"Oh! Miss Sophy has her books and drawings. You know she's never afraid of being alone. Besides, to-night it was her own choice. And as to your papa and mamma, they won't be home to-night, I'm pretty sure; for a gentleman, who had it from their own authority, told me where they were going, which is further off than they think; but they did not consult me; and I fancy they'll be obliged to sleep out; so you need not be in a hurry about them. We'll have candles."

The door opened just as Mrs. Tattle was going to ring the bell again for candles and the cowslip-wine. "Christopher! Christopher!" said Mrs. Theresa, who was standing at the fire, with her back to the door, when it opened, "Christopher! pray bring—Do you hear?" but no Christopher answered; and, upon turning round, Mrs. Tattle, instead of Christopher, beheld two little black figures, which stood perfectly still and silent. It was so dark, that their forms could scarcely be discerned.

"In the name of heaven, who and what may you be? Speak, I conjure you! what are ye?"

"The chimney-sweepers, ma'am, an' please your ladyship."

"Chimney-sweepers!" repeated Frederick and Marianne, bursting out a laughing.

"Chimney-sweepers!" repeated Mrs. Theresa, provoked at the recollection of her late solemn address to them. "Chimney-sweepers! and could not you say so a little sooner? Pray, what brings you here, gentlemen, at this time of night?"

"The bell rang, ma'am," answered a squeaking voice.

"The bell rang! yes, for Christopher. The boy's mad, or drunk."

"Ma'am," said the tallest of the chimney-sweepers, who had not yet spoken, and who now began in a very blunt manner; "ma'am, your brother desired us to come up when the bell rang; so we did."

"My brother? I have no brother, dunce," said Mrs. Theresa.

"Mr. Eden, madam."

"Ho, ho!" said Mrs. Tattle, in a more complacent tone, "the boy takes me for Miss Bertha Eden, I perceive;" and, flattered to be taken in the dark by a chimney-sweeper for a young and handsome lady, Mrs. Theresa laughed, and informed him "that they had mistaken the room; that they must go up another pair of stairs, and turn to the left."

The chimney-sweeper with the squeaking voice bowed, thanked her ladyship for this information, said, "Good night to ye, quality;" and they both moved towards the door.

"Stay," said Mrs. Tattle, whose curiosity was excited; "what can the Edens want with chimney-sweepers at this time o' night, I wonder? Christopher, did you hear anything about it?" said the lady to her footman, who was now lighting the candles.

"Upon my word, ma'am," said the servant, "I can't say; but I'll step down below and inquire. I heard them talking about it in the kitchen; but I only got a word here and there, for I was hunting for the snuff-dish, as I knew it must be for candles when I heard the bell ring, ma'am; so I thought to find the snuff-dish before I answered the bell, for I knew it must be for candles you rang. But, if you please, I'll step down now, ma'am, and see about the chimney-sweeps."

"Yes, step down, do; and, Christopher, bring up the cowslip-wine, and some more macaroons for my little Marianne."

Marianne withdrew rather coldly from a kiss which Mrs. Tattle was going to give her; for she was some-

what surprised at the familiarity with which this lady talked to her footman. She had not been accustomed to these familiarities in her father and mother, and she did not like them.

"Well," said Mrs. Tattle to Christopher, who was now returned, "what is the news?"

"Ma'am, the little fellow with the squeaking voice has been telling me the whole story. The other morning, ma'am, early, he and the other were down the hill sweeping in Paradise-row. Those chimneys, they say, are difficult; and the square fellow, ma'am, the biggest of the two boys, got wedged in the chimney. The other little fellow was up at the top at the time, and he heard the cry; but in his fright, and all, he did not know what to do, ma'am; for he looked about from the top of the chimney, and not a soul could he see stirring, but a few that he could not make attend to his screech; the boy within almost stifling too. So he screeched, and screeched, all he could; and by the greatest chance in life, ma'am, old Mr. Eden was just going down the hill to fetch his morning walk."

"Ay," interrupted Mrs. Theresa, "friend Ephraim is one of your early risers."

"Well," said Marianne, impatiently.

"So, ma'am, hearing the screech, he turns and sees the sweep; and at once he understands the matter —"

"I'm sure he must have taken some time to understand it," interposed Mrs. Tattle, "for he's the slowest creature breathing, and the deafest in company. Go on, Christopher. So the sweep did make him hear."

"So he says, ma'am; and so the old gentleman went in, and pulled the boy out of the chimney, with much ado, ma'am."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa; "but did old Eden go up the chimney himself after the boy, wig and all?"

"Why, ma'am," said Christopher, with a look of great delight, "that was all as one, as the very 'dential words I put to the boy myself, when he telled me his story. But, ma'am, that was what I could n't get out of him neither, rightly, for he is a churl — the big boy that was stuck in the chimney, I mean; for when I put the question to him about the wig, laughing-like, he would n't take it laughing-like at all; but would only make answer to us like a bear, 'He saved my life, that's all I know;' — and this over again, ma'am, to all the kitchen round, that cross-questioned him. But I finds him stupid and ill-mannered like; for I offered him a shilling, ma'am, myself, to tell about the wig; but he put it back in a ways that did not become such as he, to no lady's butler, ma'am; whereupon I turns to the slim fellow (and he's smarterer, and more mannerly, ma'am, with a tongue in his head for his betters), but he could not resolve me my question neither; for he was up at the top of the chimney the best part o' the time: and when he came down Mr. Eden had his wig on, but had his arm all bare and bloody, ma'am."

"Poor Mr. Eden!" exclaimed Marianne.

"O, Miss," continued the servant, "and the chimney-sweep himself was so bruised, and must have been killed."

"Well, well! but he's alive now; go on with your story, Christopher," said Mrs. T. "Chimney-sweepers get wedged in chimneys every day; it's part of their trade, and it's a happy thing when they come off with a few bruises.¹ To be sure," added she, observing that both Frederick and Marianne looked displeased at this speech, "to be sure, if one may believe this story, there was some real danger."

¹ This atrocious practice is now happily superseded by the use of sweeping-machines.

"Real danger ! yes, indeed," said Marianne : "and I 'm sure I think Mr. Eden was very good."

"Certainly it was a most commendable action, and quite providential. So I shall take an opportunity of saying, when I tell the story in all companies ; and the boy may thank his kind stars, I 'm sure, to the end of his days, for such an escape. — But pray, Christopher," said she, persisting in her conversation with Christopher, who was now laying the cloth for supper, "pray, which house was it in Paradise-row ? where the Eagles or the Miss Ropers lodge ? or which ?"

"It was at my Lady Battersby's, ma'am."

"Ha ! ha !" cried Mrs. Theresa, "I thought we should get to the bottom of the affair at last. This is excellent ! This will make an admirable story for my Lady Battersby the next time I see her. These Quakers are so sly ! Old Eden, I know, has long wanted to obtain an introduction into that house ; and a charming charitable expedient he hit upon ! My Lady Battersby will enjoy this of all things."

CHAPTER III.

"Now," continued Mrs. Theresa, turning to Frederick, as soon as the servant had left the room, "now Mr. Frederick Montague, I have a favor — such a favor — to ask of you ; it's a favor which only you can grant ; you have such talents, and would do the thing so admirably ! and my Lady Battersby would quite adore you for it. She will do me the honor to be here to spend an evening to-morrow. I'm convinced Mr. and Mrs. Montague will find themselves obliged to stay out another day, and I so long to show you off to her ladyship ; and your Doctor Carbuncle, and your Counsellor Puff, and your Miss Croker, and all your charming characters.. You must let me introduce you to her ladyship to-morrow evening. Promise me."

"Oh, ma'am," said Frederick, "I cannot promise you any such thing, indeed. I am much obliged to you ; but indeed I cannot come."

"Why not, my dear sir ? why not ? You don't think I mean you should promise, if you are certain your papa and mamma will be home."

"If they do come home, I will ask them about it," said Frederick, hesitating ; for though he by no means wished to accept the invitation, he had not yet acquired the necessary power of decidedly saying No.

"Ask them !" repeated Mrs. Theresa. "My dear sir, at your age, must you ask your papa and mamma about such things ?"

"Must ! no, ma'am," said Frederick ; "but I said I would. I know I need not, because my father and

mother always let me judge for myself almost about everything."

"And about this, I am sure," cried Marianne. "Papa and mamma, you know, just as they were going away, said, 'If Mrs. Theresa asks you to come, do as you think best.'"

"Well, then," said Mrs. Theresa, "you know it rests with yourselves, if you may do as you please."

"To be sure I may, madam," said Frederick, coloring from that species of emotion which is justly called false shame, and which often conquers real shame; "to be sure, ma'am, I may do as I please."

"Then I may make sure of you," said Mrs. Theresa; "for now it would be downright rudeness to tell a lady you won't do as she pleases. Mr. Frederick Montague, I'm sure, is too well-bred a young gentleman to do so unpolite, so ungallant a thing!"

The jargon of politeness and gallantry is frequently brought by the silly acquaintance of young people to confuse their simple morality and clear good sense. A new and unintelligible system is presented to them, in a language foreign to their understanding, and contradictory to their feelings. They hesitate between new motives and old principles. From the fear of being thought ignorant, they become affected: and from the dread of being thought to be children, act like fools. But all this they feel only when they are in the company of such people as Mrs. Theresa Tattle.

"Ma'am," Frederick began, "I don't mean to be rude; but I hope you'll excuse me from coming to drink tea with you to-morrow, because my father and mother are not acquainted with Lady Battersby, and maybe they might not like —"

"Take care, take care," said Mrs. Theresa, laughing at his perplexity: "you want to get off from obliging me, and you don't know how. You had very nearly made a most shocking blunder in putting it all upon

poor Lady Battersby. Now you know it's impossible that Mr. and Mrs. Montague could have in nature the slightest objection to introducing you to my Lady Battersby at my own house ; for don't you know, that, besides her ladyship's many unquestionable qualities, which one need not talk of, she is cousin, but once removed, to the Trotters of Lancashire — your mother's great favorites ? And there is not a person at the Wells, I'll venture to say, could be of more advantage to your sister Sophy, in the way of partners, when she comes to go to the balls, which it's to be supposed she will, some time or other ; and as you are so good a brother, that's a thing to be looked to, you know. Besides, as to yourself, there's nothing her ladyship delights in so much as in a good mimic ; and she'll quite adore you ! ”

“ But I don't want her to adore me, ma'am,” said Frederick bluntly ; then, correcting himself, added, “ I mean for being a mimic.”

“ Why not, my love ? Between friends, can there be any harm in showing one's talents. You that have such talents to show ? She'll keep your secret, I'll answer for her ; and,” added she, “ you need n't be afraid of her criticism ; for, between you and me, she's no great critic ; so you'll come. Well, thank you, that's settled. How you have made me beg and pray ! but you know your own value, I see ; as you entertaining people always do. One must ask a wit, like a fine singer, so often. Well, but now for the favor I was going to ask you.”

Frederick looked surprised ; for he thought that the favor of his company was what she meant ; but she explained herself farther.

“ As to the old Quaker who lodges above, old Ephraim Eden, — my Lady Battersby and I have so much diversion about him. He is the best character, the oddest creature ! If you were but to see him come

into the rooms with those stiff skirts, or walking with his eternal sister Bertha, and his everlasting broad-brimmed hat ! One knows him a mile off ! But then his voice, and way, and all together, if one could get them to the life, they'd be better than anything on the stage ; better even than anything I've seen to-night ; and I think you'd make a capital Quaker for my Lady Battersby ; but then the thing is, one can never get to hear the old quiz talk. Now you, who have so much invention and cleverness — I have no invention myself ; but could you not hit upon some way of seeing him, so that you might get him by heart ? I'm sure you, who are so quick, would only want to see him, and hear him, for half a minute, to be able to take him off, so as to kill one with laughing. But I have no invention."

"O, as to the invention," said Frederick, "I know an admirable way of doing the thing, if that is all ; but then remember, I don't say I will do the thing, for I will not. But I know a way of getting up into his room, and seeing him, without his knowing me to be there."

"O tell it me, you charming, clever creature !"

"But remember, I do not say I will do it."

"Well, well, let us hear it ; and you shall do as you please afterwards. Merciful goodness !" exclaimed Mrs. Tattle, "do my ears deceive me ? I declare I looked round, and thought I the squeaking chimney-sweeper was in the room !"

"So did I, Frederick, I declare," cried Marianne, laughing ; "I never heard anything so like his voice in my life."

Frederick imitated the squeaking voice of this chimney-sweeper to great perfection.

"Now," continued he, "this fellow is just my height. The old Quaker, if my face were blackened, and if I were to change clothes with the chimney-sweeper, I'll answer for it, would never know me."

"O, it's an admirable invention ! I give you infinite

credit for it!" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa. "It shall, it must be done. I'll ring, and have the fellow up this minute."

"O no; do not ring," said Frederick, stopping her hand, "I don't mean to do it. You know you promised that I should do as I pleased. I only told you my invention."

"Well, well; but only let me ring, and ask whether the chimney-sweepers are below. You shall do as you please afterwards."

"Christopher, shut the door. Christopher," said she to the servant who came up when she rang, "pray are the sweeps gone yet?" "No ma'am." "But have they been up to old Eden yet?" "O no, ma'am; nor be not to go till the bell rings; for Miss Bertha, ma'am, was asleep, a lying down, and her brother would n't have her wakened on no account whatsoever. He came down himself to the kitchen to the sweeps, though; but would n't have, as I heard him say, his sister waked for no account. But Miss Bertha's bell will ring, when she wakens, for the sweeps, ma'am. 'Twas she wanted to see the boy as her brother saved, and I suppose sent for 'em to give him something charitable, ma'am." "Well, never mind your suppositions," said Mrs. Theresa; "run down this very minute to the little squeaking chimney-sweep, and send him up to me. Quick, but don't let the other bear come up with him."

Christopher, who had curiosity as well as his mistress, when he returned with the chimney-sweeper, prolonged his own stay in the room by sweeping the hearth, throwing down the tongs and shovel, and picking them up again.

"That will do, Christopher; Christopher, that will do, I say," Mrs. Theresa repeated in vain. She was obliged to say, "Christopher, you may go," before he would depart.

"Now," said she to Frederick, "step in here to the next room with this candle, and you'll be equipped in an instant. Only just change clothes with the boy; only just let me see what a charming chimney-sweeper you'd make. You shall do as you please afterwards." "Well, I'll only change clothes with him, just to show you for one minute."

"But," said Marianne to Mrs. Theresa, whilst Frederick was changing his clothes, "I think Frederick is right about —" "About what, love?" "I think he is in the right not to go up, though he can do it so easily, to see that gentleman; I mean on purpose to mimic and laugh at him afterwards. I don't think that would be quite right." "Why, pray, Miss Marianne?" "Why, because he is so good-natured to his sister. He would not let her be wakened." "Dear, it's easy to be good in such little things; and he won't have long to be good to her neither; for I don't think she'll trouble him long in this world, anyhow." "What do you mean?" said Marianne. "That she'll die, child." "Die! die with that beautiful color in her cheeks! How sorry her poor, poor brother will be! But she will not die, I'm sure, for she walks about, and runs upstairs so lightly! Oh, you must be quite mistaken, I hope." "If I'm mistaken, Dr. Panado Cardamum's mistaken, too, then, that's my comfort. He says, unless the waters work a miracle, she stands a bad chance; and she won't follow my advice, and consult the doctor for her health." "He would frighten her to death, perhaps," said Marianne. "I hope Frederick won't go up to disturb her." "Lud, child, you are turned simpleton all of a sudden; how can your brother disturb her more than the real chimney-sweeper?" "But I don't think it's right," persisted Marianne, "and I shall tell him so." "Nay, Miss Marianne, I don't commend you now. Young ladies should not be so forward to give opinions and

advice to their elder brothers unasked ; and I presume that Mr. Frederick and I must know what's right as well as Miss Marianne. Hush ! here he is ! Oh the capital figure !" cried Mrs. Theresa. "Bravo, bravo !" cried she, as Frederick entered in the chimney-sweeper's dress ; and as he spoke, saying, "I'm afraid, please your ladyship, to dirt your ladyship's carpet," she broke out into immoderate raptures, calling him "her charming chimney-sweeper !" and repeating, that she knew beforehand the character would do for him.

Mrs. Theresa instantly rang the bell, in spite of all expostulation — ordered Christopher to send up the other chimney-sweeper — triumphed in observing that Christopher did not in the least know Frederick when he came into the room ; and offered to lay any wager that the other chimney-sweeper would mistake him for his companion. And so he did ; and when Frederick spoke, the voice was so very like, that it was scarcely possible that he should have perceived the difference.

Marianne was diverted by this scene ; but she started, when in the midst of it they heard a bell ring. "That's the lady's bell, and we must go," said the blunt chimney-sweeper. "Go, then, about your business," said Theresa, "and here's a shilling for you to drink, my honest fellow. I did not know you were so much bruised when I first saw you. I won't detain you. "Go," said she, pushing Frederick towards the door. Marianne sprang forward to speak to him ; but Mrs. Theresa kept her off ; and, though Frederick resisted, the lady shut the door upon him by superior force ; and having locked it, there was no retreat. Mrs. Tattle and Marianne waited impatiently for Frederick's return. "I hear them," cried Marianne, "I hear them coming downstairs." They listened again, and all was silent. At length they suddenly heard a great noise of many steps, and many voices in confusion in the hall. "Merciful !" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa,

"it must be your father and mother come back." Marianne ran to unlock the room-door, and Mrs. Theresa followed her into the hall. The hall was rather dark, but under the lamp a crowd of people; all the servants in the house having gathered together.

As Mrs. Theresa approached, the crowd opened in silence, and in the midst she beheld Frederick, with blood streaming from his face. His head was held by Christopher; and the chimney-sweeper was holding a basin for him. "Merciful! what will become of me?" exclaimed Mrs. Theresa. "Bleeding! he'll bleed to death! Can nobody think of anything that will stop blood in a minute? A key, a large key down his back; a key—has nobody a key? Mr. and Mrs. Montague will be here before he has done bleeding. A key! cobwebs! a puff-ball! for mercy's sake! Can nobody think of anything that will stop blood in a minute? Gracious me! he'll bleed to death, I believe."

"He'll bleed to death! Oh my brother!" cried Marianne, catching hold of the words; and terrified, she ran upstairs, crying, "Sophy, oh Sophy! come down this minute, or he'll be dead! My brother's bleeding to death! Sophy! Sophy! come down, or he'll be dead?"

"Let go the basin, you," said Christopher, pulling the basin out of the chimney-sweeper's hand, who had all this time stood in silence; "you are not fit to hold the basin for a gentleman." "Let him hold it," said Frederick; "he did not mean to hurt me." "That's more than he deserves. I'm certain sure he might have known well enough it was Mr. Frederick all the time, and he'd no business to go to fight—such a one as he—with a gentleman." "I did not know he was a gentleman," said the chimney-sweeper! "how could I?" "How could he, indeed!" said Frederick; "he shall hold the basin."

"Gracious me! I'm glad to hear him speak like himself again, at any rate," cried Mrs. Theresa. "And here comes Miss Sophy, too." "Sophy!" cried Frederick. "O Sophy, don't you come — don't look at me; you'll despise me." "My brother! — where? where?" said Sophy, looking, as she thought, at the two chimney-sweepers.

"It's Frederick," said Marianne; "that's my brother."

"Miss Sophy, don't be alarmed," Mrs. Theresa began; "but, gracious goodness! — I wish Miss Bertha —"

At this instant a female figure in white appeared upon the stairs; she passed swiftly on, whilst every one gave way before her. "O Miss Bertha!" cried Mrs. Theresa, catching hold of her gown to stop her, as she came near Frederick. "O Miss Eden, your beautiful India muslin! take care of the chimney-sweeper, for heaven's sake." But she pressed forwards.

"It's my brother! will he die?" cried Marianne, throwing her arms round her, and looking up as if to a being of a superior order. "Will he bleed to death?" "No, my love," answered a sweet voice: "do not frighten thyself." "I've done bleeding," said Frederick. "Dear me, Miss Marianne, if you would not make such a rout," cried Mrs. Tattle. "Miss Bertha, it's nothing but a frolic. You see Mr. Frederick Montague only in a masquerade dress. Nothing in the world but a frolic, ma'am. You see he stops bleeding. I was frightened out of my wits at first. I thought it was his eye; but I see it's only his nose. All's well that ends well. Mr. Frederick, we'll keep your counsel. Pray, ma'am, let us ask no questions; it's only a boyish frolic. Come, Mr. Frederick, this way, into my room, and I'll give you a towel and some clean water, and you can get rid of this masquerade

dress. Make haste, for fear your father and mother should drop in upon us."

"Do not be afraid of thy father and mother. They are surely thy best friends," said a mild voice. It was the voice of an elderly gentleman, who now stood behind Frederick. "O sir! O Mr. Eden!" said Frederick, turning to him. "Don't betray me! for goodness' sake!" whispered Mrs. Tattle, "say nothing about me." "I'm not thinking about you. Let me speak," cried he, pushing away her hand, which stopped his mouth. "I shall say nothing about you, I promise you," said Frederick, with a look of contempt. "No, but for your own sake, my dear sir,—your papa and mamma! Bless me! is not that Mrs. Montague's carriage?"

"My brother, ma'am," said Sophy, "is not afraid of my father and mother's coming back. Let him speak; he was going to speak the truth."

"To be sure, Miss Sophia, I would n't hinder him from speaking the truth; but it's not proper, I presume, ma'am, to speak truth at all times, and in all places, and before everybody, servants and all. I only wanted, ma'am, to hinder your brother from exposing himself. A hall, I apprehend, is not a proper place for explanations."

"Here," said Mr. Eden, opening the door of his room, which was on the opposite side of the hall to Mrs. Tattle's. "Here is a place," said he to Frederick, "where thou mayst speak the truth at all times, and before everybody." "Nay, my room's at Mr. Frederick Montague's service, and my door's open too. This way, pray," said she, pulling his arm. But Frederick broke from her, and followed Mr. Eden. "Oh, sir, will you forgive me?" cried he. "Forgive thee!—and what have I to forgive?" "Forgive, brother, without asking what," said Bertha, smiling.

"He shall know all!" cried Frederick; "all that

concerns myself I mean. — Sir, I disguised myself in this dress ; I came up to your room to-night on purpose to see you, without your knowing it, that I might mimic you. The chimney-sweeper, where is he ?” said Frederick, looking round ; and he ran into the hall to seek for him. “ May he come in ? he may — he is a brave, an honest, good, grateful boy. He never guessed who I was. After we left you, we went down to the kitchen together, and there I, fool that I was, for the pleasure of making Mr. Christopher and the servants laugh, began to mimic you. This boy said he would not stand by and hear you laughed at ; that you had saved his life ; that I ought to be ashamed of myself ; that you had just given me half a crown ; and so you had ; but I went on, and told him I ’d knock him down if he said another word. He did ; I gave the first blow ; we fought ; I came to the ground ; the servants pulled me up again. They found out, I don’t know how, that I was not a chimney-sweeper. The rest you saw. And now can you forgive me, sir ?” said Frederick to Mr. Eden, seizing hold of his hand.

“ The other hand, friend,” said the Quaker, gently withdrawing his right hand, which everybody now observed was much swelled, and putting it into his bosom again — “ This, and welcome,” offering his other hand to Frederick, and shaking his with a smile. “ Oh, that other hand !” said Frederick, “ that was hurt, I remember. How ill I have behaved — extremely ill. But this is a lesson that I shall never forget, as long as I live. I hope for the future I shall behave like a gentleman.” “ And like a man — and like a good man, I am sure thou wilt,” said the good Quaker, shaking Frederick’s hand affectionately ; “ or I am much mistaken, friend, in that black countenance.”

“ You are not mistaken,” cried Marianne. “ Frederick will never be persuaded again by anybody to do what he does not think right : and now, brother, you may wash your black countenance.”

Just when Frederick had got rid of half his black countenance, a double knock was heard at the door. It was Mr. and Mrs. Montague. "What will you do now?" whispered Mrs. Theresa to Frederick, as his father and mother came into the room. "A chimney-sweeper covered with blood!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Montague. "Father, I am Frederick," said he, stepping forward towards them, as they stood in astonishment. "Frederick! my son!" "Yes, mother, I'm not hurt half so much as I deserve; I'll tell you—" "Nay," interrupted Bertha, let my brother tell the story this time. Thou hast told it once, and told it well, no one but my brother could tell it better."

"A story never tells so well the second time, to be sure," said Mrs. Theresa, "but Mr. Eden will certainly make the best of it."

Without taking any notice of Mrs. Tattle or her apprehensive looks, Mr. Eden explained all he knew of the affair in a few words. "Your son," concluded he, "will quickly put off this dirty dress. The dress hath not stained the mind; that is fair and honorable. When he felt himself in the wrong he said so; nor was he in haste to conceal his adventure from his father; this made me think well of both father and son. I speak plainly, friend, for that is best. But what is become of the other chimney-sweeper? He will want to go home," said Mr. Eden, turning to Mrs. Theresa. Without making any reply, she hurried out of the room as fast as possible, and returned in a few moments, with a look of extreme consternation.

"Here is a catastrophe indeed! Now, indeed, Mr. Frederick, your papa and mamma have reason to be angry. A new suit of clothes!—the barefaced villain! gone! no sign of them in my closet, or anywhere. The door was locked; he must have gone up the chimney, out upon the leads, and so escaped; but Christopher is after him. I protest, Mrs. Montague, you take it too

quietly. The wretch!—a new suit of clothes, blue coat, and buff waistcoat. I never heard of such a thing! I declare, Mr. Montague, you are vastly good, not to be in a passion," added Mrs. Theresa.

"Madam," replied Mr. Montague, with a look of much civil contempt, "I think the loss of a suit of clothes, and even the disgrace that my son has been brought to this evening, fortunate circumstances in his education. He will, I am persuaded, judge and act for himself more wisely in future. Nor will he be tempted to offend against humanity, for the sake of being called 'The best mimic in the world.'"

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT;

OR,

TWO STRINGS TO YOUR BOW.

MR. GRESHAM, a Bristol merchant, who had, by honorable industry and economy, accumulated a considerable fortune, retired from business to a new house which he had built upon the Downs, near Clifton. Mr. Gresham, however, did not imagine that a new house alone could make him happy. He did not propose to live in idleness and extravagance ; for such a life would have been equally incompatible with his habits and his principles. He was fond of children ; and as he had no sons, he determined to adopt one of his relations. He had two nephews, and he invited both of them to his house, that he might have an opportunity of judging of their dispositions, and of the habits which they had acquired.

Hal and Benjamin, Mr. Gresham's nephews, were about ten years old. They had been educated very differently. Hal was the son of the elder branch of the family. His father was a gentleman, who spent rather more than he could afford ; and Hal, from the example of the servants in his father's family, with whom he had passed the first years of his childhood, learned to waste more of everything than he used. He had been told that "gentlemen should be above being careful and saving:" and he had unfortunately imbibed a notion

that extravagance was the sign of a generous disposition, and economy of an avaricious one.

Benjamin, on the contrary, had been taught habits of care and foresight. His father had but a very small fortune, and was anxious that his son should early learn that economy ensures independence, and sometimes puts it in the power of those who are not very rich to be very generous.

The morning after these two boys arrived at their uncle's, they were eager to see all the rooms in the house. Mr. Gresham accompanied them, and attended to their remarks and exclamations.

"O! what an excellent motto!" exclaimed Ben, when he read the following words, which were written in large characters over the chimney-piece, in his uncle's spacious kitchen —

"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"Waste not, want not!" repeated his cousin Hal, in rather a contemptuous tone; "I think it looks stingy to servants; and no gentleman's servants, cooks especially, would like to have such a mean motto always staring them in the face." Ben, who was not so conversant as his cousin in the ways of cooks and gentlemen's servants, made no reply to these observations.

Mr. Gresham was called away whilst his nephews were looking at the other rooms in the house. Some time afterwards, he heard their voices in the hall.

"Boys," said he, "what are you doing there?" "Nothing, sir," said Hal; "you were called away from us, and we did not know which way to go." "And have you nothing to do?" said Mr. Gresham. "No, sir, nothing," answered Hal, in a careless tone, like one who was well content with the state of habitual idleness. "No, sir, nothing!" replied Ben, in a voice of lamentation. "Come," said Mr. Gresham, "if you

have nothing to do, lads, will you unpack these two parcels for me?"

The two parcels were exactly alike, both of them well tied up with good whip-cord. Ben took his parcel to a table, and, after breaking off the sealing-wax, began carefully to examine the knot, and then to untie it. Hal stood still, exactly in the spot where the parcel was put into his hands, and tried first at one corner, and then at another, to pull the string off by force. "I wish these people would n't tie up their parcels so tight, as if they were never to be undone," cried he, as he tugged at the cord; and he pulled the knot closer instead of loosening it.

"Ben! why, how did ye get yours undone, man? — what's in your parcel — I wonder what is in mine. I wish I could get this string off — I must cut it."

"O, no," said Ben, who now had undone the last knot of his parcel, and who drew out the length of string with exultation, "don't cut it, Hal — look what a nice cord this is, and yours is the same: it's a pity to cut it; '*Waste not, want not!*' you know."

"Pooh!" said Hal, "what signifies a bit of pack-thread?" "It is whip-cord," said Ben. "Well, whip-cord! what signifies a bit of whip-cord! you can get a bit of whip-cord twice as long as that for twopence; and who cares for twopence! Not I, for one! so here it goes," cried Hal, drawing out his knife; and he cut the cord, precipitately, in sundry places.

"Lads! have you undone the parcels for me?" said Mr. Gresham, opening the parlor-door as he spoke. "Yes, sir," cried Hal; and he dragged off his half-cut, half-entangled string — "here's the parcel." "And here's my parcel, uncle; and here's the string," said Ben. "You may keep the string for your pains," said Mr. Gresham. "Thank you, sir," said Ben: "what an excellent whip-cord it is!" "And you, Hal," continued Mr. Gresham, "you may keep your

string too, if it will be of any use to you." "It will be of no use to me, thank you, sir," said Hal. "No, I am afraid not, if this be it," said his uncle, taking up the jagged knotted remains of Hal's cord.

A few days after this, Mr. Gresham gave to each of his nephews a new top.

"But how's this?" said Hal; "these tops have no strings; what shall we do for strings?" "I have a string that will do very well for mine," said Ben; and he pulled out of his pocket the fine, long, smooth string, which had tied up the parcel. With this he soon set up his top, which spun admirably well.

"Oh, how I wish I had but a string!" said Hal; "What shall I do for a string?—I'll tell you what; I can use the string that goes round my hat!" "But then," said Ben, "what will you do for a hat-band?" "I'll manage to do without one," said Hal: and he took the string off his hat for his top. It soon was worn through; and he split his top by driving the peg too tightly into it. His cousin Ben let him set up his the next day; but Hal was not more fortunate or more careful when he meddled with other people's things than when he managed his own. He had scarcely played half an hour before he split it, by driving in the peg too violently.

Ben bore this misfortune with good humor—"Come," said he, "it can't be helped: but give me the string, because *that* may still be of use for something else."

It happened some time afterwards that a lady, who had been intimately acquainted with Hal's mother at Bath—that is to say, who had frequently met her at the card-table during the winter—now arrived at Clifton. She was informed by his mother that Hal was at Mr. Gresham's; and her sons, who were *friends* of his, came to see him, and invited him to spend the next day with them.

Hal joyfully accepted the invitation. He was always glad to go out to dine, because it gave him something to do, something to think of, or at least something to say. Besides this, he had been educated to think it was a fine thing to visit fine people; and Lady Diana Sweepstakes (for that was the name of his mother's acquaintance) was a very fine lady, and her two sons intended to be very *great* gentlemen. He was in a prodigious hurry when these young gentlemen knocked at his uncle's door the next day; but just as he got to the hall door, little Patty called to him from the top of the stairs, and told him that he had dropped his pocket-handkerchief.

"Pick it up, then, and bring it to me, quick, can't you, child," cried Hal, "for Lady Di's sons are waiting for me?"

Little Patty did not know anything about Lady Di's sons; but as she was very good-natured, and saw that her cousin Hal was, for some reason or other, in a desperate hurry, she ran down stairs as fast as she possibly could, towards the landing-place, where the handkerchief lay; but, alas! before she reached the handkerchief, she fell, rolling down a whole flight of stairs, and when her fall was at last stopped by the landing-place, she did not cry, but she writhed, as if she was in great pain.

"Where are you hurt, my love?" said Mr. Gresham, who came instantly, on hearing the noise of some one falling down stairs. "Where are you hurt, my dear?"

"Here, papa," said the little girl, touching her ankle, which she had decently covered with her gown: "I believe I am hurt here, but not much," added she, trying to rise; "only it hurts me when I move." "I'll carry you; don't move then," said her father, and he took her up in his arms. "My shoe, I've lost one of my shoes," said she.

Ben looked for it upon the stairs, and he found it

sticking in a loop of whip-cord, which was entangled round one of the bannisters. When this cord was drawn forth, it appeared that it was the very same jagged, entangled piece which Hal had pulled off his parcel. He had diverted himself with running up and down stairs, whipping the bannisters with it, as he thought he could convert it to no better use; and, with his usual carelessness, he at last left it hanging just where he happened to throw it when the dinner-bell rang. Poor little Patty's ankle was terribly sprained, and Hal reproached himself for his folly, and would have reproached himself longer, perhaps, if Lady Di Sweepstakes' sons had not hurried him away.

In the evening, Patty could not run about as she used to do; but she sat upon the sofa, and she said, that she did not feel the pain of her ankle *so much*, whilst Ben was so good as to play at *jack-straws* with her.

"That's right, Ben; never be ashamed of being good-natured to those who are younger and weaker than yourself," said his uncle, smiling at seeing him produce his whip-cord, to indulge his little cousin with a game at her favorite cat's-cradle. "I shall not think you one bit less manly, because I see you playing at cat's-cradle with a little child of six years old."

Hal, however, was not precisely of his uncle's opinion; for when he returned in the evening, and saw Ben playing with his little cousin, he could not help smiling contemptuously, and asked if he had been playing at cat's-cradle all night. In a heedless manner he made some inquiries after Patty's sprained ankle, and then he ran on to tell all the news he had heard at Lady Diana Sweepstakes';—news which he thought would make him appear a person of vast importance.

"Do you know, uncle—do you know, Ben," said he—"there's to be the most *famous* doings that ever were heard of upon the Downs here, the first day of

next month, which will be in a fortnight, — thank my stars ! I wish the fortnight was over ; I shall think of nothing else, I know, till that happy day comes ! ”

Mr. Gresham inquired why the first of September was to be so much happier than any other day in the year. “ Why,” replied Hal, “ Lady Diana Sweepstakes, you know, is a *famous* rider, and archer, and *all that* — ” “ Very likely,” said Mr. Gresham, soberly ; “ but what then ? ”

“ Dear uncle ! ” cried Hal, “ but you shall hear. There ’s to be a race upon the Downs the first of September, and after the race there ’s to be an archery meeting for the ladies, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes is to be one of *them*. And after the ladies have done shooting — now, Ben, comes the best part of it ! — we boys are to have our turn, and Lady Di. is to give a prize to the best marksman amongst us, of a very handsome bow and arrow ! Do you know, I ’ve been practising already, and I ’ll show you to-morrow, as soon as it comes home, the *famous* bow and arrow, that Lady Diana has given me : but, perhaps,” added he, with a scornful laugh, “ you like a cat’s-cradle better than a bow and arrow.”

Ben made no reply to this taunt at the moment ; but the next day, when Hal’s new bow and arrow came home, he convinced him that he knew how to use it very well.

“ Ben,” said his uncle, “ you seem to be a good marksman, though you have not boasted of yourself. I ’ll give you a bow and arrow, and, perhaps, if you practise, you may make yourself an archer before the first of September ; and, in the meantime, you will not wish the fortnight to be over, for you will have something to do.”

“ O, sir,” interrupted Hal, “ but if you mean that Ben should put in for the prize, he must have a uniform.” “ Why *must* he ? ” said Mr. Gresham. “ Why,

sir, because everybody has — I mean everybody that's anybody; and Lady Diana was talking about the uniform all dinner-time, and it's settled all about it, except the buttons; the young Sweepstakes are to get theirs made first for patterns: they are to be white, faced with green; and they'll look very handsome, I'm sure; and I shall write to mamma to-night, as Lady Diana bid me, about mine; and I shall tell her to be sure to answer my letter without fail, by return of the post: and then if mamma makes no objection, which I know she won't, because she never thinks much about expense, and *all that* — then I shall bespeak my uniform, and get it made by the same tailor that makes for Lady Diana and the young Sweepstakes."

"Mercy upon us!" said Mr. Gresham, who was almost stunned by the rapid vociferation with which this long speech about a uniform was pronounced. "I don't pretend to understand these things," added he, with an air of simplicity; "but we will inquire, Ben, into the necessity of the case; and if it is necessary — or if you think it necessary, that you shall have a uniform — why, I'll give you one."

"*You, uncle! Will you, indeed?*" exclaimed Hal, with amazement painted in his countenance. "Well, that's the last thing in the world I should have expected! You are not at all the sort of person I should have thought would care about a uniform; and now I should have supposed you'd have thought it extravagant to have a coat on purpose only for one day; and I'm sure Lady Diana Sweepstakes thought as I do: for when I told her of that motto over your kitchen chimney, '*WASTE NOT, WANT NOT,*' she laughed, and said that I had better not talk to you about uniforms, and that my mother was the proper person to write to about my uniform: but I'll tell Lady Diana, uncle, how good you are, and how much she was mistaken."

"Take care how you do that," said Mr. Gresham : "for perhaps the lady was not mistaken." "Nay, did not you say, just now, you would give poor Ben a uniform?" "I said I would, if he thought it necessary to have one." "O, I'll answer for it, he'll think it necessary," said Hal, laughing, "because it is necessary." "Allow him, at least, to judge for himself," said Mr. Gresham. "My dear uncle, but I assure you," said Hal, earnestly, "there's no judging about the matter, because really, upon my word, Lady Diana said distinctly that her sons were to have uniforms, white faced with green, and a green and white cockade in their hats." "May be so," said Mr. Gresham, still with the same look of calm simplicity ; "put on your hats, boys, and come with me. I know a gentleman whose sons are to be at this archery meeting, and we will inquire into all the particulars from him. Then, after we have seen him (it is not eleven o'clock yet), we shall have time enough to walk on to Bristol, and choose the cloth for Ben's uniform, if it is necessary."

"I cannot tell what to make of all he says," whispered Hal, as he reached down his hat ; "do you think, Ben, he means to give you this uniform, or not?" "I think," said Ben, "that he means to give me one, if it is necessary ; or, as he said, if I think it is necessary."

"And that to be sure you will ; won't you ? or else you'll be a great fool, I know, after all I've told you. How can any one in the world know so much about the matter as I, who have dined with Lady Diana Sweepstakes but yesterday, and heard all about it from beginning to end ? And as for this gentleman that we are going to, I'm sure, if he knows anything about the matter, he'll say exactly the same as I do." "We shall hear," said Ben, with a degree of composure which Hal could by no means comprehend when a uniform was in question.

The gentleman upon whom Mr. Gresham called had three sons, who were all to be at this archery meeting ; and they unanimously assured him, in the presence of Hal and Ben, that they had never thought of buying uniforms for this grand occasion, and that, amongst the number of their acquaintance, they knew of but three boys whose friends intended to be at such an *unnecessary* expense. Hal stood amazed.

"Such are the varieties of opinion upon all the grand affairs of life," said Mr. Gresham, looking at his nephews. "What amongst one set of people you hear asserted to be absolutely necessary, you will hear from another set of people is quite unnecessary. All that can be done, my dear boys in these difficult cases, is to judge for yourselves, which opinions, and which people, are the most reasonable."

Hal, who had been more accustomed to think of what was fashionable than of what was reasonable, without at all considering the good sense of what his uncle said to him, replied, with childish petulance, "Indeed, sir, I don't know what other people think ; but I only know what Lady Diana Sweepstakes said." The name of Lady Diana Sweepstakes, Hal thought, must impress all present with respect : he was highly astonished, when, as he looked round, he saw a smile of contempt upon every one's countenance : and he was yet further bewildered, when he heard her spoken of as a very silly, extravagant, ridiculous woman, whose opinion no prudent person would ask upon any subject, and whose example was to be shunned, instead of being imitated.

"Ay, my dear Hal," said his uncle, smiling at his look of amazement, "these are some of the things that young people must learn from experience. All the world do not agree in opinion about characters : you will hear the same person admired in one company, and blamed in another ; so that we must still come round to the same point, *Judge for yourself.*"

Hal's thoughts were, however, at present, too full of the uniform to allow his judgment to act with perfect impartiality. As soon as their visit was over, and all the time they walked down the hill from Prince's Buildings towards Bristol, he continued to repeat nearly the same arguments which he had formerly used, respecting necessity, the uniform, and Lady Diana Sweepstakes. To all this Mr. Gresham made no reply; and longer had the young gentleman expatiated upon the subject, which had so strongly seized upon his imagination, had not his senses been forcibly assailed at this instant by the delicious odors and tempting sight of certain cakes and jellies in a pastry-cook's shop. "O uncle," said he, as his uncle was going to turn the corner to pursue the road to Bristol, "look at those jellies!" pointing to a confectioner's shop. "I must buy some of those good things, for I have got some halfpence in my pocket." "Your having halfpence in your pocket is an excellent reason for eating," said Mr. Gresham, smiling. "But I really am hungry," said Hal; "you know, uncle, it is a good while since breakfast."

His uncle, who was desirous to see his nephews act without restraint, that he might judge their characters, bid them do as they pleased.

"Come, then, Ben, if you've any halfpence in your pocket." "I'm not hungry," said Ben. "I suppose *that* means that you've no halfpence," said Hal, laughing, with the look of superiority which he had been taught to think *the rich* might assume towards those who were convicted either of poverty or economy. "Waste not, want not," said Ben to himself. Contrary to his cousin's surmise, he happened to have twopenny worth of halfpence actually in his pocket.

At the very moment Hal stepped into the pastry-cook's shop, a poor, industrious man, with a wooden leg, who usually sweeps the dirty corner of the walk

which turns at this spot to the Wells, held his hat to Ben, who, after glancing his eye at the petitioner's well-worn broom, instantly produced his twopence. "I wish I had more halfpence for you, my good man," said he; "but I've only twopence."

Hal came out of Mr. Millar's the confectioner's shop, with a hatful of cakes in his hand. Mr. Millar's dog was sitting on the flags before the door; and he looked up, with a wistful, begging eye, at Hal, who was eating a queen-cake. Hal, who was wasteful even in his good-nature, threw a whole queen-cake to the dog, who swallowed it for a single mouthful.

"There goes twopence in the form of a queen-cake," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal next offered some of his cakes to his uncle and cousin; but they thanked him and refused to eat any, because, they said, they were not hungry; so he ate and ate, as he walked along, till at last he stopped, and said, "This bun tastes so bad after the queen-cakes, I can't bear it!" and he was going to fling it from him into the river. "O, it is a pity to waste that good bun; we may be glad of it yet," said Ben; "give it to me, rather than throw it away." "Why, I thought you said you were not hungry," said Hal. "True, I am not hungry now; but that is no reason why I should never be hungry again." "Well, there is the cake for you; take it; for it has made me sick; and I don't care what becomes of it."

Ben folded the refuse bit of his cousin's bun in a piece of paper, and put it into his pocket.

"I'm beginning to be exceeding tired, or sick, or something," said Hal; "and as there is a stand of coaches somewhere hereabouts, had not we better take a coach, instead of walking all the way to Bristol?"

"For a stout archer," said Mr. Gresham, "you are more easily tired than one might have expected. However, with all my heart; let us take a coach, for Ben

asked me to show him the cathedral yesterday ; and I believe I should find it rather too much for me to walk so far, though I am not sick with eating good things."

"*The cathedral!*" said Hal, after he had been seated in the coach about a quarter of an hour, and had somewhat recovered from his sickness — "the cathedral! Why, are we only going to Bristol to see the cathedral? I thought we came out to see about a uniform."

There was a dulness and melancholy kind of stupidity in Hal's countenance as he pronounced these words, like one wakening from a dream, which made both his uncle and cousin burst out a laughing.

"Why," said Hal, who was now piqued, "I'm sure you *did* say, unclê, you would go to Mr. Hall's to choose the cloth for the uniform." "Very true, and so I will," said Mr. Gresham ; "but we need not make a whole morning's work, need we, of looking at a piece of cloth? Cannot we see a uniform and a cathedral both in one morning?"

They went first to the cathedral. Hal's head was too full of the uniform to take any notice of the painted window, which immediately caught Ben's unembarrassed attention. He looked at the large stained figures on the Gothic window, and he observed their colored shadows on the floor and walls.

Mr. Gresham, who perceived that he was eager on all subjects to gain information, took this opportunity of telling him several things about the lost art of painting on glass, Gothic arches, &c., which Hal thought extremely tiresome.

"Come ! come ! we shall be late indeed," said Hal ; "surely you 've looked long enough, Ben, at this blue and red window." "I'm only thinking about these colored shadows," said Ben. "I can show you when we go home, Ben," said his uncle, "an entertaining paper upon such shadows."¹ "Hark !" cried Ben,

¹ Vide Priestley's History of Vision, chapter on colored shadows.

"did you hear that noise?" They all listened; and they heard a bird singing in the cathedral. "It's our old robin, sir," said the lad who had opened the cathedral door for them.

"Yes," said Mr. Gresham, "there he is, boys — look — perched upon the organ; he often sits there, and sings, whilst the organ is playing." "And," continued the lad who showed the cathedral, "he has lived here these many, many winters. They say he is fifteen years old; and he is so tame, poor fellow, that if I had a bit of bread he'd come down and feed in my hand." "I've a bit of a bun here," cried Ben, joyfully, producing the remains of the bun which Hal but an hour before would have thrown away. "Pray, let us see the poor robin eat out of your hand."

The lad crumbled the bun, and called to the robin, who fluttered and chirped, and seemed rejoiced at the sight of the bread; but yet he did not come down from his pinnacle on the organ.

"He is afraid of *us*," said Ben; "he is not used to eat before strangers, I suppose."

"Ah, no, sir," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "that is not the thing. He is used enough to eat afore company. Time was he'd have come down for me before ever so many fine folks, and have eat his crumbs out of my hand, at my first call; but, poor fellow, it's not his fault now. He does not know me now, sir, since my accident, because of this great black patch." The young man put his hand to his right eye, which was covered with a huge black patch. Ben asked what *accident* he meant; and the lad told him that, but a few weeks ago, he had lost the sight of his eye by the stroke of a stone, which reached him as he was passing under the rocks at Clifton unluckily when the workmen were blasting. "I don't mind so much for myself, sir," said the lad; "but I can't work so well now, as I used to do before my accident, for my

old mother, who has had a *stroke* of the palsy ; and I've a many little brothers and sisters not well able yet to get their own livelihood, though they be as willing as willing can be."

"Where does your mother live?" said Mr. Gresham. "Hard by, sir, just close to the church here: it was *her* that always had the showing of it to strangers, till she lost the use of her poor limbs."

"Shall we, may we, uncle, go that way? This is the house; is not it?" said Ben, when they went out of the cathedral.

They went into the house: it was rather a hovel than a house; but, poor as it was, it was as neat as misery could make it. The old woman was sitting up in her wretched bed winding worsted; four meagre, ill-clothed, pale children, were all busy, some of them sticking pins in paper for the pin-maker, and others sorting rags for the paper-maker.

"What a horrid place it is!" said Hal, sighing; "I did not know there were such shocking places in the world. I've often seen terrible-looking, tumble-down places, as we drove through the town in mamma's carriage; but then I did not know who lived in them; and I never saw the inside of any of them. It is very dreadful, indeed, to think that people are forced to live in this way. I wish mamma would send me some more pocket-money, that I might do something for them. I had half-a-crown; but," continued he, feeling in his pockets, "I'm afraid I spent the last shilling of it this morning upon those cakes that made me sick. I wish I had my shilling now, I'd give it to *these poor people*."

Ben, though he was all this time silent, was as sorry as his talkative cousin for all these poor people. But there was some difference between the sorrow of these two boys.

Hal, after he was again seated in the hackney-coach,

and had rattled through the busy streets of Bristol for a few minutes, quite forgot the spectacle of misery which he had seen ; and the gay shops in Wine-street and the idea of his green and white uniform wholly occupied his imagination.

"Now for our uniforms !" cried he, as he jumped eagerly out of the coach, when his uncle stopped at the woollen-draper's door.

"Uncle," said Ben, stopping Mr. Gresham before he got out of the carriage, "I don't think a uniform is at all necessary for me. I'm very much obliged to you ; but I would rather not have one. I have a very good coat, and I think it would be waste."

"Well, let me get out of the carriage, and we will see about it," said Mr. Gresham ; "perhaps the sight of the beautiful green and white cloth, and the epaulettes (have you ever considered the epaulettes?) may tempt you to change your mind." "O no," said Ben, laughing ; "I shall not change my mind."

The green cloth, and the white cloth, and the epaulettes were produced, to Hal's infinite satisfaction. His uncle took up a pen, and calculated for a few minutes ; then, showing the back of the letter, upon which he was writing, to his nephews, "Cast up these sums, boys," said he, "and tell me whether I am right." "Ben, do you do it," said Hal, a little embarrassed ; "I am not quick at figures." Ben *was*, and he went over his uncle's calculation very expeditiously.

"It is right, is it?" said Mr. Gresham. "Yes, sir, quite right." "Then by this calculation, I find I could, for less than half the money your uniforms would cost, purchase for each of you boys a warm great-coat, which you will want, I have a notion, this winter upon the Downs."

"O sir," said Hal, with an alarmed look ; "but it is not winter *yet* ; it is not cold weather *yet*. We shan't want great-coats *yet*."

"Don't you remember how cold we were, Hal, the day before yesterday, in that sharp wind, when we were flying our kite upon the Downs? and winter will come, though it is not come yet — I am sure, I should like to have a good warm great-coat very much."

Mr. Gresham took six guineas out of his purse; and he placed three of them before Hal, and three before Ben. "Young gentlemen," said he, "I believe your uniforms would come to about three guineas apiece. Now I will lay out this money for you just as you please. Hal, what say you?" "Why, sir," said Hal, "a great-coat is a good thing, to be sure; and then, after the great-coat, as you said it would only cost half as much as the uniform, there would be some money to spare, would not there?" "Yes, my dear, about five-and-twenty shillings." "Five-and-twenty shillings? — I could buy and do a great many things, to be sure, with five-and-twenty shillings; but then, *the thing is*, I must go without the uniform, if I have the great-coat." "Certainly," said his uncle. "Ah!" said Hal, sighing, as he looked at the epaulettes, "uncle, if you would not be displeased if I choose the uniform —" "I shall not be displeased at your choosing whatever you like best," said Mr. Gresham.

"Well, then, thank you, sir," said Hal; "I think I had better have the uniform, because, if I have not the uniform now directly, it will be of no use to me, as the archery meeting is the week after next, you know; and as to the great-coat, perhaps between this time and the *very* cold weather, which, perhaps, won't be till Christmas, papa will buy a great-coat for me; and I'll ask mamma to give me some pocket-money to give away, and she will, perhaps." To all this conclusive, conditional reasoning, which depended upon *perhaps*, three times repeated, Mr. Gresham made no reply; but he immediately bought the uniform for Hal, and desired that it should be sent to Lady Diana Sweepstakes'

son's tailor, to be made up. The measure of Hal's happiness was now complete.

"And how am I to lay out the three guineas for you, Ben?" said Mr. Gresham; "speak, what do you wish for first?" "A great-coat, uncle, if you please." Mr. Gresham bought the coat; and, after it was paid for, five-and-twenty shillings of Ben's three guineas remained. "What next, my boy?" said his uncle, "Arrows, uncle, if you please: three arrows." "My dear, I promised you a bow and arrows." "No, uncle, you only said a bow." "Well, I meant a bow and arrows. I'm glad you are so exact, however. It is better to claim less than more than what is promised. The three arrows you shall have. But, go on; how shall I dispose of these five-and-twenty shillings for you?" "In clothes, if you will be so good, uncle, for that poor boy who has the great black patch on his eye."

"I always believed," said Mr. Gresham, shaking hands with Ben, "that economy and generosity were the best friends, instead of being enemies, as some silly, extravagant people would have us think them. Choose the poor blind boy's coat, my dear nephew, and pay for it. There's no occasion for my praising you about the matter. Your best reward is in your own mind, child; and you want no other, or I'm mistaken. Now jump into the coach, boys, and let's be off. We shall be late, I'm afraid," continued he, as the coach drove on; "but I must let you stop, Ben, with your goods, at the poor boy's door."

When they came to the house, Mr. Gresham opened the coach-door, and Ben jumped out with his parcel under his arm.

"Stay, stay! You must take me with you," said his pleased uncle; "I like to see people made happy, as well as you do." "And so do I too!" said Hal; "let me come with you. I almost wish my uniform was not

gone to the tailor's, so I do." And when he saw the look of delight and gratitude with which the poor boy received the clothes which Ben gave him; and when he heard the mother and children thank him, Hal sighed, and said, "Well, I hope mamma will give me some more pocket-money soon."

Upon his return home, however, the sight of the *famous* bow and arrow, which Lady Diana Sweepstakes had sent him, recalled to his imagination all the joys of his green and white uniform; and he no longer wished that it had not been sent to the tailor's. "But I don't understand, cousin Hal," said little Patty, "why you call this bow a *famous* bow. You say *famous* very often; and I don't know exactly what it means; a *famous* uniform — *famous* doings. I remember you said there are to be *famous* doings, the first of September, upon the Downs. What does *famous* mean!" "O, why, *famous* means. Now don't you know what *famous* means? It means — it is a word that people say — it is the fashion to say it — it means — it means *famous*." Patty laughed, and said, "*This* does not explain it to me."

"No," said Hal, "nor can it be explained: if you don't understand it, that's not my fault: everybody but little children, I suppose, understands it; but there's no explaining *those sort* of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs, the first of September; that is, grand, fine. In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter? Give me my bow, for I must go out upon the Downs and practise."

Ben accompanied him with the bow and the three arrows, which his uncle had now given to him; and, every day, these two boys went out upon the Downs and practised shooting with indefatigable perseverance. Where equal pains are taken, success is usually found to be pretty nearly equal. Our two archers, by con-

stant practice, became expert marksmen; and before the day of trial, they were so exactly matched in point of dexterity, that it was scarcely possible to decide which was superior.

The long-expected first of September at length arrived. "What sort of a day is it?" was the first question that was asked by Hal and Ben the moment that they awakened. The sun shone bright! but there was a sharp and high wind. "Ha!" said Ben, "I shall be glad of my good great-coat to-day; for I've a notion it will be rather cold upon the Downs, especially when we are standing still, as we must, whilst all the people are shooting." "O, never mind! I don't think I shall feel it cold at all," said Hal, as he dressed himself in his new green and white uniform; and he viewed himself with much complacency.

"Good morning to you, uncle; how do you do?" said he, in a voice of exultation, when he entered the breakfast-room. How do you do? seemed rather to mean: How do you like me in my uniform? And his uncle's cool, "Very well, I thank you, Hal," disappointed him, as it seemed only to say, "Your uniform makes no difference in my opinion of you."

Even little Patty went on eating her breakfast much as usual, and talked of the pleasure of walking with her father to the Downs, and of all the little things which interested her; so that Hal's epaulettes were not the principal object in any one's imagination but his own.

"Papa," said Patty, "as we go up the hill where there is so much red mud, I must take care to pick my way nicely; and I must hold up my frock, as you desired me; and perhaps you will be so good, if I am not troublesome, to lift me over the very bad place where there are no stepping-stones. My ankle is entirely well, and I'm glad of that, or else I should not be able to walk so far as the Downs. How good you were to me, Ben, when I was in pain, the day I

sprained my ankle ! you played at jack-straws, and at cat's-cradle, with me. Oh, that puts me in mind — here are your gloves, which I asked you that night to let me mend. I've been a great while about them ; but are not they very neatly mended, papa ? — look at the sewing."

"I am not a very good judge of sewing, my dear little girl," said Mr. Gresham, examining the work with a close and scrupulous eye ; "but, in my opinion, here is one stitch that is rather too long. The white teeth are not quite even." "O, papa, I'll take out that long tooth in a minute," said Patty, laughing : "I did not think that you would have observed it so soon."

"I would not have you trust to my blindness," said her father, stroking her head fondly : "I observe everything. I observe, for instance, that you are a grateful little girl, and that you are glad to be of use to those who have been kind to you ; and for this I forgive you the long stitch." "But it's out, it's out, papa," said Patty ; "and the next time your gloves want mending, Ben, I'll mend them better."

"They are very nice, I think," said Ben, drawing them on ; and I am much obliged to you. I was just wishing I had a pair of gloves to keep my fingers warm to-day, for I never can shoot well when my hands are benumbed. Look, Hal, — you know how ragged these gloves were ; you said they were good for nothing but to throw away ; now look, there's not a hole in them," said he, spreading his fingers.

"Now, is it not very extraordinary," said Hal to himself, "that they should go on so long talking about an old pair of gloves, without saying scarcely a word about my new uniform ? Well, the young Sweepstakes and Lady Diana will talk enough about it ; that's one comfort. Is not it time to think of setting out, sir ?" said Hal to his uncle. The company, you know, are to meet at the Ostrich at twelve, and the race to begin

at one, and Lady Diana's horses, I know were ordered to be at the door at ten."

Mr. Stephen, the butler, here interrupted the hurrying young gentleman in his calculations. — "There's a poor lad, sir, below, with a great black patch on his right eye, who is come from Bristol, and wants to speak a word with the young gentlemen, if you please. I told him they were just going out with you; but he says he won't detain them more than half a minute."

"Show him up, show him up," said Mr. Gresham.

"But, I suppose," said Hal, with a sigh, "that Stephen mistook, when he said the young *gentlemen*; he only wants to see Ben, I dare say; I'm sure he has no reason to want to see me."

"Here he comes — O Ben, he is dressed in the new coat you gave him," whispered Hal, who was really a good-natured boy, though extravagant. "How much better he looks than he did in the ragged coat! Ah! he looked at you first, Ben — and well he may!"

The boy bowed, without any cringing servility, but with an open, decent freedom in his manner, which expressed that he had been obliged, but that he knew his young benefactor was not thinking of the obligation. He made as little distinction as possible between his bows to the two cousins.

"As I was sent with a message, by the clerk of our parish, to Redland chapel out on the Downs, to-day, sir," said he to Mr. Gresham, "knowing your house lay in my way, my mother, sir, bid me call, and make bold to offer the young gentlemen two little worsted balls that she has worked for them," continued the lad, pulling out of his pocket two worsted balls worked in green and orange-colored stripes. "They are but poor things, sir, she bid me say, to look at; but, considering she has but one hand to work with, and *that* her left hand, you'll not despise 'em, we hopes." He held the balls to Ben and Hal. — "They are both

alike, gentlemen," said he. "If you'll be pleased to take 'em, they're better than they look, for they bound higher than your head. I cut the cork round for the inside myself, which was all I could do."

"They are nice balls, indeed; we are much obliged to you," said the boys as they received them, and they proved them immediately. The balls struck the floor with a delightful sound, and rebounded higher than Mr. Gresham's head. Little Patty clapped her hands joyfully. But now a thundering double rap at the door was heard.

"The Master Sweepstakes, sir," said Stephen, "are come for Master Hal. They say that all the young gentlemen who have archery uniforms are to walk together, in a body, I think they say, sir; and they are to parade along the Well Walk, they desired me to say, sir, with a drum and fife, and so up the hill by Prince's Place, and all to go upon the Downs together, to the place of meeting. I am not sure I'm right, sir; for both the young gentlemen spoke at once, and the wind is very high at the street door; so that I could not well make out all they said; but I believe this is the sense of it."

"Yes, yes," said Hal eagerly, "it's all right. I know that is just what was settled the day I dined at Lady Diana's; and Lady Diana and a great party of gentlemen are to ride—"

"Well, that is nothing to the purpose," interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Don't keep these Master Sweepstakes waiting. Decide—do you choose to go with them or with us?" "Sir—uncle—sir, you know, since all the *uniforms* agreed to go together—" "Off with you, then, Mr. Uniform, if you mean to go," said Mr. Gresham.

Hal ran down stairs in such a hurry that he forgot his bow and arrows.—Ben discovered this when he went to fetch his own; and the lad from Bristol, who

had been ordered by Mr. Gresham to eat his breakfast before he proceeded to Redland Chapel, heard Ben talking about his cousin's bow and arrows. "I know," said Ben, "he will be sorry not to have his bow with him, because here are the green knots tied to it, to match his cockade ; and he said that the boys were all to carry their bows, as part of the show."

"If you 'll give me leave, sir," said the poor Bristol lad, "I shall have plenty of time ; and I 'll run down to the Well-walk after the young gentleman, and take him his bow and arrows."

"Will you? I shall be much obliged to you," said Ben ; and away went the boy with the bow that was ornamented with green ribands.

The public walk leading to the Wells was full of company. The windows of all the houses in St. Vincent's Parade were crowded with well-dressed ladies, who were looking out in expectation of the archery procession. Parties of gentlemen and ladies, and a motley crowd of spectators, were seen moving backwards and forwards, under the rocks, on the opposite side of the water. A barge, with colored streamers flying, was waiting to take up a party who were going upon the water. The bargemen rested upon their oars, and gazed with broad faces of curiosity upon the busy scene that appeared upon the public walk.

The archers and archeresses were now drawn up on the flags under the semicircular piazza just before Mrs. Yearsley's library. A little band of children, who had been mustered by Lady Diana Sweepstakes' *spirited exertions*, closed the procession. They were now all in readiness. The drummer only waited for her ladyship's signal ; and the archers' corps only waited for her ladyship's word of command to march.

"Where are your bow and arrows, my little man?" said her ladyship to Hal, as she reviewed her Lilliputian regiment. "You can't march, man, without your arms !"

Hal had despatched a messenger for his forgotten bow, but the messenger returned not. He looked from side to side in great distress — "Oh, there's my bow coming, I declare!" cried he — "look, I see the bow and the ribands. — Look now, between the trees, Charles Sweepstakes, on the Hotwell-walk; — it is coming!" "But you've kept us all waiting a confounded time," said his impatient friend. "It is that good-natured poor fellow from Bristol, I protest, that has brought it me; I'm sure I don't deserve it from him," said Hal to himself, when he saw the lad with the black patch on his eye running, quite out of breath, towards him with his bow and arrows.

"Fall back, my good friend — fall back," said the military lady, as soon as he had delivered the bow to Hal; "I mean, stand out of the way, for your great patch cuts no figure amongst us. Don't follow so close, now, as if you belonged to us, pray."

The poor boy had no ambition to partake the triumph; he *fell back* as soon as he understood the meaning of the lady's words. The drum beat, the fife played, the archers marched, the spectators admired. Hal stepped proudly, and felt as if the eyes of the whole universe were upon his epauletts, or upon the facings of his uniform; whilst all the time he was considered only as part of a show.

The walk appeared much shorter than usual, and he was extremely sorry that Lady Diana, when they were half-way up the hill leading to Prince's Place, mounted her horse, because the road was dirty, and all the gentlemen and ladies who accompanied her followed her example.

"We can leave the children to walk, you know," said she to the gentleman who helped her to mount her horse. "I must call to some of them, though, and leave orders where they are to *join*."

She beckoned; and Hal, who was foremost, and

proud to show his alacrity, ran on to receive her ladyship's orders. Now, as we have before observed, it was a sharp and windy day ; and though Lady Diana Sweepstakes was actually speaking to him, and looking at him, he could not prevent his nose from wanting to be blown : he pulled out his handkerchief, and out rolled the new ball which had been given to him just before he left home, and which, according to his usual careless habits, he had stuffed into his pocket in his hurry. "Oh, my new ball !" cried he, as he ran after it. As he stooped to pick it up, he let go his hat, which he had hitherto held on with anxious care ; for the hat, though it had a fine green and white cockade, had no band or string round it. The string, as we may recollect, our wasteful hero had used in spinning his top. The hat was too large for his head without this band ; a sudden gust of wind blew it off. Lady Diana's horse started and reared. She was a *famous* horsewoman, and sat him to the admiration of all beholders ; but there was a puddle of red clay and water in this spot, and her ladyship's uniform habit was a sufferer by the accident. "Careless brat !" said she, "why can't he keep his hat upon his head ?" In the mean time, the wind blew the hat down the hill, and Hal ran after it, amidst the laughter of his kind friends, the young Sweepstakes, and the rest of the little regiment. The hat was lodged, at length, upon a bank. Hal pursued it : he thought this bank was hard, but, alas ! the moment he set his foot upon it the foot sunk. He tried to draw it back ; his other foot slipped, and he fell prostrate, in his green and white uniform, into the treacherous bed of red mud. His companions, who had halted upon the top of the hill, stood laughing spectators of his misfortune.

It happened that the poor boy with the black patch upon his eye, who had been ordered by Lady Diana, to "*fall back*," and to "*keep at a distance*," was now

coming up the hill ; and the moment he saw our fallen hero, he hastened to his assistance. He dragged poor Hal, who was a deplorable spectacle, out of the red mud. The obliging mistress of a lodging-house, as soon as she understood that the young gentleman was nephew to Mr. Gresham, to whom she had formerly let her house, received Hal, covered as he was with dirt.

The poor Bristol lad hastened to Mr. Gresham's for clean stockings and shoes for Hal. He was unwilling to give up his uniform ; it was rubbed and rubbed, and a spot here and there was washed out ; and he kept continually repeating,—"When it's dry it will all brush off—when it's dry it will all brush off, won't it?"—But soon the fear of being too late at the archery-meeting began to balance the dread of appearing in his stained habiliments ; and he now as anxiously repeated, whilst the woman held the wet coat to the fire, "Oh, I shall be too late ; indeed, I shall be too late ; make haste ; it will never dry ; hold it nearer—nearer to the fire. I shall lose my turn to shoot ; oh, give me the coat ; I don't mind how it is, if I can but get it on."

Holding it nearer and nearer to the fire dried it quickly, to be sure ; but it shrunk it also, so that it was no easy matter to get the coat on again. However, Hal, who did not see the red splashes, which, in spite of all these operations, were too visible upon his shoulders, and upon the skirts of his white coat behind, was pretty well satisfied to observe that there was not one spot upon the facings. "Nobody," said he, "will take notice of my coat behind, I dare say. I think it looks as smart almost as ever !"—and under this persuasion our young archer resumed his bow—his bow with green ribands, now no more !—and he pursued his way to the Downs.

All his companions were far out of sight. "I sup-

pose," said he to his friend with the black patch — "I suppose my uncle and Ben had left home before you went for the shoes and stockings for me?"

"O yes, sir; the butler said they had been gone to the Downs a matter of a good half-hour or more."

Hal trudged on as fast as he possibly could. When he got upon the Downs, he saw numbers of carriages, and crowds of people, all going towards the place of meeting at the Ostrich. He pressed forwards. He was at first so much afraid of being late, that he did not take notice of the mirth his motley appearance excited in all beholders. At length he reached the appointed spot. There was a great crowd of people. In the midst he heard Lady Diana's loud voice betting upon some one who was just going to shoot at the mark.

"So then the shooting is begun, is it?" said Hal. "O, let me in! pray let me into the circle! I'm one of the archers — I am, indeed; don't you see my green and white uniform?"

"Your red and white uniform, you mean," said the man to whom he addressed himself; and the people, as they opened a passage for him, could not refrain from laughing at the mixture of dirt and finery which it exhibited. In vain, when he got into the midst of the formidable circle, he looked to his friends, the young Sweepstakes, for their countenance and support. They were amongst the most unmerciful of the laughers. Lady Diana also seemed more to enjoy than to pity his confusion.

"Why could not you keep your hat upon your head, man?" said she, in her masculine tone. "You have been almost the ruin of my poor uniform-habit; but I've escaped rather better than you have. Don't stand there, in the middle of the circle, or you'll have an arrow in your eyes just now, I've a notion."

Hal looked round in search of better friends. "Oh, where's my uncle? — where's Ben?" said he. He

was in such confusion that, amongst the number of faces, he could scarcely distinguish one from another ; but he felt somebody at this moment pull his elbow, and, to his great relief, he heard the friendly voice, and saw the good-natured face, of his cousin Ben.

"Come back ; come behind these people," said Ben ; "and put on my great-coat ; here it is for you."

Right glad was Hal to cover his disgraced uniform with the rough great-coat which he had formerly despised. He pulled the stained, drooping cockade out of his unfortunate hat ; and he was now sufficiently recovered from his vexation to give an intelligible account of his accident to his uncle and Patty, who anxiously inquired what had detained him so long, and what had been the matter. In the midst of the history of his disaster, he was just proving to Patty that his taking the hatband to spin his top had nothing to do with his misfortune, and he was at the same time endeavoring to refute his uncle's opinion that the waste of the whipcord that tied the parcel was the original cause of all his evils, when he was summoned to try his skill with his *famous* bow.

"My hands are benumbed ; I can scarcely feel," said he, rubbing them, and blowing upon the ends of his fingers.

"Come, come," cried young Sweepstakes, "I'm within one inch of the mark ; who'll go nearer, I shall like to see. Shoot away, Hal ; but first understand our laws ; we settled them before you came upon the green. You are to have three shots, with your own bow and your own arrows ; and nobody's to borrow or lend under pretence of other bows being better or worse, or under any pretence. Do you hear, Hal?"

This young gentleman had good reasons for being so strict in these laws, as he had observed that none of his companions had such an excellent bow as he had provided for himself. Some of the boys had for-

gotten to bring more than one arrow with them, and by his cunning regulation that each person should shoot with their own arrows, many had lost one or two of their shots.

"You are a lucky fellow; you have your three arrows," said young Sweepstakes. "Come, we can't wait whilst you rub your fingers, man — shoot away."

Hal was rather surprised at the asperity with which his friend spoke. He little knew how easily acquaintance, who call themselves friends, can change, when their interest comes in the slightest degree in competition with their friendship. Hurried by his impatient rival, and with his hands so much benumbed that he could scarcely feel how to fix the arrow in the string, he drew the bow. The arrow was within a quarter of an inch of Master Sweepstakes' mark, which was the nearest that had yet been hit. Hal seized his second arrow — "If I have any luck" said he — But just as he pronounced the word *luck*, and as he bent his bow, the string broke in two, and the bow fell from his hands.

"There, it's all over with you!" cried Master Sweepstakes, with a triumphant laugh.

"Here's my bow for him, and welcome," said Ben. "No, no, sir," said Master Sweepstakes, "that is not fair; that's against the regulation. You may shoot with your own bow, if you choose it, or you may not, just as you think proper; but you must not lend it, sir."

It was now Ben's turn to make his trial. His first arrow was not successful. His second was exactly as near as Hal's first. "You have but one more," said Master Sweepstakes — "now for it!" Ben, before he ventured his last arrow, prudently examined the string of his bow; and, as he pulled it to try its strength, it cracked. Master Sweepstakes clapped his hands with loud exultations and insulting laughter. But his laugh-

ter ceased, when our provident hero calmly drew from his pocket an excellent piece of whipcord.

"The everlasting whipcord, I declare!" exclaimed Hal, when he saw that it was the very same that had tied up the parcel. "Yes," said Ben, as he fastened it to his bow, "I put it into my pocket to-day on purpose, because I thought I might happen to want it." He drew his bow the third and last time.

"O, papa!" cried little Patty, as his arrow hit the mark, "it's the nearest; is it not the nearest?"

Master Sweepstakes, with anxiety, examined the hit. There could be no doubt. Ben was victorious! The bow, the prize bow, was now delivered to him; and Hal, as he looked at the whipcord, exclaimed, "How *lucky* this whipcord has been to you, Ben!"

"It is *lucky*, perhaps, you mean that he took care of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"Ay," said Hal, "very true; he might well say, 'Waste not, want not.' It is a good thing to have two strings to one's bow."

MADemoiselle PANACHE.

PART I.

MRS. TEMPLE had two daughters, Emma and Ellen ; she had taken a great deal of care of their education, and they were very fond of their mother, and particularly happy whenever she had leisure to converse with them : they used to tell her everything that they thought and felt ; so that she had it in her power early to correct, or rather to teach them to correct, any little faults in their disposition, and to rectify those errors of judgment to which young people, from want of experience, are so liable.

Mrs. Temple lived in the country, and her society was composed of a few intimate friends ; she wished, especially during the education of her children, to avoid the numerous inconveniences of what is called an extensive acquaintance. However, as her children grew older, it was necessary that they should be accustomed to see a variety of characters, and still more necessary that they should learn to judge of them. There was little danger of Emma's being hurt by the first impressions of new faces and new ideas ; but Helen, of a more vivacious temper, had not yet acquired her sister's good sense. We must observe that Helen was a little disposed to be fond of novelty, and sometimes formed a prodigiously high opinion of persons whom she had seen but for a few hours. "Not to admire," was an art which she had to learn.

When Helen was between eleven and twelve years old, Lady S—— returned from abroad, and came to reside at her country-seat, which was very near Mrs. Temple's. The lady had a daughter, Lady Augusta, who was a little older than Helen. One morning a fine coach drove to the door, and Lady S—— and her daughter were announced. We shall not say anything at present of either of the ladies, except that Helen was much delighted with them, and talked of nothing else to her sister all the rest of the day.

The next morning, as these two sisters were sitting at work in their mother's dressing-room, the following conversation began : —

"Sister, do you like pink or blue the best?" said Helen.

"I don't know ; blue, I think."

"O blue, to be sure. Mother, which do you like best?"

"Why 't is a question of such importance, I must have time to deliberate ; I am afraid I like pink the best."

"Pink ! dear, that 's very odd ! But, mamma, did n't you think yesterday that Lady Augusta's sash was a remarkably pretty pale blue?"

"Yes ; I thought it was very pretty ; but as I have seen a great many such sashes, I did not think it was anything very remarkable."

"Well, perhaps, it was not remarkably pretty ; but you 'll allow, ma'am, that it was very well put on."

"It was put on as other sashes are, as well as I remember."

"I like Lady Augusta exceedingly, mother."

"What ! because she has a blue sash?"

"No, I 'm not quite so silly as that," said Helen, laughing ; "not because she has a blue sash."

"Why then did you like her? — because it was well put on?"

"Oh ! no, no !"

"Why, then?"

"Why! mamma; why do you ask why? I can't tell why. You know one often likes and dislikes people at first without exactly knowing why."

"One! whom do you mean by one?"

"Myself and everybody."

"You, perhaps, but not everybody; for only silly people like and dislike without any reason."

"But I hope I'm not one of the silly people; I only meant that I had no thought about it: I dare say, if I were to think about it, I should be able to give you a great many reasons."

"I shall be contented with one good one, Helen."

"Well, then, ma'am, in the first place, I liked her because she was so good-humored."

"You saw her but for one half-hour. Are you sure that she is good-humored?"

"No, ma'am! but I'm sure she looked very good-humored."

"That's another affair; however, I acknowledge it is reasonable to feel disposed to like any one who has a good-humored countenance, because the temper has, I believe, a very strong influence upon certain muscles of the face; and Helen, though you are no great physiognomist, we will take it for granted that you were not mistaken; now I did not think that Lady Augusta had a remarkably good-tempered countenance, but I hope that I am mistaken. Was this your only reason for liking her exceedingly?"

"No, not my only reason; I liked her — because — because — indeed, ma'am," said Helen, growing a little impatient at finding herself unable to arrange her own ideas — "indeed, ma'am, I don't just remember anything in particular, but I know I thought her very agreeable altogether."

"Saying that you think a person very agreeable *altogether*, may be a common mode of expression; but I

am obliged to inform you that it is no reason, nor do I exactly comprehend what it means, unless it means in other words, that you don't choose to be at the trouble of thinking. I am sadly afraid, Helen, that you must be content at last to be ranked among the silly ones, who like and dislike without knowing why. — Hey, Helen?"

"O no, indeed, mother," said Helen, putting down her work.

"My dear, I am sorry to distress you; but what are become of the *great many* good reasons?"

"O! I have them still: but then I'm afraid to tell them, because Emma will laugh at me."

"No, indeed, I won't laugh," said Emma; "besides, if you please, I can go away."

"No, no, sit still; I will tell them directly. Why, mother, you know, before we saw Lady Augusta, everybody told us how pretty and accomplished and agreeable she was."

"Everybody! — nobody that I remember," said Emma, "but Mrs. H. and Miss K."

"O, indeed, sister, and Lady M. too."

"Well, and Lady M., that makes three; but are three people everybody?"

"No, to be sure," said Helen, a little disconcerted; "but you promised not to laugh at me, Emma. However, mother, without joking, I am sure Lady Augusta is very accomplished at least. Do you know ma'am, she has a French governess? But I forget her name."

"Never mind her name, it is little to the purpose."

"O, but I recollect it now: Mademoiselle Panache."

"Why, undoubtedly, Lady Augusta's having a French governess, and her name being Mademoiselle Panache, are incontrovertible proofs of the excellence of her education. But I think you said you were sure that she was very accomplished; what do you mean by accomplished?"

"Why, that she dances extremely well, and that she

speaks French and Italian, and that she draws exceedingly well indeed: takes likenesses, mamma! likenesses in miniature, mother!"

"You saw them, I suppose?"

"Saw them! No, I did not see them, but I heard of them."

"That's a singular method of judging of pictures."

"But, however, she certainly plays extremely well upon the pianoforte, and understands music perfectly. I have a particular reason for knowing this, however."

"You did not hear her play?"

"No; but I saw an Italian song written in her own hand, and she told me she set it to music herself."

"You saw her music, and heard of her drawings;—excellent proofs!—Well, but her dancing?"

"Why, she told me the name of her dancing-master, and it sounded like a foreign name."

"So, I suppose, he must be a good one," said Emma, laughing.

"But, seriously, I do believe she is sensible."

"Well: your cause of belief?"

"Why, I asked her if she had read much history, and she answered '*a little*;' but I saw by her look she meant *a great deal*. Nay, Emma, you are laughing now: I saw you smile."

"Forgive her, Helen, indeed it was very difficult to help it!" said Mrs. Temple.

"Well, mother," said Helen, "I believe I have been a little hasty in my judgment, and all my good reasons are reduced to nothing: I dare say all this time Lady Augusta is very ignorant and very ill-natured."

"Nay, now you are going into the opposite extreme; it is possible she may have all the accomplishments and good qualities which you first imagined her to have; I only meant to show you that you had no proofs of them hitherto."

"But surely, mother, it would be but good-natured

to believe a stranger to be amiable and sensible, when we know nothing to the contrary ; strangers may be as good as the people we have known all our lives ; so it would be very hard upon them, and very silly in us, too, if we were to take it for granted that they were everything that was bad, merely because they were strangers."

"You do not yet reason with perfect accuracy, Helen : is there no difference between thinking people everything that is good and amiable, and taking it for granted that they are everything that is bad?"

"But then, mother, what can one do?—To be always doubting and doubting is very disagreeable : and at first, when one knows nothing of a person, how can we judge?"

"There is no necessity, that I can perceive, for your judging of people's characters the very instant they come into a room, which I suppose is what you mean by 'at first.' And though it be disagreeable to be always 'doubting and doubting,' yet it is what we must submit to patiently, Helen, unless we would submit to the consequences of deciding ill ; which, let me assure you, my little daughter, are infinitely more disagreeable."

"Then," said Helen. "I had better doubt and doubt a little longer, mamma, about Lady Augusta."

Here the conversation ended. A few days afterwards Lady Augusta came with her mother to dine at Mrs. Temple's. For the first hour Helen kept her resolution, and with some difficulty maintained her mind in the painful philosophic state of doubt ; but the second hour, Helen thought that it would be unjust to doubt any longer ; especially as Lady Augusta had just shown her a French pocket-fan, and at the very same time observed to Emma, that her sister's hair was a true auburn color.

In the evening, after they had returned from a walk,

they went into Mrs. Temple's dressing-room, to look at a certain black japanned cabinet, in which Helen kept some dried specimens of plants, and other curious things. Half the drawers in this cabinet were hers, and the other half her sister's. Now Emma, though she was sufficiently obliging and polite towards her new acquaintance, was by no means enchanted with her; nor did she feel the least disposition suddenly to contract a friendship with a person she had seen but a few hours. This reserve, Helen thought, showed some want of feeling, and seemed determined to make amends for it by the warmth and frankness of her own manners. She opened all the drawers of the cabinet; and whilst Lady Augusta looked and admired, Helen watched her eye, as Aboulcasem, in the "Persian Tales," watched the eye of the stranger, to whom he was displaying his treasures. Helen, it seems, had read the story, which had left a deep impression upon her imagination; and she had long determined, on the first convenient opportunity, to imitate the conduct of the "generous Persian." Immediately, therefore, upon observing that anything struck her guest's fancy, she withdrew it, and secretly set it apart for her, as Aboulcasem set apart the slave, and the cup, and the peacock. At night, when Lady Augusta was preparing to depart, Helen slipped out of the room, packed up the things, and, as Aboulcasem wrote a scroll with his presents, she thought it necessary to accompany hers with a billet. All this being accomplished with much celerity, and some trepidation, she hurried down stairs, gave her packet to one of the servants, and saw it lodged in Lady S——'s coach.

When the visit was ended, and Helen and Emma had retired to their own room at night, they began to talk, instead of going to sleep. "Well, sister," said Helen, "and what did you give to Lady Augusta?"

"I! nothing."

"Nothing!" repeated Helen, in a triumphant tone: "then she will not think you very generous."

"I do not want her to think me very generous," said Emma, laughing; "neither do I think that giving of presents to strangers is always a proof of generosity."

"Strangers or no strangers, that makes no difference; for surely a person's giving away anything that they like themselves is a pretty certain proof, Emma, of their generosity."

"Not quite so certain," replied Emma; "at least, I mean as far as I can judge of my own mind; I know I have sometimes given things away that I liked myself merely because I was ashamed to refuse; now I should not call that generosity, but weakness; and besides, I think it does make a great deal of difference, Helen, whether you mean to speak of strangers or friends. I am sure, at this instant, if there is anything of mine in that black cabinet that you wish for, Helen, I'll give it to you with the greatest pleasure."

"And not to Lady Augusta?"

"No; I could not do both: and do you think I would make no distinction between a person I have lived with and loved for years, and a stranger whom I know and care very little about?"

Helen was touched by this speech, especially as she entirely believed her sister; for Emma was not one who made sentimental speeches.

A short time after this visit, Mrs. Temple took her two daughters with her to dine at Lady S——'s. As they happened to go rather earlier than usual, they found nobody in the drawing-room but the French governess, Mademoiselle Panache. Helen, it seems, had conceived a very sublime idea of a French governess; and when she first came into the room, she looked up to Mademoiselle Panache with a mixture of awe and admiration. Mademoiselle was not much

troubled with any of that awkward reserve which seems in England sometimes to keep strangers at bay for the first quarter of an hour of their acquaintance. She could not, it is true, speak English very fluently, but this only increased her desire to speak it; and between two languages she found means, with some difficulty, to express herself. The conversation, after the usual preliminary nothings had been gone over, turned upon France and French literature. Mrs. Temple said she was going to purchase some French books for her daughters, and very politely begged to know what authors Mademoiselle would particularly recommend. "*Vat auteurs ?* you do me much honor, Madame — *Vat auteurs ? why, Mesdemoiselles, there's 'Télémaque' and 'Bélisaire.'*"

Helen and Emma had read "*Télémaque*" and "*Bélisaire*," so Mademoiselle was obliged to think again — "*Attendez !*" cried she, putting her forefinger in an attitude of recollection. But the result of all her recollection was still "*Bélisaire*" and "*Télémaque*;" and an *Abbé's* book, whose name she could not remember, though she remembered perfectly well that the *work* was published "*l'an mil six cent quatre-vingt-dix.*"

Helen could scarcely forbear smiling, so much was her awe and admiration of a French governess abated. Mrs. Temple, to relieve Mademoiselle from the perplexity of searching for the *Abbé's* name, and to avoid the hazard of going out of her circle of French literature, mentioned "*Gil Blas*;" and observed that though it was a book universally put into the hands of very young people, she thought Mademoiselle judged well in preferring —

"O!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "*Je me trouve bien heureuse* — I am quite happy, Madame, to be of your way of *tinking* — I would never go to choose to put "*Gil Blas*" into no pupil's of mine's hands

until they were perfectly mistress of *de ideome de la langue*."

It was not the idiom, but the morality of the book to which Mrs. Temple had alluded; but that, it was very plain, occupied no part of Mademoiselle Panache's attention; her object was solely to teach her pupil French. "*Mais pour Miladi Augusta*," cried she, "*c'est vraiment un petit prodige!* You, Madame, you are a judge. *On le voit bien. You know how much difficile it be to compose French poésie, because of de rhymes, de masculin, féminin, de neutre genre of noun substantive and adjective, all to be consider in spite of de sense in our rhymes. Je ne m'explique pas. Mais enfin — de natives themselves, very few come to write passably in poésie; except it be your great poets by profession. Cependant, Madame, Miladi Augusta, I speak de truth, not one word of lies, Miladi Augusta write poésie just the same with prose, — véritablement comme un ange! Et puis,*" continued Mademoiselle Panache —

But she was interrupted by the entrance of the "little angel" and her mother. Lady Augusta wore a rose-colored sash to-day, and Helen no longer preferred blue to pink. Not long after they were seated, Lady S—— observed that her daughter's face was burned by being opposite to the fire; and, after betraying some symptoms of anxiety, cried — "Mademoiselle, why will you always let Augusta sit so near the fire? My dear, how can you bear to burn your face so? Do be so good, for my sake, to take a screen."

"There is no screen in the room, ma'am, I believe," said the young lady, moving, or seeming to move, her chair three quarters of an inch backwards.

"No screen!" said Lady S——, looking round; "I thought, Mademoiselle, your screens were finished."

"Oh, oui, Madame, dey be finish; but I forget to make dem come downstairs."

"I hate embroidered screens," observed Lady S——, turning away her head; for one is always afraid to use them."

Mademoiselle immediately rose to fetch one of hers.

"*Ne vous dérangez pas, Mademoiselle,*" said Lady S——, carelessly; and whilst she was out of the room, turning to Mrs. Temple, "Have you a French governess?" said she; "I think you told me not."

"No," said Mrs. Temple, "I have no thoughts of any governess for my daughters."

"Why, indeed, I don't know but you are quite right, for they are sad plagues to have in one's house; besides, I believe too, in general, they are a sad set of people. But what can one do, you know? One must submit to all that; for they tell me there's no other way of securing to one's children a good French pronunciation. How will you manage about that?"

"Helen and Emma," said Mrs. Temple, "read and understand French as well as I could wish, and, if ever they go to France, I hope they will be able to catch the accent, as I have never suffered them to acquire any fixed bad habits of speaking it."

"O," said Lady S——, "*bad habits* are what I dread of all things for Augusta; I assure you I was particularly nice about the choice of a governess for her; so many of these sort of people come over here from Switzerland, or the French provinces, and speak a horrid jargon. It's very difficult to meet with a person you could entirely depend upon."

"Very difficult, indeed," said Mrs. Temple.

"However," continued her ladyship, "I think myself most exceedingly fortunate; I am absolutely certain that Mademoiselle Panache comes from Paris, and was born and educated there; so I feel quite at ease; and as to the rest," said she, lowering her voice, but

only lowering it sufficiently to fix Lady Augusta's attention — "as to the rest, I shall part with her when my daughter is a year or two older ; so you know she can do no great harm. Besides," said she, speaking louder, "I really have great confidence in her, and Augusta and she seem to agree vastly well."

"O, yes," said Lady Augusta, "Mademoiselle is exceedingly good-natured ; I am sure I like her vastly."

"Well, that's the chief thing ; I would work upon a child's sensibility ; that's my notion of education," said Lady S—— to Mrs. Temple, affecting a sweet smile. "Take care of the heart, at any rate — there I'm sure, at least, I may depend on Mademoiselle Panache, for she is the best creature in the world ; I've the highest opinion of her : not that I would trust my own judgment, but she was most exceedingly well recommended to me."

Mademoiselle Panache came into the room again, just as Lady S—— finished her last sentence ; she brought one of her own worked screens in her hand. Helen looked at Lady Augusta, expecting that she would at least have gone to meet her governess ; but the young lady never offered to rise from her seat ; and when poor Mademoiselle presented the screen to her, she received it with the utmost *nonchalance*, only interrupting her conversation by a slight bow of the head. Helen and Emma looked down, feeling both ashamed and shocked at manners which they could neither think kind nor polite. However, it was no wonder that the pupil should not be scrupulously respectful towards a governess whom her mother treated like a waiting-maid.

More carriages now came to the door, and the room was soon filled with company. The young ladies dined at the side-table with Mademoiselle Panache ; and during dinner Emma and Helen quite won her

heart — “*Voilà des demoiselles de plus polies !*” she said with emphasis ; and it is true, that they were particularly careful to treat her with the greatest attention and respect, not only from their general habits of good breeding, and from a sense of propriety, but from a feeling of pity and generosity : they could not bear to think that a person should be treated with neglect or insolence merely because her situation and rank happened to be inferior.

Mademoiselle, pleased with their manners, was particularly officious in entertaining them ; and when the rest of the company sat down to cards, she offered to show them the house, which was large and magnificent.

Helen and Emma were very glad to be relieved from their seats beside the card-table, and from perpetually hearing of trumps, odd tricks, and honors ; so that they eagerly accepted Mademoiselle’s proposal.

The last room which they went into was Lady Augusta’s apartment, in which her writing-desk, her drawing-box, and her pianoforte stood. It was very elegantly furnished ; and at one end was a handsome book-case, which immediately attracted Helen and Emma’s attention. Not Lady Augusta’s ; her attention, the moment she came into the room, was attracted by a hat, which Mademoiselle had been making up in the morning, and which lay half-finished upon the sofa. “Well, really this is elegant !” said she ; “certainly Mademoiselle, you have the best taste in the world ! — Is n’t it a beautiful hat ?” said she, appealing to Helen and Emma.

“O, yes,” replied Helen instantly ; for as she was no great judge, she was afraid to hazard her opinion, and thought it safest to acquiesce in Lady Augusta’s. Emma, on the contrary, who did not think the hat particularly pretty, and who dared to think for herself, was silent ; and certainly, it requires no common share

of strength of mind, to dare to think for one's self about a hat.

In the mean time Mademoiselle put the finishing stroke to her work ; and observing that the color of the ribbon would become Helen's complexion, "*Merveilleusement ! permettez, Mademoiselle,*" said she, putting it lightly upon her head. "*Qu'elle est charmante ! Qu'elle est bien comme ça ! — Quite another ting ! Mademoiselle Helen est charmante !*" cried the governess with enthusiasm ; and her pupil echoed her exclamations with equal enthusiasm, till Helen would absolutely have been persuaded that some sudden metamorphosis had taken place in her appearance, if her sister's composure had not happily preserved her in her sober senses. She could not, however, help feeling a sensible diminution of merit and happiness when the hat was lifted off her head.

"What a very pretty-colored ribbon !" said she.

"That 's pistachio-color," said Lady Augusta.

"Pistachio-color !" repeated Helen, with admiration.

"Pistachio-color !" repeated her sister, coolly ; "I did not know that was the name of the color."

"*Bon Dieu !*" said Mademoiselle, lifting up her hands and eyes to heaven ; "*Bon Dieu ! not know de pistachea color !*"

Emma, neither humbled nor shocked at her own ignorance, simply said to herself, "Surely it is no crime not to know *a name*." But Mademoiselle's abhorrent and amazed look produced a very different effect upon Helen's imagination ; she felt all the anguish of false shame, that dangerous infirmity of weak minds.

"*Bon !*" said Mademoiselle Panache to herself, observing the impression which she made ; "*Voilà un bon sujet au moins.*" And she proceeded, with more officiousness perhaps than politeness, to reform certain minutiae in Helen's dress which were not precisely

adjusted according to what she called *the mode*; she having the misfortune to be possessed of that intolerant spirit which admits but of one mode; a spirit which is common to all persons who have seen but little of the world, or of good company; and who, consequently, cannot conceive the liberality of sentiment, upon all matters of taste and fashion, which distinguishes well-bred and well-educated people.

"*Pardonnez, Mademoiselle Hélène,*" said she: "*Permettez*" — altering things to her fancy — "*un petit plus — et un petit plus; oui, comme ça — comme ça — Bien! Bien! Ah, non! Cela est vilain, affreux! Mais tenez, — toujours comme ça; ressouvenez-vous bien, Mademoiselle. Ah bon! vous voilà mise à quatre épingles!*"

"*A quatre épingles!*" repeated Helen to herself. "Surely," thought Emma, "that is a vulgar expression; Mademoiselle is not as elegant in her taste for language as for dress." Indeed two or three technical expressions which afterwards escaped from this lady, joined to the prodigious knowledge she displayed of the names, qualities, and value of ribbons, gauzes, feathers, &c., had excited a strong suspicion in Emma's mind that Mademoiselle Panache herself might possibly have had the honor to be a milliner.

The following incident sufficiently confirmed her suspicions: whilst Mademoiselle was dressing and undressing Helen, she regularly carried every pin which she took out to her mouth.

Helen did not perceive this manoeuvre, it being performed with habitual celerity; but seeing that all the pins were vanished, she first glanced her eye upon the table, and then on the ground, and still not seeing her pins, she felt in her pocket for her pincushion, and presented it. "*J'en ai assez, bien obligée, Mademoiselle;*" and from some secret receptacle in her mouth, she produced first one pin, then another, till

Emma counted seventeen, to her utter astonishment, — more, certainly, than any mouth could contain but a milliner's.

Unfortunately, however, in Mademoiselle's haste to speak, a pin and an exclamation, contending in her mouth, impeded her utterance, and put her in imminent danger of choking. They all looked frightened. "*Qu'avez vous donc!*" cried she, recovering herself with admirable dexterity. "*Qu'avez vous donc! Ce n'est rien! Ah, si vous aviez vu Mademoiselle Alexandre! Ah! dat would frighten you indeed! many de time I see her put one tirty, forty, fifty — ay, one hundred, two hundred — in her mouth, and she all de time laugh, talk, eat, drink, sleep wid dem, and no harm, nonobstant, never happen Mademoiselle Alexandre.*"

"And who is Mademoiselle Alexandre?" said Emma.

"*Eh, donc! fameuse marchande de modes — rue St. Honoré — rivale célèbre de Mademoiselle Baulara.*"

"Yes, I know!" said Lady Augusta, delighted to appear to know the names of two French milliners, without in the least suspecting that she had the honor to have a third for a governess.

Emma smiled, but was silent. She fortunately possessed a sound discriminating understanding; observing and judging for herself, it was not easy to impose upon her by names and grimaces.

It was remarkable that Mademoiselle Panache had never once attempted to alter anything in Emma's dress, and directed very little of her conversation to her; seeming to have an intuitive perception that she could make no impression; and Lady Augusta, too, treated her with less familiarity, but with far more respect.

"*Dear Helen,*" said Lady Augusta, for she seemed, to use her own expression, to have taken a great fancy to her — "*dear Helen, I hope you are to be at the ball at the races.*"

"I don't know," said Helen ; "I believe my mother intends to be there."

"*Et vous ?*" said Mademoiselle Panache, "you, to be sure, I hope ; — your mamma could not be so cruel as to leave you at home ! *une demoiselle faite comme vous !*"

Helen had been quite indifferent about going to the ball, till these words inspired her with a violent desire to go there, or rather with a violent dread of the misfortune and disgrace of being left "at home."

We shall, for fear of being tiresome, omit a long conversation which passed about the dress and necessary preparations for this ball. It is enough to say that Helen was struck with despair at the idea that her mother probably would not procure for her all the fine things which Lady Augusta had, and which Mademoiselle assured her were absolutely necessary to her being "presentable." In particular, her ambition was excited by a splendid watch-chain of her ladyship's, which Lady Augusta assured her "there was no possibility of *living* without."

Emma, however, reflecting that she had lived all her life without even wishing for a watch-chain, was inclined to doubt the accuracy of her ladyship's assertion.

In the mean time poor Helen fell into a profound and somewhat painful reverie. She stood with the watch-chain in her hand, ruminating upon the vast, infinite number of things she wanted, to complete her happiness — things of which she had never thought before. Indeed, during the short time she had been in the company of Mademoiselle Panache, a new world seemed to have opened to her imagination — new wants, new wishes, new notions of right and wrong, and a totally new idea of excellence and happiness had taken possession of her mind.

So much mischief may be done by a silly governess in a single quarter of an hour ! But we are yet to see

more of the genius of Mademoiselle Panache for education. It happened that, while the young ladies were busily talking together, she had got to the other end of the room, and was busily engaged at a looking-glass, receding and advancing by turns, to decide the exact distance at which rouge was liable to detection. Keeping her eye upon the mirror, she went backwards, and backwarder, till unluckily she chanced to set her foot upon Lady Augusta's favorite little dog, who instantly sent forth a piteous yell.

"O, my dog!—Oh! my dog!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, running to the dog, and taking it into her lap. *O, chère Fanfan!*—where is it hurt, my poor, dear, sweet, darling little creature?"

"*Chère Fanfan!*" cried Mademoiselle, kneeling down and kissing the offended paw, "*pardonnez, Fanfan!*"—and they continued caressing and pitying Fanfan, so as to give Helen a very exalted opinion of their sensibility, and to make her wiser sister doubt of its sincerity.

Longer would Fanfan have been deplored with all the pathos of feminine fondness, had not Mademoiselle suddenly shrieked and started up. "What's the matter? what's the matter?" cried they all at once. The affrighted governess pointed to her pupil's sash, exclaiming,—"*Regardez!—regardez!*" There was a moderate-sized spider upon the young lady's sash. "*La voilà! ah, la voilà!*" cried she, at an awful distance.

"It is only a spider," said Emma.

"A spider!" said Lady Augusta, and threw Fanfan from her lap as she rose; "where?—where?—on my sash!"

"I'll shake it off," said Helen.

"O, shake it, shake it!"—and she shook it herself, till the spider fell to the ground, who seemed to be almost as much frightened as Lady Augusta, and

was making his way as fast as possible from the field of battle.

"*Où est il ? où est il ? — Le vilain animal !*" cried Mademoiselle advancing ; "*ah ! que je l'écrase au moins,*" said she, having her foot prepared.

"Kill it ! — O Mademoiselle, don't kill it," said Emma, stooping down to save it ; I'll put it out of the window this instant."

"Ah ! how can you touch it ?" said Lady Augusta with disgust, while Emma carried it carefully in her hand, and Helen, whose humanity was still proof against Mademoiselle Panache, ran to open the window. Just as they had got the poor spider out of the reach of its enemies, a sudden gust of wind blew it back again ; it fell once more upon the floor.

"O, kill it ! — kill it, anybody ; for heaven's sake, *do* kill it !" Mademoiselle pressed forward, and crushed the animal to death.

"Is it dead ? — quite dead ?" said her pupil, approaching timidly.

"*Avancez !*" said her governess, laughing. "*Que craignez vous donc ? Elle est morte, je vous dis.*"

The young lady looked at the entrails of the spider, and was satisfied.

So much for a lesson on humanity.

It was some time before the effects of this scene were effaced from the minds of either of the sisters ; but at length a subject very interesting to Helen was started. Lady Augusta mentioned the little ebony box which had been put into the coach, and Miss Helen's very obliging note.

However, though she affected to be pleased, it was evident, by the haughty carelessness of her manner while she returned her thanks, that she was rather offended than obliged by the present.

Helen was surprised and mortified. The times, she perceived, were changed since the days of Aboulcasem.

"I am particularly distressed," said Lady Augusta, who often assumed the language of a woman, "I am particularly distressed to rob you of your pretty prints, especially as my uncle has just sent me down a set of Bartolozzi's from town."

"But I hope, Lady Augusta, you liked the little prints which are cut out. I think you said you wished for some such things to put on a work-basket."

"O, yes; I'm sure I'm exceedingly obliged to you for remembering that; I had quite forgotten it; but I found some beautiful vignettes the other day in our French books, and I shall set about copying them for my basket directly. I'll show them to you, if you please," said she, going to the bookcase. "Mademoiselle, do be so good as to reach for me those little books in the Morocco binding."

Mademoiselle got upon a stool and touched several books, one after another, for she could not translate "Morocco binding."

"Which did you mean? — *Dis — dis — dis, or dat?*" said she.

"No, no — none of those, Mademoiselle: not in that row. Look just above your hand in the second row from the top."

"Oh, no; not in dat row, I hope."

"Why not there?"

"O, *Miladi Augusta, vous sçavez bien — ce sont là les livres défendus* — I dare not touch one — *Vous le sçavez bien, Miladi, votre chère mère* —"

"*Miladi, votre chère mère!*" repeated the young lady, mimicking her governess; pooh, nonsense give me the books."

"*Eh non — absolument non — Croyez moi, Mademoiselle, de book is not good. Ce n'est pas comme il faut! it is not fit for young ladies — for nobody to read.*"

"How do you know that so well, Mademoiselle?"

"*N'importe*," said Mademoiselle, coloring: *N'importe — je le sçais. But not to talk of dat; you know I cannot disobey Miladi; de row of Romans she forbid to be touch, on no account, by nobody but herself in the house. You know dis, Mademoiselle Augusta. So, en conscience,*" said she descending from the stool —

"*En conscience!*" repeated Lady Augusta, with the impatient accent of one not used to be opposed, "I can't help admiring the tenderness of your conscience, Mademoiselle Panache. Now, would you believe it?" continued she, turning to Emma and Ellen, "now would you believe it? Mademoiselle has had the second volume of that very book under her pillow this fortnight; I caught her reading it one morning, and that was what made me so anxious to see it; or else ten to one I never should have thought of the book; so *en conscience!* Mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle colored furiously.

"*Mais vraiment, Miladi Augusta, vous me manquez en face!*"

The young lady made no reply, but sprang upon the stool, to reach the books for herself; and the governess, deeming it prudent not to endanger her authority by an ineffectual struggle for victory, thought proper to sound a timely retreat.

"*Allons, Mesdemoiselles,*" cried she, "*I fancy de tea wait by dis time, descendons;*" and she led the way. Emma instantly followed her.

"Stay a moment for me, Helen, my dear."

Helen hesitated.

"Then you won't take down the books?" said she.

"Nay, one moment; just let me show you the vignette."

"No, no — pray don't; Mademoiselle said you must not."

"Yes, she said I must not; but you see she went away, that I might; and so I will," said Lady Augusta,

jumping off the stool with the red books in her hand.
"Now, look here."

"O, no; I can't stay, indeed!" said Helen, pulling away her hand.

"La!" what a child you are," said Lady Augusta, laughing; "it's mamma shan't be angry with it, she shan't. La! what harm can there be in looking at a vignette?"

"Why, to be sure there can be no harm in looking at a vignette," said Helen, submitting from the same species of false shame which had conquered her understanding before, about the pistachio-color.

"Well, look!" said Lady Augusta, opening the book, "is n't this exceedingly pretty?"

"Exceedingly pretty," said Helen, scarce seeing it; "now shall we go down?"

"No, stay; as you think that pretty, I can show you a much prettier."

"Well, only *one* then."

But when she had seen that, Lady Augusta still said, "One other," and "one other," till she had gone through a volume and a half: Helen all the while alternately hesitating and yielding out of pure weakness and *mauvaise honte*.

The vignettes, in fact, were not extraordinarily beautiful; nor, if they had been, would she have taken the least pleasure in seeing them in such a surreptitious manner. She did not, however, see all the difficulties into which this first deviation from proper conduct would lead her. Alas! no one ever can!

Just when they were within three leaves of the end of the last volume, they heard voices upon the stairs. — "There's my mother! — They're coming! — What shall we do?" cried Lady Augusta; and though there could be "*no harm in looking at a print*," yet the color now forsook her cheek, and she stood the picture of guilt and cowardice. There was not time to

put the books up in their places. What was to be done?

"Put them into our pockets," said Lady Augusta.

"O, no, no! — I won't — I can't — what mean-ness!"

"But you must. I can't get them both into mine," said Lady Augusta, in great distress. "Dear, dear Helen, for my sake!"

Helen trembled, and let Lady Augusta put the book into her pocket.

"My dear," said Lady S——, opening the door just as this operation was effected, "we are come to see your room: will you let us in?"

"O! certainly, madam," said Lady Augusta, commanding a smile; but Helen's face was covered with so deep a crimson, and she betrayed such evident symptoms of embarrassment, that her mother, who came up with the rest of the company, could not help taking notice of it.

"Ar'n't you well, Helen, my dear?" said her mother.

Helen attempted to answer.

"Perhaps," said Lady Augusta, "it was the grapes after dinner which disagreed with you."

Helen refused the look of assent which was expected; and at this moment she felt the greatest contempt for Lady Augusta, and terror to see herself led on step by step in deceit.

"My love, indeed you don't look well," said Lady S——, in a tone of pity.

"*It must be de grapes,*" said Mademoiselle.

"No, indeed," said Helen, who felt inexpressible shame and anguish, "no, indeed, it is not the grapes;" turning away and looking up to her mother with tears in her eyes.

She was upon the point of producing the book before all the company; but Lady Augusta pressed her

arm, and she forbore, for she thought it would be dishonorable to betray her.

Mrs. Temple did not choose to question her daughter further at this time, and relieved her from confusion by turning to something else.

As they went downstairs to tea, Lady Augusta, with familiar fondness, took Helen's hand.

"You need not fear," said Helen, withdrawing her hand coldly; "I shall not betray you, Augusta."

"You 'll promise me that?"

"Yes," said Helen, with a feeling of contempt.

After tea, Lady Augusta was requested to sit down to the pianoforte, and favor the company with an Italian song. She sat down, and played and sung with the greatest ease and gaiety imaginable! while Helen, incapable of feeling, still more incapable of affecting gaiety, stood beside the harpsichord, her eyes bowed down with "*penetrative shame*."

"Why do you look so woe-begone?" said Lady Augusta, as she stooped for a music-book; "why don't you look as I do?"

"I can't," said Helen.

Her ladyship did not feel the force of this answer; for her own self-approbation could, it seems, be recovered at a very cheap rate: half a dozen strangers listening, with unmeaning smiles and encomiums, to her execution of one of Clementi's lessons, were sufficient to satisfy her ambition. Nor is this surprising, when all her education had tended to teach her that what are called accomplishments are superior to everything else. Her drawings were next to be produced and admired. The table was presently covered with fruit, flowers, landscapes, men's, women's, and children's heads; while Mademoiselle was suffered to stand holding a large portfolio, till she was ready to faint; nor was she, perhaps, the only person in company who was secretly tired of the exhibition.

These eternal exhibitions of accomplishments have, of late, become private nuisances. Let young women cultivate their tastes or their understandings in any manner that can afford them agreeable occupation, or, in one word, that can make them happy; if they are wise, they will early make it their object to be permanently happy, and not merely to be admired for a few hours of their existence.

All this time poor Helen could think of nothing but the book which she had been persuaded to secrete. It grew late in the evening, and Helen grew more and more uneasy at not having any opportunity of returning it. Lady Augusta was so busy talking and receiving compliments, that it was impossible to catch her eye.

At length Mrs. Temple's carriage was ordered; and now all the company were seated in form, and Helen saw, with the greatest distress, that she was further than ever from her purpose. She once had a mind to call her mother aside, and consult her; but that she could not do on account of her promise.

The carriage came to the door; and while Helen put on her cloak, Mademoiselle assisted her, so that she could not speak to Lady Augusta. At last, when she was taking leave of her, she said, "Will you let me give you the book?" and half drew it from her pocket.

"O, goodness! not now: I can't take it now."

"What shall I do with it?"

"Why take it home, and send it back directed to me — remember — by the first opportunity — when you have done with it."

"Done with it! — I have done with it. Indeed, Lady Augusta, you must let me give it you now."

"Come, Helen, we are waiting for you, my dear," said Mrs. Temple; and Helen was hurried into the carriage with the book still in her pocket. Thus was she brought from one difficulty into another.

Now she had promised her mother never to borrow any book without her knowledge ; and certainly she had not the slightest intention to forfeit her word, when she first was persuaded to look at the vignettes. "Oh," said she to herself, "where will all this end? What shall I do now? Why was I so weak as to stay to look at the prints? And why did I fancy I should like Lady Augusta before I knew anything of her? Oh, how much I wish I had never seen her!"

Occupied by these thoughts all the way they were going home, Helen, we may imagine, did not appear as cheerful, or as much at ease, as usual. Her mother and her sister were conversing very agreeably ; but if she had been asked when the carriage stopped, she could not have told a single syllable of what they had been saying.

Mrs. Temple perceived that something hung heavy upon her daughter's mind ; but, trusting to her long habits of candor and integrity, she was determined to leave her entirely at liberty ; she therefore wished her a good night, without inquiring into the cause of her melancholy.

Helen scarcely knew what it was to lie awake at night ; she generally slept soundly from the moment she went to bed till the morning, and then wakened as gay as a lark ; but now it was quite otherwise ; she lay awake, uneasy and restless ; her pillow was wet with her tears ; she turned from side to side, but in vain ; it was the longest night she ever remembered ; she wished a thousand times for morning ; but when the morning came, she got up with a very heavy heart ; all her usual occupations had lost their charms ; and what she felt the most painful was her mother's kind, open, unsuspicious manner. She had never, at least she had never for many years, broken her word ; she had long felt the pleasure of integrity, and knew how to estimate its loss.

"And for what," said Helen to herself, "have I forfeited this pleasure? — for nothing."

But, besides this, she was totally at a loss to know what step she was next to take ; nor could she consult the friends she had always been accustomed to apply to for advice. Two ideas of honor, two incompatible ideas, were struggling in her mind. She thought that she should not betray her companion, and she knew she ought not to deceive her mother. She was fully resolved never to open the book which she had in her pocket, but yet she was to keep it she knew not how long. Lady Augusta had desired her to send it home : but she did not see how this was to be accomplished, without having recourse to the secret assistance of servants, a species of meanness to which she had never stooped. She thought she saw herself involved in inextricable difficulties. She knew not what to do ; she laid her head down upon her arms and wept bitterly.

Her mother just then came into the room.

"Helen, my dear," said she, without taking any notice of her tears, here's a fan which one of the servants just brought out of the carriage ; I find it was left there by accident all night. The man tells me that Mademoiselle Panache put it into the front pocket, and said it was a present from Lady Augusta to Miss Helen." It was a splendid French fan.

"Oh," said Helen, "I can't take it ! I can't take any present from Lady Augusta. I wish —"

"You wish, perhaps," said Mrs. Temple, smiling, "that you had not begun the traffic of presents ; but since you have, it would not be handsome, it would not be proper, to refuse the fan."

"But, I must — I will refuse it !" said Helen. "Oh, mother ! you don't know how unhappy I am !" — She paused. "Did n't you see that something was the matter, madam, when you came up yesterday into Lady Augusta's room?"

"Yes," said her mother, "I did; but I did not choose to inquire the cause; I thought if you had wished I should know it, that you would have told it to me. You are now old enough, Helen, to be treated with confidence."

"No," said Helen, bursting into tears, "I am not — indeed I am not — I have — But, oh, mother! the worst of all is, that I don't know whether I should tell you anything about it or no — I ought not to betray anybody; ought I?"

"Certainly not; and as to me, the desire you now show to be sincere is enough; you are perfectly at liberty; if I can assist to advise you, my dear, I will; but I do not want to force any secret from you: do what you think right and honorable."

"But I have done what is very dishonorable," said Helen. "At least I may tell you all that concerns myself. I am afraid you will think I have broken my promise," said she, drawing the book from her pocket. "I have brought home this book." She paused, and seemed to wait for her mother's reproaches: but her mother was silent; she did not look angry, but surprised and sorry.

"Is this all you wished to say?"

"All that I can say," replied Helen. "Perhaps, if you heard the whole story, you might think me less to blame; but I cannot tell it to you. I hope you will not ask me any more."

"No," said her mother; "that I assure you I will not."

"And now, mother, will you — and you'll set my heart at ease again — will you tell me what I shall do with the book?"

"That I cannot possibly do. I cannot advise when I don't know the circumstances; I pity you, Helen, but I cannot help you; you must judge for yourself."

Helen, after some deliberation, resolved to write a

note to Lady Augusta, and to ask her mother to send it.

Her mother sent it without looking at the direction.

"O, mother! how good you are to me," said Helen. "And now, madam, what shall be my punishment?"

"It will be a very severe punishment, I'm afraid; but it is not in my power to help it: my confidence in you does not depend upon myself; it must always depend upon you."

"Oh! have I lost your confidence?"

"Not lost, but lessened it," said her mother. "I cannot possibly feel the same confidence in you now, that I did yesterday morning; I cannot feel the same dependence upon a person who has deceived me, as upon one who never had; could you?"

"No, certainly," said Helen, with a deep sigh.

"Oh!" said she to herself, "if Lady Augusta knew the pain she has cost me!—But I'm sure, however, she'll tell her mother all the affair, when she reads my note."

Helen's note contained much eloquence, and more simplicity; but as to the effect upon Lady Augusta, she calculated ill. No answer was returned but a few ostensible lines:—"Lady Augusta's compliments, and she was happy to hear Miss Helen T. was better, &c."—And, strange to tell! when they met about three weeks after at a ball in town, Lady Augusta did not think proper to take any notice of Helen or Emma. She looked as if she had never seen them before, and by a haughty stare, for girls can stare now almost as well as women, cancelled all her former expressions of friendship for her "dear Helen." It is to be observed, that she was now in company with two or three young ladies of higher rank, whom she thought more fashionable, and consequently more amiable.

Mrs. Temple was by no means sorry to find this intimacy between Lady Augusta and her daughter dissolved.

"I am sure the next time," said Helen, "I'll take care not to like a stranger merely for having a blue sash."

"But, indeed," said Emma, "I do think Mademoiselle Panache, from all I saw of her, is to blame for many of Lady Augusta's defects."

"For all of them, I'll answer for it," said Helen ; "I would not have a French governess for the world ; Lady S—— might well say they were a bad set of people."

"That was too general an expression, Helen," said Mrs. Temple ; "and it is neither wise nor just to judge of any set of people by an individual, whether that individual be good or bad. — All French governesses are not like Mademoiselle Panache."

Helen corrected her expression, and said, "Well, I mean, I would not for the world have such a governess as Mademoiselle Panache."

PART II.

THE tendency of any particular mode of education is not always perceived before it is too late to change the habits or the character of the pupil : to superficial observers children of nearly the same age often seem much alike in manners and disposition, who, in a few years afterward, appear in every respect strikingly different. We have given our readers some idea of the manner in which Mrs. Temple educated her daughters, and some notion of the mode in which Lady Augusta was managed by Mademoiselle Panache : the difference between the characters of Helen and Lady Augusta, though visible even at the early age of twelve or thirteen, to an intelligent mother, was scarcely noticed by common acquaintance, who contented themselves with the usual phrases, as equally applicable to both the young ladies : "Upon my word, Lady Augusta and Miss Helen Temple are both of them very fine girls, and very highly accomplished, and vastly well educated, as I understand. I really cannot tell which to prefer. Lady Augusta, to be sure, is rather the taller of the two, and her manners are certainly more womanly and fashioned than Miss Helen's ; but then, Miss Helen Temple has something of simplicity about her that some people think very engaging. For my part, I don't pretend to judge — girls alter so ; there's no telling, at twelve years old, what they may turn out at sixteen."

From twelve to sixteen, Lady Augusta continued under the direction of Mademoiselle Panache ; whilst her mother, content with her daughter's progress in external accomplishments, paid no attention to the

cultivation of her temper or her understanding. Lady S—— lived much in what is called the world ; was fond of company, and fonder of cards ; sentimentally anxious to be thought a good mother, but indolently willing to leave her daughter wholly to the care of a French governess, whose character she had never taken the trouble to investigate. Not that Lady S—— could be ignorant that, however well qualified to teach the true French pronunciation, she could not be a perfectly eligible companion for her daughter, as she grew up : her ladyship intended to part with the governess when Lady Augusta was fifteen ; but from day to day, and from year to year, this was put off : sometimes Lady S—— thought it a pity to dismiss Mademoiselle because — “ she was the best creature in the world ; ” sometimes she rested content with the idea that six months more or less could not signify ; till at length *family reasons* obliged her to postpone Mademoiselle's dismission ; part of the money intended for the payment of the governess's salary had been unfortunately lost by the mother at the card-table. Lady Augusta consequently continued under the auspices of Mademoiselle Panache till her ladyship was eighteen, and her education was supposed to be entirely completed.

In the mean time Mademoiselle Panache endeavored, by all the vulgar arts of flattery, to ingratiate herself with her pupil, in hopes that from a governess she might become a *companion*. The summer months seemed unusually long to the impatient young lady, whose imagination daily anticipated the glories of her next winter's campaign. Towards the end of July, however, a reinforcement of visitors came to her mother's, and the present began to engage some attention as well as the future. Amongst these visitors was Lord George ——, a young nobleman near twenty-one, who was heir to a very considerable fortune. We mention his fortune *first*, because it was his *first* merit, even in

his own opinion. Cold, silent, selfish, supercilious, and silly, there appeared nothing in him to engage the affections or to strike the fancy of a fair lady ; but Lady Augusta's fancy was not fixed upon his lordship's character or manners, and much that might have disgusted, consequently escaped her observation. Her mother had not considered the matter very attentively, but she thought that this young nobleman might be no bad match for her Augusta, and she trusted that her daughter's charms would make their due impression on his heart. Some weeks passed away in fashionable negligence of the lady on his part, and alternate pique and coquetry on hers ; whilst, during these operations, her confidante and governess was too much occupied with her own manœuvres to attend to those of her pupil. Lord George had with him upon this visit a Mr. Dashwood, who was engaged to accompany him upon his travels, and who had had the honor of being his lordship's tutor. At the name of a *tutor*, let no one picture to himself a gloomy pedant ; or yet a man whose knowledge, virtue, and benevolence would command the respect, or win the affections of youth. Mr. Dashwood could not be mistaken for a pedant, unless a coxcomb be a sort of pedant. Dashwood pretended neither to win affection, nor to command respect ; but he was, as his pupil emphatically swore, — “ the best fellow in the world.” Upon this best fellow in the world Mademoiselle Panache fixed her sagacious hopes ; she began to think that it would be infinitely better to be the wife of the gallant Mr. Dashwood, than the humble companion or the slighted governess of the capricious Lady Augusta. Having thus far opened the views and characters of these various personages, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging of them by their words and actions.

“ You go with us, my lord, to the archery-meeting this evening ? ” said Lady S——, as she rose from

breakfast. His lordship gave a negligent assent. "Ah!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Panache, turning eagerly to Dashwood, "have you seen *de uniforme* — *C'est charmant*; and I have no small hand in it."

Dashwood paid the expected compliment to her taste. "Ah! *non*," said she, "you are too good, too flattering; but you must tell me your judgment without flattery. *Vous êtes homme de goût*, though an Englishman: you see I have got no *préjugés*." Dashwood bowed. "*Allons!*" said she, starting up with vast gaiety, "we have got no time to lose. I have the *rubans* to put to de bow: I must go and attend my Diane."

"Attend her Diane!" repeated Dashwood, the moment the door was shut, and he was left alone with Lord George.

"Attend her Diane! a very proper attendant." Lord George was wholly indifferent to propriety or impropriety upon this, as upon all other subjects. "What are we to do with ourselves I wonder, this morning?" said he, with his customary yawn; and he walked towards the window. The labor of finding employment for his lordship always devolved upon his companion. "I thought, my lord," said Dashwood, "you talked yesterday of going upon the water; the river is very smooth, and I hope we shall have a fine day."

"I hope so too; but over the hill yonder it looks confounded black, eh? Well, at any rate we may go down, and make some of them get ready to go with us. I'll take my black Tom — he's a handy fellow."

"But if you take black Tom," said Dashwood, laughing, "we must not expect to have the ladies of our party; for you know Mademoiselle has an unconquerable *antipaty*, as she calls it, to a negro."

Lord George declared, that for this very reason he would order black Tom down to the water-side, and that he should enjoy her affectation, or her terror,

whichever it was, of all things. "I suppose," said he, "she'll scream as loud as Lady Augusta screamed at a frog the other day."

"I'll lay you a wager I spoil your sport, my lord. I'll lay you a guinea I get Mademoiselle into the boat without a single scream," said Dashwood.

"Done!" said Lord George. "Two to one she screams."

"Done!" said Dashwood; and he hoped that by proposing this bet he had provided his pupil with an object for the whole morning. But Lord George was not so easily roused immediately after breakfast. "It looks terribly like rain," said he, going back irresolutely, between the door and the window. "Do you think it will rain, hey?"

"No, no; I'm sure it will not rain."

"I would n't lay two to one of that, however; look at this great cloud that's coming."

"Oh! it will blow over."

"I don't know that," said Lord George, shaking his head with great solemnity. "Which way is the wind?" — opening the window — "Well, I believe it may hold up, hey?"

"Certainly; I think so."

"Then I'll call black Tom, hey? — though I think one grows tired of going upon the water," muttered his lordship, as he left the room. "Could n't one find something better?"

"Nothing better," thought Dashwood, "but to hang yourself, my lord, which I'll be bound you'll do before you are forty, for want of something better. But that's not my affair."

"Where's Mademoiselle?" cried Lady Augusta, entering hastily, with a bow and arrow in her hand; "I've lost my quiver: where's Mademoiselle?"

"Upon my word I don't know," said Dashwood, assuming an air of interest.

"You don't know, Mr. Dashwood!" said Lady Augusta, sarcastically; "that's rather extraordinary. I make it a rule, whenever I want Mademoiselle, to ask where you are, and I never found myself disappointed before."

"I am sorry, madam, you should ever be disappointed," said Dashwood, laughing. "Is this your ladyship's *own* taste?" added he, taking the painted bow out of her hand. "It's uncommonly pretty."

"Pretty or not, Lord George did not think it worth while to look at it last night. His lordship will go through the world mighty easily — don't you think so, Mr. Dashwood?" Dashwood attempted an apology for his pupil, but in such a sort, as if he did not mean it to be accepted, and then returning the bow to her ladyship's hand, paused, sighed, and observed, that upon the whole, it was happy for his lordship that he possessed so much *nonchalance*. "Persons of a different cast," continued he, "cannot, as your ladyship justly observes, expect to pass through life so easily." This speech was pronounced in a tone so different from Dashwood's usual careless gaiety, that Lady Augusta could not help being struck with it; and, by her vanity, it was interpreted precisely as the gentleman wished. Rank and fortune were her serious objects; but she had no objection to amusing herself with romance. The idea of seeing the gay, witty Mr. Dashwood metamorphosed by the power of her charms into a despairing, sighing swain, played upon her imagination, and she heard his first sigh with a look which plainly showed how well she understood its meaning.

"Why now, was there ever anything so provoking!" cried Lord George, swinging himself into the room.

"What's the matter, my lord?" said Dashwood.

"Why, don't you see, it's raining as hard as it can rain!" replied his lordship, with the true pathos of a man whose happiness is dependent upon the weather.

His scheme of going upon the water being now impracticable, he lounged about the room all the rest of the morning, supporting that miserable kind of existence which idle lords, as well as gentlemen, are doomed to support, they know not how, upon a rainy day. Neither Lady Augusta nor her mother, in calculating the advantages and disadvantages of an alliance with his lordship, ever once considered his habits of listless idleness as any objection in a companion for life.

After dinner the day cleared up — the ladies were dressed in their archery uniforms — the carriages came to the door, and Lord George was happy in the prospect of driving his new phaeton. Dashwood handed the ladies to their coach; for his lordship was too much engaged in confabulation with his groom on the merits of his off leader to pay attention to anything else upon earth.

His phaeton was presently out of sight, for he gloried in driving as fast as possible; and to reward his exertions, he had the satisfaction of hearing two strangers, as he passed them, say — “Ha! upon my word, those horses go well!” A postilion at a turnpike-gate, moreover, exclaimed to a farmer who stood with his mouth wide open — “There goes Lord George! he cuts as fine a figure on the road as e’er a man in England.” Such was the style of praise of which this young nobleman was silly enough to be vain.

“I’ve been *in* these three quarters of an hour!” cried he, exulting, when Lady S—— got out of her coach.

“There has been no shooting yet though, I hope?” said Lady Augusta.

“No, no, ma’am,” replied Dashwood; “but the ladies are all upon the green — a crowd of fair competitors; but I’d bet a thousand pounds upon your ladyship’s arrows. Make way there — make way,” cried the man of gallantry, in an imperious tone, to

some poor people who crowded round the carriage; and talking and laughing loud, he pushed forward, making as much bustle in seating the ladies as they could have wished. Being seated, they began to bow and nod to their acquaintance. "There's Mrs. Temple and her daughters," said Lady S——.

"Where, ma'am?" said Lady Augusta, "I'm sure I did not expect to meet them here. Where are they?"

"Just opposite to us. Pray, Mr. Dashwood, who is that gentleman in brown who is talking to Miss Helen Temple?"

"Upon my word I don't know, madam. He bowed just now to Lord George."

"Did he?" said Lady Augusta. "I wonder who he is."

Lord George soon satisfied her curiosity, for coming up to them, he said, negligently — "Dashwood, there's young Mountague yonder."

"Ha! is that young Mountague? Well, is his father dead? What has he done with that old quiz?"

"Ask him yourself," said Lord George, sullenly. "I asked him just now, and he looked as black as November."

"He is so fond of his father; it's quite a bore," said Dashwood. "I think he'll be a *quiz* himself in due time."

"No," said Lord George, "he knows better than that too, in some things. He has a monstrous fine horse with him here; and that's a good pretty girl that he's going to marry."

"Is he going to be married to Miss Helen Temple?" said Lady S——. "Who is he, pray? I hope a suitable match?"

"That I can't tell, for I don't know what she *has*," replied Lord George — "But Mountague can afford to do as he pleases — very good family — fine fortune?"

"Yes ; old quiz has made an excellent nurse to his estate," observed Dashwood ; " he owes him some gratitude for that."

"Is not he very young, to settle in the world?" said Lady S——.

"Young ; yes — only a year older than I am," said Lord George : "but I knew he'd never be quiet till he got himself *noosed*."

"I suppose he'll be at the ball to-night," said Lady Augusta, "and then we shall see something of him, perhaps. It's an age since we've seen the Misses Temple anywhere. I wonder whether there's anything more than report, my lord, in this conquest of Miss Helen Temple's? Had you the thing from good authority?"

"Authority !" said Lord George ; "I don't recollect my authority, faith : — somebody said so to me, I think. It's nothing to me at any rate." Lady Augusta's curiosity, however, was not quite so easily satisfied as his lordship's ; she was resolved to study Mr. Mountague thoroughly at the ball ; and her habitual disposition to coquetry, joined to a dislike of poor Helen, which originated whilst they were children, made her form a strong desire to rival Helen in the admiration of this young gentleman of — "very good family, and fine fortune." Her ladyship was just falling into a reverie upon this subject, when she was summoned to join the archeresses.

The prize was a silver arrow. The ladies were impatient to begin — the green was cleared. Some of the spectators took their seats on benches under the trees, whilst a party of gentlemen stood by to supply the ladies with arrows. Three ladies shot, but widely from the mark ; a fourth tried her skill, but no applause ensued ; the fifth came forward, a striking figure, elegantly dressed, who, after a prelude of very becoming diffidence, drew her bow, and took aim in the most graceful attitude imaginable.

"Who is that beautiful creature?" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm; and, as the arrow flew from the bow, he started up, wishing it success. "The nearest by six inches that has been shot yet," cried Dashwood. "Here, sir! here!" said he to Mr. Mountague, who went up to examine the target. "This is Lady Augusta S——'s arrow, within the second circle, almost put out the bull's eye!" The clamor of applause at length subsiding, several other arrows were shot; but none came near to Lady Augusta's and the prize was unanimously acknowledged to be hers.

The silver arrow was placed on high over the mark, and several gentlemen tried to reach it in vain. Mr. Mountague sprang from the ground with great activity, brought down the arrow, and presented it with an air of gallantry to the fair victor.

"My dear Helen," said Emma to her sister, in a low voice, "you are not well?"

"I?" replied Helen, turning quickly; "why, can you think me so mean as to —?"

"Hush, hush! you don't consider how loud you are speaking."

"Am I?" said Helen, alarmed, and lowering her tone: "but then, why did you say I was not well?"

"Because you looked so pale."

"Pale? I'm sure I don't look pale," said Helen, — "do I?"

"Not now, indeed," said Emma, smiling.

"Was not it an excellent shot?" said Mr. Mountague, returning to them; "but you are not near enough to see it; do come and look at it." Mrs. Temple rose and followed him. "I can't say," continued he, "that I particularly admire lady archeresses; but this really is a surprising shot." "It really is a surprising shot," said Helen, looking at it quite at ease. But a moment afterward she observed that Mr. Mountague's eyes were not intent upon the *surprising shot*,

but were eagerly turned to another side of the green, where, illuminated by the rays of the setting sun, stood a beautiful figure, playing with a silver arrow, totally unconscious, as he imagined, either of her own charms or his admiration. "Are you acquainted with Lady Augusta?" said Mr. Mountague.

"Yes," said Mrs. Temple. "Are you?"

"Not yet; but I am very well acquainted with her mother. I have met her often in town—a silly card-playing woman. I hope her daughter is as little like her in her mind as in her person." Here Mr. Mountague paused, for they had walked up quite close to the seemingly unconscious beauty. "Oh, Mrs. Temple!" said she, starting, and then recovering herself, with an innocent smile,— "is it you? I beg ten thousand pardons;" and, offering a hand to Helen and Emma, seemed delighted to see them. Helen involuntarily drew back her hand with as much coldness as she could, without being absolutely rude.

It was now late in the evening, and as the ball was to begin at ten, the ladies called for their carriages, that they might drive to their lodgings in an adjacent town, to change their dress. In the crowd, Helen happened to be pretty close behind Lady S——, so close, that she could not avoid hearing her conversation.

"Dear ma'am," an elderly lady in black was saying to her. "I can assure you your ladyship has been misinformed; I assure you it is no such thing. He's a relation of the family's; he has paid a long visit in this country, but then it is a parting visit to his uncle: he sets out immediately for Italy, I'm told. I assure you, your ladyship has been misinformed: he and his uncle are often at Mrs. Temple's, but, depend upon it, he has no thoughts of Miss Helen."

These words struck Helen to the heart; she walked on, leaning upon her sister's arm, who fortunately happened to know where she was going. Emma helped

her sister to recollect that it was necessary to get into the carriage when the step was let down. The carriage presently stopped with them at the inn, and they were shown to their rooms. Helen sat down the moment she got upstairs, without thinking of dressing ; and her mother's hair was half finished when she turned round and said, — "Why, Helen, my dear, you certainly will not be ready."

"Shan't I, ma'am," said Helen, starting up. "Is there any occasion that we should dress any more?"

"Nay, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, laughing, "look in the glass at your hair, it has been blown all over your face by the wind."

"It is a great deal of useless trouble," said Helen, as she began the duties of the toilet.

"Why, Helen, this is a sudden fit of laziness," said her mother.

"No, indeed, mamma, I'm not lazy ; but I really don't think it signifies. Nobody will take notice how I am dressed, I dare say."

"A sudden fit of humility, then," said Mrs. Temple, still laughing.

"No, ma'am ; but you have often told us how little it signifies. When the ball is over, everything about it is forgotten in a few hours."

"Oh, a sudden fit of philosophy, Helen?"

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen, sighing, "I'm sure I don't pretend to any philosophy."

"Well, then, a sudden fit of caprice, Helen?"

"No, indeed, ma'am."

"No, indeed, ma'am," said Mrs. Temple, still rallying her. "Why, Helen, my dear, you have answered, 'No, indeed, ma'am,' to everything I've said this half-hour."

"No, indeed, mother," said Helen ; "but I assure you ma'am," continued she, in a hurried manner, "if you would only give me leave to explain —"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Temple, "this is no time for explanations ; make haste and dress yourself, and follow me down to tea." Mr. Mountague was engaged to drink tea with Mrs. Temple.

How many reflections sometimes pass rapidly in the mind in the course of a few minutes !

"I am weak, ridiculous, and unjust," said Helen to herself. "Because Lady Augusta won a silver arrow, am I vexed? Why should I be displeased with Mr. Mountague's admiring her? I will appear no more like a fool ; and heaven forbid I should ever become envious."

As this last thought took possession of her mind, she finished dressing herself, and went with Emma down to tea. The well wrought-up dignity with which Helen entered the parlor, was however thrown away upon this occasion ; for opposite to her mother at the tea-table, there appeared, instead of Mr. Mountague, only an empty chair, and an empty tea-cup and saucer, with a spoon in it. He was gone to the ball, and when Mrs. Temple and her daughters arrived there, they found him at the bottom of a country dance, talking in high spirits to his partner, Lady Augusta —, who, in the course of the evening, cast many looks of triumph upon Helen. But Helen kept to her resolution of commanding her own mind, and maintained an easy serenity of manner, which the consciousness of superior temper never fails to bestow. Towards the end of the night she danced one dance with Mr. Mountague, and, as he was leading her to her place, Augusta and two or three of her companions came up, all seemingly stifling a laugh. "What is the matter?" said Helen. "Why, my dear creature," said Lady Augusta, who still apparently labored under a violent inclination to laugh, and whispering to Helen, but so loud that she could distinctly be overheard, "you must certainly be in love."

"Madam!" said Helen, coloring and much distressed.

"Yes, you certainly must," pursued Lady Augusta; rudely; for ladies of quality can be as rude, sometimes ruder, than other people. "Must not she, Lady Di?" appealing to one of her companions, and laughing affectedly; "must not she be either in love or out of her senses? Pray, Miss Temple, put out your foot." Helen put out her foot.

"Ay, that's the black one; well, the other." Now the other was white. The ill-bred raillery recommenced; Helen, though somewhat abashed, smiled with great good humor, and walked on towards her seat. "What is the matter, my dear?" said her mother.

"Nothing, madam," answered Mr. Mountague, "but that Miss Helen Temple's shoes are odd, and her temper even." These few words, which might pass in a ball-room, were accompanied with a look of approbation which made her ample amends for the pain she had felt. He then sat down by Mrs. Temple, and, without immediately adverting to any one, spoke with indignation of coquetry, and lamented that so many beautiful girls should be spoiled by affectation.

"If they be spoiled, should they bear all the blame?" said Mrs. Temple. "If young women were not deceived into a belief that affectation pleases, they would scarcely trouble themselves to practise it so much."

"Deceived!" said Mr. Mountague, "but is anybody deceived by a person's saying, 'I have the honor to be, madam, your obedient humble servant?' Besides, as to pleasing, what do we mean?—pleasing for a moment, for a day, or for life?"

"Pleasing for a moment," said Helen, smiling, "is of some consequence: for if we take care of the moments, the years will take care of themselves, you know."

"Pleasing for *one* moment though," said Mr. Mountague, "is very different, as you must perceive, from pleasing *every* moment."

Here the country dance suddenly stopped, and three or four couple were thrown into confusion. The gentlemen were stooping down, as if looking for something on the floor. "Oh, I beg, I insist upon it—you can't think how much you distress me!" cried a voice which sounded like Lady Augusta's. Mr. Mountague immediately went to see what was the matter. "It is only my bracelet," said she, turning to him. "Don't, pray don't trouble yourself," cried she, as he stooped to assist in collecting the scattered pearls, which she received with grace in the whitest hand imaginable. "Nay, now I must insist upon it," said she to Mr. Mountague, as he stooped again; "you shall not plague yourself any longer." And, in her anxiety, to prevent him from plaguing himself any longer, she laid upon his arm the white hand which he had an instant before so much admired. Whether all Mr. Mountague's sober contempt of coquetry was at this moment the prevalent feeling in his mind, we cannot presume to determine; we must only remark, that the remainder of the evening was devoted to Lady Augusta: he sat beside her at supper, and paid her a thousand compliments, which Helen in vain endeavored to persuade herself meant nothing more than—"I am, madam, your obedient humble servant."

"It is half after two," said Mrs. Temple, when she rose to go. "Half after two," said Mr. Mountague, as he handed Mrs. Temple to her carriage. "Bless me! can it be so late?"

All the way home Emma and Mrs. Temple were obliged to support the conversation; for Helen was so extremely entertained with watching the clouds passing over the moon that nothing else could engage her attention.

The gossiping old lady's information respecting Mr. Mountague, was as accurate as the information of gossips usually is found to be. Mr. Mountague, notwithstanding her opinion and sagacity, *had thoughts of Miss Helen Temple*. During some months which he had spent at his uncle's, who lived very near Mrs. Temple, he had had opportunities of studying Helen's character and temper, which he found perfectly well suited to his own : but he had never yet declared his attachment to her. Things were in this undecided situation, when he saw and was struck with the beauty of Lady Augusta — at this archery ball. Lord George — introduced him to Lady S——, and in consequence of a pressing invitation he received from her ladyship, he went to spend a few days at S—— hall.

"So Mr. Mountague is going to spend a week at S—— hall I find," said Mrs. Temple, as she and her daughters were sitting at work, the morning after the archery ball. To this simple observation of Mrs. Temple's, a silence, which seemed as if it never would be broken, ensued.

"Helen, my dear," said Mrs. Temple, in a soft voice. "Ma'am !" said Helen, starting. "You need not start so, my dear, I am not going to say anything very tremendous. When you and your sister were children, if you remember, I often used to tell you that I looked forward with pleasure to the time when I should live with you as friends and equals. That time is come, and I hope now that your own reason is sufficiently matured to be the guide of your conduct, that you do not think I any longer desire you to be governed by my *will*. Indeed," continued she, "I consider you as my equals in every respect but in *age*, and I wish to make that inequality useful to you, by giving you, as far as I can, that advantage which only *age* can give — experience."

"You are *very* kind, dear mother," said Helen.

"But you must be sensible," said Mrs. Temple, in a graver tone, "that it will depend upon yourselves in a great measure whether I *can* be so much your friend as I should wish."

"Oh, mother," said Helen, "*be* my friend! I shall never have a better; and, indeed, I want a friend," added she, the tears starting from her eyes. "You'll think me very silly, very vain. He never gave me any reason, I'm sure, to think so; but I did fancy that Mr. Mountague liked me."

"And," said Mrs. Temple, taking her daughter's hand, "without being very silly or very vain, may not one sometimes be mistaken? Then you thought you had won Mr. Mountague's heart? But what did you think about your own? Take care you don't make another mistake" — smiling. "Perhaps you thought he could never win yours?"

"I never thought much about that," replied Helen, "till yesterday."

"And to-day?" said Mrs. Temple; "what do you think about it to-day?"

"Why," said Helen, "don't you think, mother, that Mr. Mountague has a great many good qualities?"

"Yes; a great many good qualities, a great many advantages, and amongst them the power of pleasing you."

"He would not think *that* any advantage," said Helen, "therefore I should be sorry that he had it."

"And so should I," said Mrs. Temple, "be very sorry that my daughter's happiness should be out of her own power."

"It is the uncertainty that torments me," resumed Helen, after a pause. "One moment I fancy that he prefers *me*; the next moment I am certain he prefers another. Yesterday, when we were coming away from the green, I heard Mrs. Hargrave say to Lady S——.

But why, mother, should I take up your time with these minute circumstances? I ought not to think any more about it."

"Ought not," repeated Mrs. Temple; "my dear, it is a matter of prudence, rather than duty. By speaking to your mother with so much openness, you secure her esteem and affection; and amongst the goods of this life, you will find the esteem and affection of a mother worth having," concluded Mrs. Temple, with a smile; and Helen parted from her mother with a feeling of gratitude, which may securely be expected from an ingenuous well-educated daughter, who is treated with similar kindness.

No one was ready for breakfast the morning that Mr. Mountague arrived at S—— hall, and he spent an hour alone in the breakfast-room. At length the silence was interrupted by a shrill female voice, which, as it approached nearer, he perceived to be the voice of a foreigner, half suffocated with ineffectual desire to make her anger intelligible. He could only distinguish the words — "I ring, ring, ring — ay, twenty time — and nobody mind my bell nor me, no more dan noting at all." With a violent push the breakfast-room door flew open, and Mademoiselle Panache, little expecting to find anybody there, entered, volubly repeating — "Dey let me ring, ring, ring!" Surprised at the sight of a gentleman, and a young gentleman, she repented having been so loud in her anger. However, upon the second reconnoitring glance at Mr. Mountague, she felt much in doubt how to behave towards him. Mademoiselle boasted often of the well-bred instinct by which she could instantly distinguish — "*un homme comme il faut*" from any other; yet sometimes, like Falstaff's, her instinct was fallacious. Recollecting that Lady S—— had sent for an apothecary, she took it into her head that Mr. Mountague was this apothecary. "Miladi is not visible yet, sir," said she; "does she know you are here?"

"I hope not, ma'am, for I should be very sorry she were to be disturbed after sitting up so late last night."

"Oh, dat will do her no harm, for I gave her, *par-donnez*, some excellent white wine whey out of my own head last night, when she got into her bed. I hope you don't make no objection to white wine whey, sir?"

"I! not in the least, ma'am."

"Oh, I'm glad you don't disapprove of what I've done! You attend many family in this country, sir?"

"Madam!" said Mr. Mountague, taking an instant's time to consider what she could mean by *attend*.

"You *visit* many family in this country, sir?" persisted Mademoiselle.

"Very few, ma'am; I am a stranger in this part of the world, except at Mrs. Temple's."

"Madame Temple, ah, *oui*, I know her very well; she has two fine daughters — I mean when dey have seen more of the world. It's a great pity too, dey have never had de advantage of a native to teach dem de good prononciation *de la langue Française*. Madame Temple will repent herself of dat when it is too late, as I tell her always. But, sir, you have been at her house? I am sorry we did not hear none of de family had been indisposed."

"They are all now perfectly well," ma'am, replied Mr. Mountague, "except indeed, that Mrs. Temple had a slight cold last week."

"But she is re-establish by your *advise*, I suppose — and she, did she recommend you to miladi?"

"No, madam," said Mr. Mountague, not a little puzzled by Mademoiselle's phraseology; "Lord George — did me the honor to introduce me to Lady S——."

"Ah, milord George! are you a long time acquainted wid milord?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have known Lord George many years."

"Ah, many year ! you be de family physician, *'appa-remment ?*"

"The family physician ! Oh, no, ma'am !" said Mr. Mountague, smiling.

"Eh !" said Mademoiselle, "but dat is being too modest. Many take *de titre* of physician, I'll engage, wid less pretensions. And," added she, looking graciously, "*absolument*, I will not have you call yourself de family *apothicaire*."

At this moment Lord George came in and shook his family apothecary by the hand with an air of familiarity which astounded Mademoiselle. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est ?*" whispered she to Dashwood, who followed his lordship. "Is not dis his *apothicaire ?*" Dashwood, at this question, burst into a loud laugh. "Mr. Mountague," cried he, "have you been prescribing for Mademoiselle ? she asks if you are not an apothecary."

Immediately Lord George, who was fond of a joke, especially where there was a chance of throwing ridicule upon anybody superior to him in abilities, joined most heartily in Dashwood's mirth ; repeating the story as "an excellent thing," to every one as they came down to breakfast ; especially to Lady Augusta, whom he congratulated the moment she entered the room, upon her having danced the preceding evening with an apothecary. "Here he is !" said he, pointing to Mr. Mountague. "*Ma chère amie ! mon cœur !* tink of my mistaking your Mr. Mountague for such a sort of person. If you had only told me, sir, dat you were Miladi Augusta's partner last night, it would saved me de necessity of making ten million apologies for my stupidity, dat could not find it out. *Ma chère amie ! mon cœur !* Miladi Augusta, will you make my excuse ?"

"*Ma chère amie ! mon cœur !*" repeated Mr. Mountague to himself ; "is it possible that this woman can be an intimate friend of Lady Augusta's ?" What was his surprise when he discovered that Mademoiselle Panache

had been her Ladyship's governess ! He fell into a melancholy reverie for some moments. "So she has been educated by a vulgar, silly, conceited French governess," said he to himself ; "but that is her misfortune, not her fault. She is very young, and a man of sense might make her what he pleased." When Mr. Mountague recovered from his reverie, he heard the company, as they seated themselves at the breakfast-table, begin to talk over the last night's ball. "You did not tire yourself last night with dancing, my lord," said Dashwood.

"No ; I hate dancing," replied Lord George ; "I wish the ladies would take to dancing with one another ; I think that would be an excellent scheme." An aunt of his lordship's, who was present, took great offence at this suggestion of her nephew's. She had been used to the deference paid in former times to the sex : and she said she could not bear to see women give up their proper places in society. "Really, George," added she, turning to her nephew, "I wish you would not talk in this manner. The young men now give themselves the strangest airs. Lady S——, I will expose him : do you know, last night he was lolling at his full length upon a bench in the ball-room, while three young handsome ladies were standing opposite to him tired to death."

"They could not be more tired than I was, I am sure, ma'am."

"Why, you had not been dancing, and they had."

"Had they, ma'am ? that was not my fault. I did not ask 'em to dance, and I don't see it was my business to ask 'em to sit down. I did not know who they were, at any rate," concluded his lordship, sullenly.

"You knew they were women, and as such entitled to your respect."

Lord George gave a sneering smile, looked at Dashwood, and pulled up his boot.

"Another thing: you were in the house three weeks with Miss Earl last summer: you met her yesterday evening, and you thought proper not to take the least notice of her."

"Miss Earl, ma'am, was she there?"

"Yes; close to you, and you never even bowed to her."

"I did not see her ma'am."

"Mrs. Earl spoke to you."

"I did n't hear her, ma'am."

"I told you of it at the moment."

"I did n't understand you, ma'am."

"Besides, ma'am," interposed Dashwood, "as to Miss Earl, if she meant that my lord should bow to her, she should have curtsied first to him."

"Curtsied first to him!"

"Yes; that's the rule — that's the thing now. The ladies are always to speak first."

"I have nothing more to say, if that be the case. Lady Augusta, what say you to all this?"

"Oh, that it's shocking, to be sure," said Lady Augusta, "if one thinks of it; so the only way is not to think about it."

"An excellent *bon mot*!" exclaimed Dashwood. "It's *thinking* that spoils conversation, and everything else."

"But," added Lady Augusta, who observed that her *bon mot* was not as much admired by all the company as by Dashwood, "I really only mean that one must do as other people do."

"*Assurément*," said Mademoiselle; "not dat I approve of de want of gallantry in our gentlemen, neider; but I tink Mademoiselle Earl is as stiff as de poker; and I don't approve of dat neider. *Je n'aime pas les prudes, moi*."

"But without prudery may not there be dignity of manners?" said the old lady, gravely.

"*Dignité!* Oh, I don't say nothing against *dignité* neider; not but I tink de English reserve is *de trop*. I tink a lady of a certain rank has always good *principes* enough, to be sure; and as to de rest, *qu'importe?* dat's, my notions."

Mr. Mountague looked with anxiety at Lady Augusta, to see what she thought of her governess's notions; but all that he could judge from her countenance was, that she did not think at all. "Well, she has time enough before her to learn to think," said he to himself. "I am glad she did not assent to Mademoiselle's *notions*, at least. I hope she has learned nothing from her but '*the true French pronunciation.*'"

No sooner was breakfast finished, than Lord George — gave his customary morning yawn, and walked as usual to the window. "Come," said Dashwood, in his free manner, "come, Mademoiselle, you must come down with us to the water-side, and Lady Augusta, I hope."

"Ay," whispered Lord George to Dashwood, "and let's settle our wager about Mademoiselle and my blackamore; don't think I'll let you off that."

"Off! I'm ready to double the bet, my lord," said Dashwood aloud, and in the same moment turned to Mademoiselle with some high-flown compliment about the beauty of her complexion, and the dangers of going without a veil on a hot sunny day.

"Well, Mr. Dashwood, when you've persuaded Mademoiselle to take the veil, we'll set out if you please," said Lady Augusta.

Mr. Mountague, who kept his attention continually upon Lady Augusta, was delighted to see that she waited for the elderly lady who at breakfast had said so much in favor of dignity of manners. Mr. Mountague did not at this moment consider that this elderly lady was Lord George's aunt, and that the attention paid to her by Lady Augusta might possibly proceed from

motives of policy, not from choice. Young men of open tempers and generous dispositions are easily deceived by coquettes, because they cannot stoop to invent the meanness of their artifices. As Mr. Mountague walked down to the river, Lady Augusta contrived to entertain him so completely that Helen Temple never once came into his mind ; though he had sense enough to perceive his danger, he had not sufficient *courage* to avoid it : it sometimes requires courage to flee from danger. From this agreeable *tête-à-tête* he was roused, however, by the voice of Mademoiselle Panache, who, in an affected agony was struggling to get away from Dashwood, who held both her hands.

"No ! no ! *Non ! non !* I will not — I will not ; I tell you I will not."

"Nay, nay," said Dashwood ; "but I have sworn to get you into the boat."

"Ah ! into de boat *à la bonne heure* ; but not wid dat villain black."

"Well, then, persuade Lord George to send back his man : and you'll acknowledge, my lord, in that case it's a drawn bet ?" said Dashwood.

"I ! not I ; I'll acknowledge nothing," replied his lordship ; and he swore his black Tom should not be sent away. "He's a capital boatman, and I can't do without him."

"Den I won't stir," said Mademoiselle passionately to Dashwood.

"Then I must carry you, must I ?" cried Dashwood, laughing ; and immediately, to Mr. Mountague's amazement, a romping scene ensued between this tutor and governess, which ended in Dashwood's carrying Mademoiselle in his arms into the boat, amidst the secret derision of two footmen and the undisguised laughter of black Tom, who were spectators of the scene.

Mr. Mountague trembled at the thoughts of receiving a wife from the hands of a Mademoiselle Panache ; but

turning his eye upon Lady Augusta, he thought she blushed ; and this blush at once saved her in his opinion, and increased his indignation against her governess. Mademoiselle, being now alarmed, and provoked by the laughter of the servants, the dry sarcastic manner of Lord George, the cool air of Mr. Mountague, and the downcast looks of her pupil, suddenly turned to Dashwood, and in a high angry tone assured him "that she had never seen nobody have so much assurance ;" and she demanded furiously, "how he could ever tink to take such liberties wid her? Only tell me how you could dare to tink of it?"

"I confess I did not *think* as I ought to have done, Mademoiselle," replied Dashwood, looking an apology to Lady Augusta, which, however, he took great care Mademoiselle should not observe. "But your bet, my lord, if you please," added he, attempting to turn it off in a joke ; "there was no scream ; my bet 's fairly won."

"I assure you, sir, dis won't do ; it 's no good joke, I promise you, *ma chère amie, mon cœur*," cried Mademoiselle to Lady Augusta. "*Viens*, come let us go. Don't touch dat," pursued she roughly to black Tom, who was going to draw away the plank that led to the shore. "I will go home dis minute, and speak to Miladi S——. *Viens, viens, ma chère amie!*" and she darted out of the boat, whilst Dashwood followed, in vain attempting to stop her. She prudently, however, took the longest way through the park, that she might have a full opportunity of *listening to reason*, as Dashwood called it ; and before she reached home she was perfectly convinced of the expediency of moderate measures. "Let the thing rest where it is," said Dashwood ; "it 's a joke, and there 's an end of it ; but if you take it in earnest, you know the story might not tell so well, even if you told it ; and there would never be an end of it." All this, followed by a profusion of

compliments, ratified a peace, which, the moment he had made, he laughed at himself for having taken so much trouble to effect; whilst Mademoiselle rested in the blessed persuasion that Dashwood was desperately in love with her; nay, so little knowledge had she of the human heart, as to believe that the scene which had just passed was a proof of his passion.

"I wonder where 's Miladi Auguste: I tought she was wid me all dis time," said she.

"She 's coming, don't you see her at the end of the grove with Mr. Mountague? we have walked fast."

"Oh, she can't never walk so fast as me; I tink I am as young as she is."

Dashwood assented, at the same time pondering upon the consequences of the attachment which he saw rising in Mr. Mountague's mind for Lady Augusta. If a man of sense were to gain an influence over her, Dashwood feared that all his hopes would be destroyed, and he resolved to use all his power over Mademoiselle to prejudice her, and by her means to prejudice her pupil against this gentleman. Mademoiselle's having begun by taking him for an *apothicaire*, was a circumstance much in favor of Dashwood's views, because she felt herself pledged to justify, or at least to persist in her opinion, that he did not look like "*un homme comme il faut*."

In the meantime Mr. Mountague was walking slowly towards them with Lady Augusta, who found it necessary to walk as slowly as possible because of the heat. He had been reflecting very soberly upon her ladyship's late blush, which, according to his interpretation, said, as plainly as a blush could say, all that the most refined sense and delicacy could dictate. Yet such is, upon some occasions, the inconsistency of the human mind, that he by no means felt *sure* that the lady had blushed at all. Her color was, perhaps, a shade higher than usual, but then it was hot weather, and she had been

walking. The doubt, however, Mr. Mountague thought proper to suppress ; and the reality of the blush once thoroughly established in his imagination, formed the foundation of several ingenious theories of moral sentiment, and some truly logical deductions. A passionate admirer of grace and beauty, he could not help wishing that he might find Lady Augusta's temper and understanding equal to her personal accomplishments. When we are very anxious to discover perfections in any character, we generally succeed, or fancy that we succeed. Mr. Mountague quickly discovered many amiable and interesting qualities in this fair lady ; and though he perceived some defects, he excused them to himself with most philosophic ingenuity.

"Affectation," the judicious Locke observes, "has always the laudable aim of pleasing ;" upon this principle Mr. Mountague could not reasonably think of it with severity. "From the desire of pleasing," argued he, "proceeds not only all that is amiable, but much of what is most estimable in the female sex. This desire leads to affectation and coquetry, to folly and vice only when it is extended to unworthy objects. The moment a woman's wish to please becomes discriminative, the moment she feels any attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, she not only ceases to be a coquette, but she exerts herself to excel in everything that he approves, and from her versatility of manners, she has the happy power of adapting herself to his taste, and of becoming all that his most sanguine wishes could desire." The proofs of this discriminative taste, and the first symptoms of this salutary attachment to a man superior to the vulgar herd, Mr. Mountague thought he discerned very plainly in Lady Augusta, nor did he ever forget that she was but eighteen. "She is so very young," said he to himself, "that it is but reasonable I should constantly consider what she may become, rather than what she is." To do him justice, we should

observe, that her ladyship at this time, with all the address of which so young a lady was capable, did everything in her power to confirm Mr. Mountague in his favorable sentiments of her.

Waiting for some circumstance to decide his mind, he was at length determined by the generous enthusiasm, amiable simplicity, and candid good sense, which Lady Augusta showed in speaking of a favorite friend of hers, of whom he could not approve. This friend, Lady Diana, was one of the rude ladies who had laughed with so much ill-nature at Helen's white and black shoes at the archery ball. She was a dashing, rich, extravagant, fashionable widow, affecting bold horsemanlike manners, too often "touching the brink of all we hate," without exciting any passions allied to love. Her look was almost an oath; her language was suitable to her looks; she swore, and dressed to the height of the fashion; she could drive four horses in hand; was a desperate huntress; and so loud in the praises of her dogs and horses, that she intimidated even sportsmen and jockeys. She talked so much of her favorite horse Spanker, that she acquired, amongst a particular set of gentlemen, the appellation of my Lady Di Spanker. Lady Augusta perceived that the soft affectations remarkable in her own manners were in agreeable contrast in the company of this masculine dame: she therefore cultivated her acquaintance, and Lady S—— could make no objection to a woman who was well received everywhere; she was rather flattered to see her daughter taken notice of by this dashing belle; consequently Lady Di Spanker (for by that name we also shall call her) frequently rode over from Cheltenham, which was some miles distant from S—— hall. One morning she called upon Lady Augusta, and insisted upon her coming out to try her favorite horse. All the gentlemen went down immediately to assist in putting her ladyship on horseback; this was quite unnecessary, for Lady

Diana took that office upon herself. Lady Augusta was all timidity, and was played off to great advantage by the rough raillery of her friend. At length she conquered her fears so much, as to seat herself upon the side-saddle : her riding-mistress gathered up the reins for her, and fixed them properly in her timid hands ; then armed her with her whip, exhorting her "for God's sake not to be such a coward !" Scarcely was the word *coward* pronounced, when Lady Augusta, by some unguarded motion of her whip, gave offence to her high-mettled steed, who instantly began to rear : there was no danger, for Mr. Mountague caught hold of the reins, and Lady Augusta was dismounted in perfect safety. "How now, Spanker !" exclaimed Lady Di, in a voice calculated to strike terror into the nerves of a horse ; "How now, Spanker !" and mounting him with masculine boldness of gesture, "I'll teach you, sir, who's your mistress," continued she ; "I'll make you pay for these tricks !" Spanker reared again, and Lady Di gave him what she called "a complete dressing !" In vain Lady Augusta screamed ; in vain the spectators entreated the angry Amazon to spare the whip ; she persisted in beating Spanker, till she fairly mastered him. When he was perfectly subdued, she dismounted with the same carelessness with which she had mounted, and giving the horse to her groom, pushed back her hat, and looked round for applause. Lord George, roused to a degree of admiration which he had never before been heard to express for anything female, swore, that in all his life he had never seen anything better done ; and Lady Di Spanker received his congratulations with a loud laugh and a hearty shake of the hand. "Walk him about, Jack," added she, turning to the groom who held her horse ; "walk him about, for he's all in a lather, and when he's cool bring him up here again. And then, my dear child," said she to Lady Augusta, "you shall give him a fair trial."

"I! Oh! never, never!" cried Lady Augusta, shrinking back with a faint shriek; "this is a trial to which you must not put my friendship. I must insist upon leaving Spanker to your management: I would not venture upon him again for the universe."

"How can you talk so like a child;—so like a woman?" cried her friend.

"I confess, I am a very woman," said Lady Augusta, with a sigh; "and I fear I shall never be otherwise."

"*Fear!*" repeated Mr. Mountague, to whom even the affectation of feminine softness and timidity appeared at this instant charming, from the contrast with the masculine intrepidity and disgusting coarseness of Lady Diana Spanker's manners. The tone in which he pronounced the single word *fear*, was sufficient to betray his feelings towards both the ladies. Lady Di gave him a look of sovereign contempt. "All I know and can tell you," cried she, "is, that *fear* should never get a-horseback." Lord George burst into one of his loud laughs. "But as to the rest, *fear* may be a confounded good thing in its proper place; but they say it's catching, so I must run away from you, child," said she to Lady Augusta. "Jack, bring up Spanker. I've twenty miles to ride before dinner. I've no time to lose [pulling out her watch]—faith I've fooled away an hour here—Spanker must make it up for me. God bless ye all!—Good bye!" and she mounted her horse, and galloped off full speed. "God bless ye! Good bye to ye, Lady Di Spanker," cried Dashwood, the moment she was out of hearing: "Heaven preserve us from Amazons!" Lord George did not say, *Amen*. On the contrary, he declared she was a fine, dashing woman, and seemed to have a great deal of blood about her. Mr. Mountague watched Lady Augusta's countenance in silence, and was much pleased to observe that she did not assent to his lordship's encomiums. "She has good sense enough to perceive the

faults of her new friend ; and now her eyes are open, she will no longer make a favorite companion, I hope, of this odious woman," thought he. "I am afraid, I am sadly afraid you are right," said Lady Augusta, going up to the elderly lady, whom we formerly mentioned, who had seen all that had passed from the open windows of the drawing-room. "I own I *do* see something of what you told me the other day you disliked so much in my friend Lady Di ;" and Lady Augusta gave the candid sigh of expiring friendship as she uttered these words.

"Do you know," cried Dashwood, "that this spanking horsewoman has frightened us all out of our senses? I vow to heaven I never was so terrified in my life as when I saw you, Lady Augusta, upon that vicious animal."

"To be sure," said Lady Augusta, "it was very silly of me to venture ; I almost broke my neck out of *pure friendship*."

"It is well it is no worse," said the elderly lady ; "if a fall from a horse was the worst evil to be expected from a friendship with a woman of this sort it would be nothing very terrible."

Lady Augusta, with an appearance of ingenuous candor, sighed again, and replied. "It is so difficult to see any imperfections in those one loves ! Forgive me, if I spoke with too much warmth, madam, the other day, in vindication of my friend. I own I ought to have paid more deference to your judgment and knowledge of the world so much superior to my own ! but certainly, I must confess, the impropriety of her Amazonian manners, as Mr. Dashwood calls them, never struck my partial eyes till this morning. Nor could I, nor would I, believe half the world said of her ; indeed, even now, I am persuaded she is, in the main, quite irreproachable ; but I feel the truth of what you said to me, madam, that young women can-

not be too careful in the choice of their female friends ; that we are judged of by our companions : how unfairly one must be judged of sometimes ! ” concluded her ladyship, with a look of pensive reflection.

Mr. Mountague never thought her half so beautiful as at this instant. “ How *mind* embellishes beauty ! ” thought he. “ And what quality of the mind more amiable than candor ! All that was wanting to her character was reflection, and could one expect so much reflection as this from a girl of eighteen, who has been educated by a Mademoiselle Panache ! ” Our readers will observe, that this gentleman now reasoned like a madman, but not like a fool : his deductions from the appearances before him were admirable ; but these appearances were false. He had not observed that Lady Augusta’s eyes were opened to the defects of her Amazonian friend in the very moment that Lord George — was roused to admiration by this horseman belle. Mr. Mountague did not perceive that the candid reflections addressed to his lordship’s aunt were the immediate consequence of female jealousy.

The next morning, at breakfast, Lord George was summoned three times before he made his appearance ; at length he burst in with a piece of news he had just heard from his groom, — “ that Lady Di Spanker, in riding home full-gallop the preceding day, had been thrown from her horse by an old woman. Faith I could n’t believe the thing,” added Lord George, with a loud laugh ; “ for she certainly sits a horse better than any woman in England ; but my groom had the whole story from the grand-daughter of the old woman who was run over.”

“ Run over ! ” exclaimed Lady Augusta, “ was the poor woman run over ? Was she hurt ? ”

“ Hurt ; yes, she was hurt, I fancy,” said Lord George, “ I never heard of anybody’s being run over

without being hurt. The girl has a petition that will come up to us just now, I suppose. I saw her in the back yard as I came in."

"Oh! let us see the poor child," said Lady Augusta; "do let us have her called to this window." The window opened down to the ground, and as soon as the little girl appeared with the petition in her hand, Lady Augusta threw open the sash, and received it from her timid hand with a smile, which to Mr. Mountague seemed expressive of sweet and graceful benevolence. Lady Augusta read the petition with much feeling, and her lover thought her voice never before sounded so melodious. She wrote her name eagerly at the head of a subscription. The money she gave was rather more than the occasion required; but, thought Mr. Mountague, —

"If the generous spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go,
Those errors are of nobler kind
Than virtues of a narrow mind."¹

By a series of petty artifices, Lady Augusta contrived to make herself appear most engaging and amiable to this artless young man; but the moment of success was to her the moment of danger. She was little aware that when a man of sense began to think seriously of her as a wife, he would require very different qualities from those which please in public assemblies. Her Ladyship fell into a mistake not uncommon in her sex; she thought that "love blinds when once he wounds the swain."² Coquettes have sometimes penetration sufficient to see what will please their different admirers; but even those who have that versatility of manners which can be all things to all men, forget that it is possible to support an assumed character only for a time; the moment the immediate motive for dissimulation diminishes, the power of habit acts, and the real disposition and manners appear.

¹ Soame Jenyns.

² Collins's Eclogues.

When Lady Augusta thought herself sure of her captive, and consequently when the power of habit was beginning to act with all its wonted force, she was walking out with him in a shrubbery near the house ; and Mademoiselle, with Mr. Dashwood, who generally was the gallant partner of her walks accompanied them. Mademoiselle stopped to gather some fine carnations ; near the carnations was a rose-tree, of which the buds had been pulled off early in the spring, and which flowered therefore later than usual. Mr. Mountague, as three of these roses, one of them in full blow, one half blown, and another a pretty bud, caught his eye, recollected a passage in Berkeley's romance of "*Gaudentio di Lucca*,"¹ "Did you ever happen to meet with '*Gaudentio di Lucca*?' do you recollect the story of Berilla, Lady Augusta?" said he.

"No ; I have never heard of Berilla, — what is the story?" said she.

"I wish I had the book," said Mr. Mountague ; "I cannot do it justice, but I will borrow it for you from Miss H. Temple. I lent it to her some time ago ; I dare say she has finished reading it."

At these words Lady Augusta's desire to have "*Gaudentio di Lucca*" suddenly increased ; and she expressed vast curiosity to know the story of Berilla.

"And pray what put you in mind of this book just now?" said she.

"These roses. In Berkeley's '*Utopia*,' which he calls *Mezzorania* (every philosopher, you know, Mr. Dashwood, must have a '*Utopia*,' under whatever name he pleases to call it) in *Mezzorania*, Lady Augusta, gentlemen did not, as amongst us, make declarations of love by artificial words, but by natural flowers. The lover, in the beginning of his attachment declared it to his mistress by the offer of an opening bud ; if she felt favorably inclined towards him, she accepted, and

¹ *Gaudentio di Lucca*, p. 202.

wore the bud. When time had increased his affection — for in Mezzorania, it is supposed that time increases affection for those that deserve it, — the lover presented a half-blown flower ; and after this also was graciously accepted, he came, we may suppose, not very long afterward with a full-blown flower, the emblem of mature affection. The ladies who accepted these full-blown flowers, and wore them, were looked upon amongst the simple Mezzoraniens as engaged for life ; nor did the gentlemen, when they offered their flowers, make one single protestation or vow of eternal love, yet they were believed, and deserved, it is said, to be so."

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est ? Qu'est-ce que c'est ?*" repeated Mademoiselle several times to Dashwood, whilst Mr. Mountague was speaking ; she did not understand English sufficiently to comprehend him, and Dashwood was obliged to make the thing intelligible to her in French. Whilst he was occupied with her, Mr. Mountague gathered three roses, a bud, a half-blown, and a full-blown rose, and playfully presented them to Lady Augusta for her choice. "I'm dying to see this '*Gaudentio di Lucca* ;' you'll get the book for me tomorrow from Miss Helen Temple, will you?" said Lady Augusta, as she, with a coquettish smile, took the rosebud and put it into her bosom.

"*Bon !*" cried Mademoiselle, stooping to pick up the full-blown rose, which Mr. Mountague threw away carelessly ; "*Bon !* but it is great pity dis should be thrown away."

"It is not thrown away upon Mademoiselle Panache !" said Dashwood.

"Dat may be," said Mademoiselle ; "but I observe, wid all your fine compliment, you let me stoop to pick it up for myself — *à l'Anglaise !*"

"*A la Française*, then," said Dashwood, laughing, "permit me to put it into your nosegay."

"Dat is more dan you deserve," replied Mademoiselle. "*Eh! non, non.* I can accommodate it, I tell you, to my own taste best." She settled and resettled the flower; but suddenly she stopped, uttered a piercing shriek, plucked the full-blown rose from her bosom, and threw it upon the ground with a theatrical look of horror. A black earwig now appeared creeping out of the rose: he was running away, but Mademoiselle pursued, set her foot upon him, and crushed him to death. "Oh! I hope to heaven, Mr. Mountague, there are none of these vile creatures in the bud you've given me!" exclaimed Lady Augusta. She looked at her bud as she spoke, and espied upon one of the leaves a small green caterpillar; with a look scarcely less theatrical than Mademoiselle's, she tore off the leaf and flung it from her; then, from habitual imitation of her governess, she set her foot upon the harmless caterpillar, and crushed it in a moment.

In the same moment Lady Augusta's whole person seemed metamorphosed to the eyes of her lover. She ceased to be beautiful; he seemed to see her countenance distorted by malevolence; he saw in her gestures disgusting cruelty; and all the graces vanished.

When Lady Augusta was a girl of twelve years old, she saw Mademoiselle Panache crush a spider to death without emotion; the lesson on humanity was not lost upon her. From imitation she learned her governess's foolish terror of insects; and from example, she was also taught that species of cruelty by which at eighteen she disgusted a man of humanity, who was in love with her. Mr. Mountague said not one word upon the occasion. They walked on. A few minutes after the caterpillar had been crushed, Lady Augusta exclaimed — "Why, Mademoiselle, what have you done with Fanfan! I thought my dog was with us; for Heaven's sake, where is he?"

"He is run, he is run on," replied Mademoiselle.

"Oh, he 'll be lost ! he ran down the avenue, quite out upon the turnpike road. I am sure I was frightened to death when Mr. Dashwood told me of it. Fanfan ! Fanfan !"

"Don't alarm, don't distress yourself," cried Dashwood ; "if your ladyship will permit me, I 'll seek for Fanfan instantly, and bring her back to you, if she is to be found in the universe."

"O Lord ! don't trouble yourself, I only spoke to Mademoiselle, who regularly loses Fanfan when she takes him out with her." Dashwood set out in search of the dog ; and Lady Augusta, overcome with affectation, professed herself unable to walk one yard farther, and sank down upon a seat under a tree in a very graceful, languid attitude. Mr. Mountague stood silent beside her. Mademoiselle went on with a voluble defence of her conduct towards Fanfan, which lasted till Dashwood re-appeared, hurrying towards them with the dog in his arms — "*Ah, le voilà ! chère Fanfan !*" exclaimed Mademoiselle.

"I am sure I really am excessively obliged to Mr. Dashwood, I must say," cried Lady Augusta, looking reproachfully at Mr. Mountague. "I observe Mr. Mountague is vastly too polite to believe in vulgar proverbs," said she, looking down upon her rosebud, and pulling a leaf from it ; "he expects also that I should have no faith in them either. Love me, love my dog, you know, is a shocking vulgar proverb, is not it?"

Mr. Mountague was saved from the difficulty of reply by Dashwood's near approach, who with panting, breathless eagerness announced a terrible misfortune, that Fanfan had got a thorn, or something in his fore-foot. Lady Augusta received Fanfan upon her lap with expressions of the most tender condolence ; and Dashwood knelt down at her feet to sympathize in her

sorrow and to examine the dog's paws. Mademoiselle produced a needle to extract the thorn.

"I wish we had a magnifying-glass," said Dashwood, looking with strained solicitude at the wound. "Oh, you insensible monster! positively you shan't touch Fanfan," cried Lady Augusta, guarding her lapdog from Mr. Mountague, who stooped now, for the first time, to see what was the matter. "Don't touch him, I say; I would not trust him to you for the universe; I know you hate lapdogs. You 'll kill him, you 'll kill him."

"I kill him! Oh no," said Mr. Mountague, "I would not even kill a caterpillar."

Lady Augusta colored at these words; but she recovered herself when Dashwood laughed, and asked Mr. Mountague how long it was since he had turned Bramin; and how long since he had professed to like caterpillars and earwigs.

"*Bon Dieu!* — earwig!" interrupted Mademoiselle, "is it possible that monsieur, or anybody dat has sense, can like *dose* earwig?"

"I do not remember," answered Mr. Mountague, calmly, "ever to have professed any *liking* for earwigs."

"Well, *pity*, — you profess pity for them," said Mr. Dashwood; "and pity, you know, is 'akin to love.' Pray, did your ladyship ever hear of the man who had a pet toad?"¹

"Oh, the odious wretch!" cried Lady Augusta, affectedly; "but how could the man bring himself to like a toad?"

"He began by *pitying* him, I suppose," said Dashwood. "For my part, I own, I must consider that man to be in a most enviable situation whose heart is sufficiently at ease to sympathize with the insect creation."

¹ *Vide* Smellie's Natural Hist. vol. II.

"Or with the brute creation?" said Mr. Mountague, smiling, and looking at Fanfan, whose paw Dashwood was at this instant nursing with infinite tenderness. "Oh, gentlemen, let us have no more of this, for Heaven's sake!" said Lady Augusta, interposing with affected anxiety, as if she imagined a quarrel would ensue. "Poor dear Fanfan, you would not have anybody quarrel about you, would you, Fanfan?" She rose as she spoke, and delivering the dog to Dashwood to be carried home, she walked towards the house, with an air of marked displeasure towards Mr. Mountague.

Her ladyship's displeasure did not affect him as she expected. Her image, her gesture, stamping upon the caterpillar, recurred to her lover's mind many times in the course of the evening, and in the silence of the night, and whenever the idea of her came into his mind, it was attended with this picture of active cruelty.

"Has your ladyship," said Mr. Mountague, addressing himself to Lady S——, "any commands for Mrs. Temple? I am going to ride over to see her this morning."

Lady S—— said that she would trouble him with a card for Mrs. Temple—a card of invitation for the ensuing week. "And pray don't forget my kindest remembrances," cried Lady Augusta, especially to Miss Helen Temple; and if she should have entirely finished the book we were talking of, I should be glad to see it."

When Mr. Mountague arrived at Mrs. Temple's, he was shown into the usual sitting-room; the servant told him that none of the ladies were at home, but that they would soon return, he believed, from their walk, as they were gone only to a cottage at about half a mile's distance.

The room in which he had passed so many agree-

able hours awakened in his mind a number of dormant associations. Work, books, drawing, writing! he saw everything had been going forward just as usual in his absence. "All the domestic occupations," thought he, "which make *home* delightful, are here; I see nothing of these at S—— hall." Upon the table, near a neat workbasket, which he knew to be Helen's, lay an open book; it was "*Gaudentio di Lucca*." Mr. Mountague recollected the bud he had given to Lady Augusta, and he began to whistle—but not for want of thought. A music-book on the desk of the piano-forte caught his eye; it was open at a favorite lesson of his, which he remembered to have heard Helen play the last evening he was in her company. Helen was no great proficient in music, but she played agreeably enough to please her friends, and she was not ambitious of exhibiting her accomplishments. Lady Augusta, on the contrary, seemed never to consider her accomplishments as occupations, but as the means of attracting admiration. To interrupt the comparison which Mr. Mountague was beginning to enter into between her ladyship and Helen, he thought the best thing he could do was, to walk to meet Mrs. Temple; wisely considering that putting the body in motion sometimes stops the current of the mind. He had at least observed that his schoolfellow Lord George—— seemed to find this a specific against thought; and for once he was willing to imitate his lordship's example, and to hurry about from place to place without being in a hurry. He rang the bell, inquired in haste which way the ladies were gone, and walked after them like a man who had the business of the nation upon his hands; yet he slackened his pace when he came near the cottage where he knew that he was to meet Mrs. Temple and her daughters. When he entered the cottage, the first object that he saw was Helen, sitting by the side of a decrepit old woman, who was resting

her head upon a crutch, and who seemed to be in pain; this was the poor woman who had been run over by Lady Di Spanker. A farmer, who lived near Mrs. Temple, and who was coming homewards at the time the accident happened, had the humanity to carry the wretched woman to this cottage, which was occupied by one of Mrs. Temple's tenants. As soon as the news reached Mrs. Temple, she sent for a surgeon, and went with her daughters to give that species of consolation which the rich and happy can so well bestow upon the poor and miserable—the consolation not of gold but of sympathy. Without benevolent sympathy, the mind of the sufferer is wounded even by charity.

There was no affectation, no ostentation of sensibility, Mr. Mountague observed, in this cottage scene; the ease and simplicity of Helen's manner never appeared to him more amiable. He recollected Lady Augusta's picturesque attitude when she was speaking to this old woman's granddaughter; but there was something in what he now beheld that gave him more the idea of nature and reality; he heard, he saw, that much had actually been *done* to relieve distress, and done when there were no spectators to applaud or admire. Slight circumstances show whether the mind be intent upon self or not. An awkward servant-girl brushed by Helen whilst she was speaking to the old woman, and with a great black kettle, which she was going to set upon the fire, blackened Helen's white dress in a manner which no lady intent upon her personal appearance could have borne with patience. Mr. Mountague saw the black streaks before Helen perceived them, and when the maid was reproved for her carelessness, Helen's good-natured smile assured her "that there was no great harm done."

When they returned home, Mr. Mountague found that Helen conversed with him with all her own in-

genuous freedom ; but there was something more of softness and dignity, and less of sprightliness, than formerly in her manner. Even this happened to be agreeable to him, for it was in contrast with the constant appearance of effort and artificial brilliancy conspicuous in the manners of Lady Augusta ; he felt a sort of relief, like what the eye feels, which, after having been over excited and fatigued by strong light or gaudy colors, rests upon refreshing green. The constant round of cards and company, the noise and bustle at S—— hall, made it more like town than country life, and he had often observed that in the intervals between dressing and visiting and gallantry, his *belle maitresse* was frequently subject to languor and *ennui*. He recollected that in the many domestic hours he had spent at Mrs. Temple's, he had never beheld this French demon, who makes the votaries of dissipation and idleness his victims. What advantages has a man, in judging of female character, who can see a woman in the midst of her own family ; “who can read her history” in the eyes of those who know her most intimately ; who can see her conduct as a daughter and a sister, and in the most important relations of life can form a certain judgment from what she has been, of what she is likely to be ! But how can a man judge what sort of wife he may probably expect in a lady whom he meets with only at public places, or whom he never sees even at her own house without all the advantages or disadvantages of *stage decoration* ? A man who marries a showy entertaining coquette and expects that she will make him a charming companion for life, commits as absurd a blunder as that of the famous nobleman, who, delighted with the wit and humor of Punch at a puppet-show, bought Punch, and ordered him to be sent home for his private amusement.

Whether all or any of these reflections occurred to

Mr. Mountague during his morning visit at Mrs. Temple's, we cannot pretend to say, but his silence and absence seemed to show that his thoughts were busily engaged. Never did Helen appear to him so amiable as she did this morning, when the dignity, delicacy, and simplicity of her manners were contrasted in his imagination with the caprice and coquetry of his new mistress. He felt a secret idea that he was beloved, and a sober certainty that Helen had a heart capable of sincere and permanent affection, joined to a cultivated understanding and reasonable principles, which would wear through life, and insure happiness with power superior to the magic of passion.

It was with some difficulty that he asked Helen for "Gaudenzio di Lucca," and with yet greater difficulty that he took leave of her. As he was riding towards S—— hall, "revolving in his altered mind the various turns of fate below," he was suddenly roused from his meditations by the sight of a phaeton overturned in the middle of the road, another phaeton-and-four empty, and a group of people gathered near a bank by the road-side. Mr. Mountague rode up as fast as possible to the scene of action: the overturned phaeton was Lord George's; the other, Lady Di Spanker's; the group of people was composed of several servants, Lord George, Lady Di, and Mademoiselle, all surrounding a fainting fair one, who was no other than Lady Augusta herself. Lord George was shaking his own arms, legs, and head, to make himself sure of their safety. Lady Di eagerly told the whole story to Mr. Mountague, that Lord George had been running races with her, and by his confounded bad driving had overturned himself and Lady Augusta. "Poor thing, she's not hurt at all, luckily; but she's terrified to death as usual, and she has been going from one fainting fit to another."

"*Bon Dieu!*" interrupted Mademoiselle, "but what

will Miladi S—— say to us: I wish Miladi Augusta would come to her senses."

Lady Augusta opened her beautiful eyes, and just came sufficiently to her senses to observe who was looking at her; she put aside Mademoiselle's smelling-bottle, and in a soft voice begged to have her own salts. Mademoiselle felt in one of her ladyship's pockets for the salts in vain; Lady Di plunged her hand into the other pocket, and pulled out in the first place a book, which she threw upon the bank, and then came out the salts. In due time the lady was happily restored to the full use of her senses, and was put into her mother's coach, which had been sent for to convey her home. The carriages drove away, and Mr. Mountague was just mounting his horse, when he saw the book which had been pulled out of Lady Augusta's pocket, and which by mistake was left where it had been thrown upon the grass. What was his astonishment when, upon opening it, he saw one of the very worst books in the French language — a book which never could have been found in the possession of any woman of delicacy, of decency. Her lover stood for some minutes in silent amazement, disgust, and, we may add, terror.

These feelings had by no means subsided in his mind when, upon his entering the drawing-room at S—— hall he was accosted by Mademoiselle Panache, who, with no small degree of alarm in her countenance, inquired whether he knew anything of the book which had been left upon the road. No one was in the room but the governess and her pupil: Mr. Mountague produced the book, and Lady Augusta received it with a deep blush.

"Put a good face upon the matter, at least," whispered her governess, in French.

"I can assure you," said her ladyship, "I don't know what's in this book; I never opened it: I got it this

morning at the circulating-library at Cheltenham : I put it into my pocket in a hurry — pray what is it ?”

“ If you have not opened it,” said Mr. Mountague, laying his hand upon the book, “ I may hope that you never will ; but this is the *second* volume.

“ Maybe so,” said Lady Augusta ; “ I suppose in my hurry I mistook — ”

“ She never had the first I can promise you,” cried Mademoiselle.

“ Never,” said Lady Augusta. The assertions had not the power to convince ; they were pronounced with much vehemence, but not with the simplicity of truth. Mr. Mountague was determined to have the point cleared up, and he immediately offered to ride back to Cheltenham, and return the second volume. At this proposal, Lady Augusta, who foresaw that her falsehood would be detected, turned pale ; but Mademoiselle, with a laugh of effrontery, which she thought was putting a good face upon the matter, exclaimed — “ What a piece of work and *tintamarre* for nothing ; will de house come down over our head for having dis book in it ? — what occasion to ride and lose your dinner at dis time of day for noting ? ”

“ Is it *nothing*,” said Mr. Mountague, “ to make myself sure of a fact, upon which — ”

“ Eh ! what kind of a husband den will you make, I want to know,” interrupted Mademoiselle, “ when you begin in dis way wid your facts, and your suspicions. Can you be so little of a gentleman,” added she in a tone of raillery, “ to question de word and truth of a fair lady ? ”

“ I did not question it, that I recollect,” replied Mr. Mountague, “ I wished to put it out of my own power to — ‘doubt, yet doat, suspect, yet fondly love.’ All confidence, all reasonable confidence, is surely founded upon the experience we have had ; and a man who lays this foundation solidly in his own mind, does not

appear to me to be in danger of becoming a suspicious husband."

Mademoiselle, who now saw that he was positively determined upon his ride to the circulating-library, and who knew the consequences, stopped him as he moved towards the door.

"Eh, listen to me: you may spare yourself de trouble of your ride," said she, "for de truth is, I have de first volume. *Mon Dieu!* I have not committed murder: do not look so shock — what signify what I read at my age?"

"But, Lady Augusta, your pupil!" said Mr. Mountague.

"I tell you she has never read one word of it; and after all, is she a child now? When she was, Miladi S—— was very particular, and I of consequence and of course, in de choice of her books; but now, *oder affaire* — she is at liberty; and my maxim is — *Tout est sain aux sains.*"

Mr. Mountague's indignation was now strongly raised against this odious governess, and he looked upon her pupil with an eye of compassion. "So early, so young, tainted by the pernicious maxims of a worthless woman!"

"Eh, *donc*, what signify? — your silence and your salts," cried Mademoiselle, turning to her.

"If I *could* be spared this scene at present," said Lady Augusta, faintly, — "I really am not well. We had better talk over this business some other time, Mr. Mountague:" to this he acceded, and the lady gained more by her salts and silence than her governess did by her garrulous effrontery.

When she talked over the business with Mr. Mountague, she threw all the blame upon Mademoiselle, and she appeared extremely shocked and alarmed at the idea that she had lessened herself by her *folly*, as she called it, in the esteem of a man of superior sense

and taste. It was perhaps possible that at this moment of her life her character might have taken a new turn — that she might really have been awakened to higher views and nobler sentiments than any she had ever yet known; but the baleful influence of her constant attendant and conductress prevailed against her *better self*. Mademoiselle continually represented to her that she did not know or exert the whole of her power over Mr. Mountague, and she excited her to caprice and coquetry. The fate of trifling characters is generally decided by trifles. We must beg leave to relate the important history of a turban.

Mademoiselle Panache, who piqued herself much upon her skill as a milliner, made up a certain turban for Lady Augusta, which Dashwood admired extremely, but which Mr. Mountague had the misfortune not to think perfectly beautiful. Vexed that he should dare to differ from her in taste, Lady Augusta could not rest without endeavoring to make him give up his opinion. He thought that it was not worth while to dispute about a trifle, and though he could not absolutely say that it was pretty, he condescended so far as to allow that it might perhaps be pretty if it were put on differently.

"This is the way I always wear it, — everybody wears it so, and I shall not alter it," said Lady Augusta, who was quite out of temper.

Mr. Mountague looked grave; the want of temper was an evil which he dreaded beyond measure in a companion for life. Smiles and dimples usually adorned Lady Augusta's face, but these were artificial smiles. Now, passions which one should scarcely imagine such a trifle could excite, darkened her brow, and entirely altered the air of her whole person, so as to make it absolutely disagreeable to her admirer. Lord George, who was standing by, and who felt delighted with such scenes, winked at Dashwood, and with more energy

than he usually expressed upon any subject, now pronounced that in his humble opinion the turban was quite the thing, and could not be better put on. Lady Augusta turned a triumphant insulting eye upon Mr. Mountague ; he was silent. His silence she took as a token of submission : in fact, it was an expression of contempt. The next day, at dinner, her ladyship appeared in the same turban, put on sedulously in the same manner. Lord George seated himself beside her, and as she observed that he paid her unusual attention, she fancied that at length his icy heart would thaw. Always more intent upon making nets than upon making cages, Lady Augusta bent her mind upon captivating a new admirer. Mr. Mountague she saw was displeased, but she now really felt and showed herself indifferent to his opinion. How variable, how wretched, is the life of a coquette ! The next day Lord George's heart froze again as hard as ever, and Lady Augusta lightened upon the impassive ice in vain. She was mortified beyond measure, for her grand object was conquest. Mr. Mountague she had taken pains to attract, that she might triumph over poor Helen ; Dashwood, though far beneath her ladyship in fortune and in station, she deemed worth winning as a man of wit and gallantry. Lord George, to be sure, had little wit and less gallantry ; but he was Lord George — and that is saying enough. In short, Lady Augusta exacted tribute to her vanity without any discrimination, and she counted her treasures by number and not by weight. A man of sense is mortified to see himself confounded with the stupid and the worthless.

Mr. Mountague, after having loved like a madman, felt it not in the least incumbent upon him to love like a fool. He had imprudently declared himself an admirer of Lady Augusta's, but he now resolved never to unite himself to her without some reasonable prospect of happiness. Every day some petty cause of

disagreement arose between them, whilst Mademoiselle, by her silly and impertinent interference, made matters worse. Mademoiselle had early expressed her strong abhorrence of prudes—her pupil seemed to have caught the same abhorrence. She saw that Mr. Moutague was alarmed by her spirit of coquetry, yet still it continued in full force. For instance, she would, in spite of his remonstrances, continually go out with Lord George in his phaeton, though she declared every time he handed her in, “that she was certain he would break her neck.” She would receive verses from Dashwood, and keep them embalmed in her pocket-book, though she allowed that she thought them “sad stuff.”

However, in these verses, something more was meant than met the ear. He began with addressing a poem to her ladyship, called “The Turban,” which her silly mother extolled with eagerness, and seemed to think by no means inferior to the “Rape of the Lock.” Lady Augusta wrote a few lines in answer to the “Turban ;” reply produced reply, nonsense nonsense, till Dashwood now and then forgot his poetical character. Lady Augusta forgave it ; he of course forgot himself again into a lover in prose. For some time the sonnets were shown to Lady S——, but at length some were received which it was thought as well not to show to anybody. In short, between fancy, flattery, poetry, passion, jest, and earnest, Lady Augusta was drawn on till she hardly knew where she was ; but Dashwood knew perfectly well where he was, and resolved to keep his ground resolutely.

When, encouraged by the lady’s coquetry, he first formed his plans, he imagined that a promise of a wedding-present would easily secure her governess. But this was a slight mistake ; avarice happened not to be the ruling, or at least at this time the reigning, passion of Mademoiselle’s mind, and quickly perceiving his

error, he paid assiduous court to her vanity. She firmly believed that she had captivated him, and was totally blind to his real designs. The grand difficulty with Dashwood was, not to persuade her of his passion, but to prevent her from believing him too soon ; and he thought it expedient to delay completing his conquest of the governess till he had gained an equally powerful influence over her pupil. One evening, Dashwood, passing through a sheltered walk, heard Lady Augusta and Mr. Mountague talking very loudly and eagerly. They passed through the grove so quickly that he could catch only the words "phaeton — imprudence."

"Pshaw, jealousy — nonsense !"

"Reasonable woman for a wife."

"Pooh ! no such thing."

"My unalterable resolution" were the concluding words of Mr. Mountague, in a calm but decided voice ; and "As you please, sir ; I've no notion of giving up my will in everything," the concluding words of Lady Augusta, pronounced in a pettish tone, as she broke from him ; yet pausing for a moment, Dashwood, to his great surprise and concern, heard her in a softer tone add a *but*, which showed she was not quite willing to break from Mr. Mountague forever. Dashwood was alarmed beyond measure, but the lady did not long continue in this frame of mind, for upon going into her dressing-room to rest herself, she found her governess at the glass.

"*Bon Dieu !*" exclaimed Mademoiselle, turning round : "Miladi told me you was gone out — *mais qu'est-ce que c'est ? — vous voilà pâle* ; you are as white — *blanc comme mon linge*," cried she with emphasis, at the same time touching a handkerchief which was so far from white, that her pupil could not help bursting out into a laugh at the unfortunate illustration. "*Pauvre petite ! tenez*," continued Mademoiselle, running up to her with salts, apprehensive that she was going into

fits. "I am not ill, thank you," said Lady Augusta, taking the smelling-bottle.

"But don't tell me dat," said Mademoiselle; "I saw you walking, out of de window, wid dat man, and I know dis is some new *démêlé* wid him. Come, *point de secret, mon enfant*. Has not he been giving you one good lecture?"

"Lecture!" said Lady Augusta, rising with becoming spirit — "no, Mademoiselle, I am not to be lectured by anybody."

"No, to be sure, dat is what I say; and *surtout* not by a lover. *Quel homme!* why, I would not have him to pay his court to me for all de world. Why, *pauvre petite*, he has made you look ten year older ever since he began to fall in love wid you; dis what you call a lover in England? *Bon*, why I know noting of de matter, if he be one bit in love wid you, *mon enfant*."

"Oh, as to that, he certainly is in love with me: whatever other faults he has, I must do him justice."

"*Justice!* Oh, let him have justice, *de tout mon cœur*; but I say, if he be a man in love, he is de oddest man in love I ever happen to see; he eat, drink, sleep, talk, laugh, *se possède tout comme un autre*. *Bon Dieu!* I would not give noting at all *myself* for such a sort of a lover. *Mon enfant*, dis is not de way I would wish to see you loved — dis is not de way no man ought for to dare for to love you."

"And how ought I to be loved?" asked Lady Augusta, impatiently.

"*La belle question!* Eh! don't everybody — de stupidest person in de world know how dey ought to be love? *Mais passionément, éperdument* — dere is a — a *je ne sais quoi*, dat infalliblement distinguish de true lover from de false."

"Then," said Lady Augusta, "you really don't think that Mr. Mountague loves me?"

"Tink!" replied Mademoiselle, "I don't tink about

it; but have not I said enough?—open your eyes—make your own *comparaisons*."

Before Lady Augusta had made her comparisons, a knock at the door from her maid came to let her know that Lord George was waiting.

"Ah! Milord George! I won't keep you den: *va-t'en*."

"But now, do you know, it was only because I just said that I was going out with Lord George, that Mr. Mountague made all this rout."

"Den let him make his route—*qu'importe?* *Miladi* *votre chère mère* make no objections. *Quelle impertinence!* If he was *milord duc* he could not give himself no more airs. *Va, mon enfant*—dis a lover! *Quel homme! quel tyran!* and den of course when he grows to be a husband, he will be worserer and worserer, and badderer and badderer, when he grows to be your husband."

"Oh," cried Lady Augusta, snatching up her gloves hastily, "my husband he shall never be, I am determined. So now I'll give him his *coup de grace*."

"*Bon!*" said Mademoiselle, following her pupil, "and I must not miss to be by, for I shall love to see dat man mortify."

"You *are* going, then?" said Mr. Mountague, gravely, as he passed. "Going, going, going, gone!" cried Lady Augusta, tripping carelessly by; and she gave her hand to the sulky lord: then springing into the phaeton, said as usual—"I know, milord, you'll break my neck;" at the same time casting a look at Mr. Mountague, which seemed to say, "I hope you'll break *your heart* at least."

When she returned from her airing, the first glance at Mr. Mountague's countenance convinced her that her power was at an end. She was not the only person who observed this; Dashwood, under his air of thoughtless gaiety, watched all that passed with the utmost

vigilance, and he knew how to avail himself of every circumstance that could be turned to his own advantage. He well knew that a lady's ear is never so happily prepared for the voice of flattery as after having been forced to hear that of sincerity. Dashwood contrived to meet Lady Augusta just after she had been mortified by her late admirer's total recovery of his liberty ; and seizing well his moment, pressed his suit with gallant ardor. As he exhibited all those signs of passion which her governess would have deemed unequivocal, the young lady thought herself justified in not absolutely driving him to despair.

Where was Lady S — all this time ? Where ? At the card-table, playing very judiciously at whist. With an indolent security, which will be thought incredible by those who have not seen similar instances of folly in great families, she let everything pass before her eyes without seeing it. Confident that her daughter, after having gone through the usual routine, would meet with some suitable establishment, that the settlements would then be the father's business, the choice of the jewels hers, she left her dear Augusta in the mean time to conduct herself, or, what was ten times worse, to be conducted by Mademoiselle Panache. Thus to the habitual indolence or temporary convenience of parents are the peace and reputation of a family secretly sacrificed. And we may observe that those who take the least precautions to prevent imprudence in their children are most enraged and implacable when the evil becomes irremediable.

In losing Mr. Mountague's heart, Lady Augusta's vanity felt a double pang, from the apprehension that Helen would probably recover her captive. Acting merely from the impulse of the moment, her ladyship was perfectly a child in her conduct ; she seldom knew her own mind two hours together, and really did not foresee the consequences of any one of her actions.

Half a dozen incompatible wishes filled her heart, or rather her imagination. The most immediate object of vanity had always the greatest power over her ; and upon this habit of mind Dashwood calculated with security.

In the pride of conquest, her ladyship had rejoiced at her mother's inviting Mrs. Temple and her daughters to an entertainment at S—— Hall, where she flattered herself that Mr. Mountague would appear as her declared admirer. The day, alas ! came ; but things had taken a new turn, and Lady Augusta was as impatient that the visit should be finished, as she had been eager to have the invitation sent. Lady S—— was not precisely informed of all that was going on in her own house, as we have observed ; and she was therefore a little surprised at the look of vexation with which her daughter heard that she had pressed Mrs. Temple to stay all night. " My dear," said Lady S——, " you know you can sleep in Mademoiselle's room for this one night, and Miss Helen Temple will have yours. One should be civil to people, especially when one sees them but seldom." Lady Augusta was much out of humor with her mother's ill-timed civility ; but there was no remedy. In the hurry of moving her things at night, Lady Augusta left in her dressing-table drawer a letter of Dashwood's — a letter which she would not have had seen by Miss Helen Temple for any consideration. Our readers may imagine what her ladyship's consternation must have been when the next morning Helen put the letter into her hand, saying—" There's a paper you left in your dressing-table, Lady Augusta, at my mercy." The ingenuous countenance of Helen, as she spoke, might have convinced any one but Lady Augusta, that she was incapable of having opened this paper ; but her ladyship judged otherwise : she had no doubt that every syllable of the letter had been seen, and that her secret would quickly be divulged. The

company had not yet assembled at breakfast. She retired precipitately to her own room, to consider what could possibly be done in this emergency. She at length resolved to apply to Mr. Mountague for assistance ; for she had seen enough of him to feel assured that he was a man of honor, and that she might safely trust him. When she heard him go downstairs to breakfast she followed, and contrived to give him a note, which he read with no small degree of surprise.

“ How to apologize for myself I know not, nor have I one moment's time to deliberate. Believe me, I feel my sensibility and delicacy severely wounded ; but an ill-fated uncontrollable passion must plead my excuse. I candidly own that my conduct must appear to you in a strange light ; but spare me, I beseech you, all reproaches, and pardon my weakness, for on your generosity and honor must I rely in this moment of distress.

“ A letter of mine, a fatal letter from Dashwood, has fallen into the hands of Miss Helen Temple. All that I hold most dear is at her mercy. I am fully persuaded that were she to promise to keep my secret, nothing on earth would tempt her to betray me ; but I know she has so much the habit of speaking of everything to her mother, that I am in torture till this promise is obtained. Your influence I must depend upon. Speak to her, I conjure you, the moment breakfast is over ; and assure yourself of my unalterable gratitude.

“ AUGUSTA —.”

The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Mountague followed Helen into the library ; a portfolio, full of prints lay open on the table, and as he turned them over he stopped at a print of Alexander putting his seal to the lips of Parmenio, whom he detected reading a letter over his shoulder. Helen, as she looked at

the print, said she admired the delicacy of Alexander's reproof to his friend ; but observed that it was scarcely probable the seal should bind Parmenio's lips.

"How so?" said Mr. Mountague, eagerly.

"Because," said Helen, "if honor could not restrain his curiosity, it would hardly secure his secrecy."

"Charming girl!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague, with enthusiasm. Helen, struck with surprise, and a variety of emotions, colored deeply. "I beg your pardon," said Mr. Mountague, changing his tone, "for being so abrupt. You found a letter of Lady Augusta's last night. She is in great, I am sure needless, anxiety about it."

"Needless, indeed ; I did not think it necessary to assure Lady Augusta, when I returned her letter, that I had not read it. As she has mentioned this subject to you, I hope, sir, you will persuade her of the truth : you seem to be fully convinced of it yourself."

"I am, indeed, fully convinced of your integrity, of the generosity, the simplicity of your mind. May I ask whether you formed any conjecture, whether you know, whom that letter was from?"

Helen, with an ingenuous look, replied, "Yes, sir, I did form a conjecture ; I thought it was from you."

"From me!" exclaimed Mr. Mountague ; "I must undeceive you there ; the letter was not mine. I am eager," continued he, smiling, "to undeceive you. I wish I might flatter myself this explanation could ever be half as interesting to you as it is to me. That letter was not mine, and I can never, in future, be on any other terms with Lady Augusta than those of a common acquaintance."

Here they were interrupted by the sudden entrance of Mademoiselle, followed by Dashwood, to whom she was talking with great earnestness. Mr. Mountague, when he had collected his thoughts sufficiently to think of Lady Augusta, wrote the following answer to her letter : —

"Your ladyship may be perfectly at ease with respect to your note. Miss Helen Temple has not read it, nor has she, I am convinced, the slightest suspicion of its contents, or its author. I beg leave to assure your ladyship that I am sensible of the honor of your confidence, and that you shall never have any reason to repent of having trusted in my discretion. Yet permit me, even at the hazard of appearing impertinent — at the still greater hazard of incurring your displeasure, to express my most earnest hope that nothing will tempt you to form a connection which, I am persuaded, would prove fatal to the happiness of your future life. — I am, with much respect, your ladyship's obedient servant,

"F. MOUNTAGUE."

Lady Augusta read this answer to her note with the greatest eagerness ; the first time she ran her eye over it, joy to find her secret yet undiscovered suspended every other feeling ; but, upon a second perusal, her ladyship felt extremely displeased by the cold civility of the style, and somewhat alarmed at the concluding paragraph. With no esteem, and little affection for Dashwood, she had suffered herself to imagine that her passion for him was *uncontrollable*. What degree of felicity she was likely to enjoy with a man destitute equally of fortune and principle, she had never attempted to calculate ; but there was something awful in the words, "I earnestly hope that nothing will tempt you to form a connection which will prove fatal to your future happiness." While she was pondering upon these words, Dashwood met her in the park, where she was walking alone. "Why so grave?" exclaimed he, with anxiety.

"I am only thinking that — I am afraid — I think this is a silly business ; I wish, Mr. Dashwood, you would n't think any more of it, and give me back my letters."

Dashwood vehemently swore that her letters were dearer to him than life, and that the "last pang should tear them from his heart."

"But if we go on with all this," resumed Lady Augusta, "it will at last break my mother's heart, and Mademoiselle's into the bargain; besides, I don't half believe you; I really —"

"I really — what?" cried he, pouring forth protestations of passion, which put Mr. Mountague's letter entirely out of her head.

A number of small motives sometimes decide the mind in the most important actions of our lives; and faults are often attributed to passion which arise from folly. The pleasure of duping her governess, the fear of witnessing Helen's triumph over her lover's recovered affections, and the idea of the bustle and *éclat* of an elopement, all mixed together, went under the general denomination of love! Cupid is often blamed for deeds in which he has no share.

"But," resumed Lady Augusta, after making the last pause of expiring prudence, "what shall we do about Mademoiselle?"

"Poor Mademoiselle!" cried Dashwood, leaning back against a tree to support himself, whilst he laughed violently; "what do you think she is about at this instant? — packing up her clothes in a bandbox."

"Packing up her clothes in a bandbox!"

"Yes; she verily believes that I am dying with impatience to carry her off to Scotland, and at four o'clock to-morrow morning she trips downstairs, out of the garden-door, of which she keeps the key, flies across the park, scales the gate, gains the village, and takes refuge with her good friend Miss Lacey, the milliner, where she is to wait for me. Now in the mean time, the moment the coast is clear, I fly to you, my *real* angel."

"Oh, no, upon my word," said Lady Augusta, so

faintly that Dashwood went on exactly in the same tone. "I fly to you, my angel, and we shall be half-way on our trip to Scotland before Mademoiselle's patience is half exhausted, and before Miladi S—— is quite awake."

Lady Augusta could not forbear smiling at this idea ; and thus, by an *unlucky* stroke of humor, was the grand event of her life decided.

Marmontel's well-known story, called "Heureusement," is certainly not a moral tale ; to counteract its effects, he should have written "Malheureusement," if he could.

Nothing happened to disconcert the measures of Lady Augusta and Dashwood.

The next morning Lady S—— came down, according to her usual custom, late to breakfast. Mrs. Temple, Helen, Emma, Lord George, Mr. Mountague, &c., were assembled ; "Has not Mademoiselle made breakfast for us yet?" said Lady S——. She sat down, and expected every moment to see Mademoiselle Panache and her daughter make their appearance. But she waited in vain. Neither Mademoiselle, Lady Augusta, nor Dashwood, were anywhere to be found. Everybody round the breakfast-table looked at each other in silence, waiting the event. "They are out walking, I suppose," said Lady S——, which supposition contented her for the first five minutes ; but then she exclaimed, "It's very strange they don't come back !"

"Very strange — I mean rather strange," said Lord George, helping himself as he spoke, to his usual quantity of butter, and then drumming upon the table, whilst Mr. Mountague, all the time, looked down and preserved a profound silence.

At length the door opened and Mademoiselle Panache, in a riding-habit, made her appearance. "*Bon jour, miladi ! Bon jour !*" said she, looking round at the silent party with a half-terrified, half-astonished

countenance, "*Je vous demande mille pardons — Qu'est-ce que c'est ?*" I have only been to take a walk dis morning into de village to de milliner's. She has disappointed me of my tings, dat kept me waiting ; but I am come back in time for breakfast, I hope."

"But where is my daughter?" cried Lady S——, roused at last from her natural indolence — "Where is Lady Augusta?"

"*Bon Dieu !* miladi, I don't know. *Bon Dieu !* in her bed I suppose — *Bon Dieu !*" exclaimed she a third time, and turned as pale as ashes. "But where den is Mr. Dashwood?" At this instant, a note directed to Mademoiselle was brought into the room ; the servant said that Lady Augusta's maid had just found it upon her lady's toilet — Mademoiselle tore open the note.

"Excuse me to my mother ; *you* can best plead my excuse. You will not see me again till I am

"AUGUSTA DASHWOOD."

"*Ah, scélérat ! Ah, scélérat ! Il m'a trahi !*" screamed Mademoiselle ; she threw down the note, and sunk upon the sofa in violent hysterics, whilst Lady S——, seeing in the one and the same moment her own folly, and her daughter's ruin, fixed her eyes upon the words, "Augusta Dashwood," and fainted. Mr. Mountague led Lord George out of the room with him, whilst Mrs. Temple, Helen, and her sister ran to the assistance of the unhappy mother and distressed governess.

As soon as Mademoiselle had recovered tolerable *composure*, she recollected that she had betrayed too violent emotion on this occasion. "*Il m'a trahi,*" were words, however, that she could not recall ; it was in vain she attempted to fabricate some apology for herself. No apology could avail, for it was now too

evident that she had *fatal reasons* to lament the loss of her lover. And whilst Lady S——, in silent anguish, wept for her own and her daughter's folly, the governess in loud and gross terms abused Dashwood, and reproached her pupil with having shown duplicity, ingratitude, and a *bad heart*.

"A bad education!" exclaimed Lady S——, with a voice of mingled anger and sorrow: "leave the room, Mademoiselle—leave my house. How could I choose such a governess for my daughter! Yet, indeed," added her ladyship, turning to Mrs. Temple, "she was well recommended to me, and how could I foresee all this?"

To such an appeal, at such a time, there was no reply to be made; it is cruel to point out errors to those who feel that they are irreparable; but it is benevolent to point them out to others who have yet their choice to make.

ANGELINA;
OR,
L'AMIE INCONNUE.

CHAPTER I.

"BUT my dear Lady Di, indeed you should not let this affair prey so continually upon your spirits," said Miss Burrage, in the condoling tone of an humble companion. "You really have almost fretted yourself into a nervous fever; I was in hopes that change of air and change of scene would have done everything for you, or I never would have consented to your leaving London; for you know your ladyship's always better in London than anywhere else. And I'm sure your ladyship has thought and talked of nothing but this sad affair since you came to Clifton."

"I confess," said Lady Diana Chillingworth, "I deserve the reproaches of my friends for giving way to my sensibility as I do upon this occasion; but I own I cannot help it. Oh, what will the world say!—what will the world say! The world will lay all the blame upon *me*; yet I'm sure I'm the last, the very last, person that ought to be blamed."

"Assuredly," replied Miss Burrage, "nobody can blame your ladyship; and nobody will, I am persuaded. The blame will all be thrown where it ought to be, upon the young lady herself."

"If I could but be convinced of that," said her ladyship, in a tone of great feeling, "such a young creature,

scarcely sixteen, to take such a step ! I am sure I wish to heaven her father had never made me her guardian. I confess I was most exceedingly imprudent, out of regard to her family, to take under my protection such a self-willed, unaccountable, romantic girl. Indeed, my dear," continued Lady Diana Chillingworth, turning to her sister, Lady Frances Somerset, "it was you that misled me. You remember you used to tell me that Anne Warwick had such great abilities —"

"That I thought it a pity they had not been well directed," said Lady Frances.

"And such generosity of temper, and such warm affections ! —" said Lady Di.

"That I regretted their not having been properly cultivated."

"I confess, Miss Warwick was never a great favorite of mine," said Miss Burrage ; "but now that she has lost her best friend —"

"She is likely to find a great number of enemies," said Lady Frances.

"She has been her own enemy, poor girl ! I am sure I pity her," replied Miss Burrage ; "but, at the same time, I must say that ever since she came to my Lady Di Chillingworth's, she has had good advice enough."

"Too much, perhaps ; which is worse than too little," thought Lady Frances.

"Advice !" repeated Lady Di Chillingworth, "why, as to that, my conscience, I own, acquits me there ; for, to be sure, no young person of her age, or of any age, had ever more advice, or more *good* advice, than Miss Warwick had from me. I thought it my duty to advise her ; and advise her I did, from morning till night, as Miss Burrage very well knows, and will do me the justice, I hope, to say in all companies."

"*That* I shall certainly make it a principle to do," said Miss Burrage. "I am sure it would surprise and

grieve you, Lady Frances, to hear the sort of foolish, imprudent things that Miss Warwick, with all her abilities, used to say. I recollect — ”

“ Very possibly,” replied Lady Frances ; “ but why should we trouble ourselves to recollect all the foolish, imprudent things which this poor girl may have said. This unfortunate elopement is a sufficient proof of her folly and imprudence. With whom did she go off ? ”

“ With nobody,” cried Lady Diana ; “ there ’s the wonder.”

“ With nobody ! Incredible ! She had certainly some admirer — some lover, and she was afraid, I suppose, to mention the business to you.”

“ No such thing, my dear ; there is no love at all in the case. Indeed, for my part, I cannot in the least comprehend Miss Warwick, nor never could. She used, every now and then, to begin and talk to me some nonsense about her hatred of the forms of the world, and her love of liberty, and I know not what ; — and then she had some female correspondent, to whom she used to write folio sheets, twice a week, I believe, but I could never see any of these letters. Indeed, in town, you know, I could not possibly have leisure for such things ; but Miss Burrage, I fancy, has one of the letters, if you have any curiosity to see it. Miss Burrage can tell you a great deal more of the whole business than I can ; for, you know, in London, engaged as I always was, with scarcely a moment ever to myself, how could I attend to all Anne Warwick’s oddities. I protest I know nothing of the matter, but that one morning Miss Warwick was nowhere to be found, and my maid brought me a letter, of one word of which I could not make sense ; the letter was found on the young lady’s dressing-table, according to the usual custom of eloping heroines. Miss Burrage, do show Lady Frances the letters — you have them somewhere ; and tell my sister all you know of the matter, for I declare I

am quite tired of it ; besides, I shall be wanted at the card-table."

Lady Diana Chillingworth went to calm her sensibility at the card-table ; and Lady Frances turned to Miss Burrage for further information.

"All I know," said Miss Burrage, "is, that one night I saw Miss Warwick putting a lock of frightful hair into a locket, and I asked her whose it was? 'My amiable Araminta's,' said Miss Warwick. 'Is she pretty?' said I ; 'I have never seen her,' said Miss Warwick, 'but I will show you a charming picture of her mind ;' and she put this long letter into my hand. I'll leave it with your ladyship, if you please ; it is a good, or rather a bad, hour's work to read it."

"*Araminta!*" exclaimed Lady Frances, looking at the signature of the letter ; "this is only a *nom de guerre*, I suppose."

"Heaven knows!" answered Miss Burrage ; "but Miss Warwick always signed her epistles Angelina, and her *unknown friend's* were always signed Araminta. I do suspect that Araminta, whoever she is, was the instigator of this elopement."

"I wish," said Lady Frances, examining the postmark of the letter, — "I wish that we could find out where Araminta lives ; we might then, perhaps, recover this poor Miss Warwick, before the affair is talked of in the world — before her reputation is injured."

"It would certainly be a most desirable thing," said Miss Burrage ; "but Miss Warwick has such odd notions, that I question whether she will ever behave like other people ; and, for my part, I cannot blame Lady Diana Chillingworth for giving her up. She is one of those young ladies whom it is scarcely possible to manage by common sense."

"It is certainly true," said Lady Frances, "that young women of Miss Warwick's superior abilities require something more than *common* sense to direct

them properly. Young ladies who think of nothing but dress, public amusements, and forming what they call high connections, are undoubtedly most easily managed by the fear of what the world will say of them ; but Miss Warwick appeared to me to have higher ideas of excellence, and I therefore regret that she should be totally given up by her friends."

"It is Miss Warwick who has given up her friends," said Miss Burrage, with a mixture of embarrassment and sarcasm in her manner ; "it is Miss Warwick who has given up her friends ; not Miss Warwick's friends who have given up Miss Warwick."

The letter from the "amiable Araminta," which Miss Burrage left for the perusal of Lady Frances Somerset, contained three folio sheets, of which it is hoped the following abridgment will be sufficiently ample to satisfy the curiosity even of those who are lovers of long letters.

"Yes, my Angelina ! our hearts are formed for that higher species of friendship of which common souls are inadequate to form an idea, however their fashionable puerile lips may, in the intellectual inanity of their conversation, profane the term. Yes, my Angelina, you are right ! Every fibre of my frame, every energy of my intellect, tells me so. I read your letter by moonlight : the air balmy and pure as my Angelina's thoughts ! the river silently meandering ! the rocks ! the woods ! nature in all her majesty — sublime confidante ! — sympathizing with my supreme felicity. And shall I confess to you, friend of my soul ! that I could not refuse myself the pleasure of reading to my Orlando some of those passages in your last, which evince so powerfully the superiority of that understanding which, if I mistake not strangely, is formed to combat, in all her Proteus forms, the system of social slavery. With what soul-rending eloquence does my Angelina describe the solitariness,

the *isolation* of the heart, she experiences in a crowded metropolis ! with what emphatic energy of inborn independence does she exclaim against the family phalanx of her aristocratic persecutors ! Surely, surely she will not be intimidated from '*the settled purpose of her soul,*' by the phantom-fear of worldly censure. The garish-tinselled wand of fashion has waved in vain in the illuminated halls of folly-painted pleasure ; my Angelina's eyes have withstood — yes, without a blink ! — the dazzling enchantment. And will she — no, I cannot, I will not think so for an instant ! — will she now submit her understanding spell-bound to the soporific charm of nonsensical words, uttered in an awful tone by that potent enchantress *Prejudice* ? The declamation, the remonstrances, of self-elected judges of right and wrong should be treated with deserved contempt by superior minds, who claim the privilege of thinking and acting for themselves ! The words *ward* and *guardian* appall my Angelina ! but what are legal technical formalities, what are human institutions, to the view of shackle-scorning Reason ? Oppressed, degraded, enslaved, must our unfortunate sex for ever submit to sacrifice their rights, their pleasures, their *will*, at the altar of public opinion ; whilst the shouts of interested priests and idle spectators raise the senseless enthusiasm of the self-devoted victim, or drown her cries in the truth-extorting moment of agonizing nature ? You will not perfectly understand, perhaps, to what these last exclamations of your Araminta allude ; but, chosen friend of my heart ! when we meet — and O let that be quickly ! my cottage longs for the arrival of my unsophisticated Angelina ! — when we meet, you shall know all : your Araminta, too, has had her sorrows — enough of this ! But her Orlando has a heart, pure as the infantine god of Love could in his most sportive mood delight at once to wound and own, joined to an understanding — shall I say it ? — worthy to judge of your Araminta's. And will not my

sober-minded Angelina prefer to all that palaces can afford, such society in a cottage? I shall reserve for my next the description of a cottage, which I have in my eye, within view of — but I will not anticipate. Adieu, my amiable Angelina! I inclose, as you desire, a lock of my hair. — Ever, unalterably, your affectionate, though almost heart-broken,

“ ARAMINTA.

“ April, 1800 — *Angelina Bower!*

“ So let me christen my cottage ! ”

What effect this letter may have on *sober-minded* readers in general can easily be guessed ; but Miss Warwick, who was little deserving of this epithet, was so charmed with the sound of it, that it made her totally forget to judge of her amiable Araminta's mode of reasoning ; “ *Garish-tinselled wands,* ” “ *shackle-scorning Reason,* ” “ *isolation of the heart,* ” “ *soul-rending eloquence,* ” with “ rocks and woods, and a meandering river ; balmy air, moonlight, Orlando, energy of intellect, a cottage, and a heart-broken friend,” made, when all mixed together, strange confusion in Angelina's imagination. She neglected to observe that her Araminta was, in the course of two pages, “ almost heart-broken,” and in the possession of “ supreme felicity.” Yet Miss Warwick, though she judged so like a simpleton, was a young woman of considerable abilities ; her want of what the world calls common sense arose from certain mistakes in her education. She had passed her childhood with a father and mother who cultivated her literary taste, but who neglected to cultivate her judgment : her reading was confined to works of imagination ; and the conversation which she heard was not calculated to give her any knowledge of realities. Her parents died when she was about fourteen, and she then went to reside with Lady Diana Chillingworth, a lady who placed her whole happiness in living in a certain circle of high company

in London. Miss Warwick saw the follies of the society with which she now mixed ; she felt insupportable *ennui* from the want of books and conversation suited to her taste ; she heard with impatience Lady Diana's dogmatical advice ; observed with disgust the meanness of her companion, Miss Burrage ; and felt with triumph the superiority of her own abilities. It was in this situation of her mind that Miss Warwick happened, at a circulating-library, to meet with a new novel called "The Woman of Genius." The character of Araminta, the heroine, charmed her beyond measure ; and having been informed by the preface that the story was founded on facts in the life of the authoress herself, she longed to become acquainted with her ; and addressed a letter to "The Woman of Genius," at her publisher's. The letter was answered in a highly flattering, and consequently very agreeable style, and the correspondence continued for nearly two years, till at length Miss W. formed a strong desire to see her *unknown friend*. The ridicule with which Miss Burrage treated everything and every idea that was not sanctioned by fashion, and her total want of any taste for literature, were continually contrasted in Miss Warwick's mind with the picture she had formed of her Araminta. Miss Burrage, who dreaded, though certainly without reason, that she might be supplanted in the good graces of Lady Diana, endeavored by every petty means in her power to disgust her young rival with the situation in which she was placed. She succeeded beyond her hopes. Miss Warwick determined to accept of her *unknown friend's* invitation to Angelina Bower — a charming romantic cottage in South Wales, where, according to Araminta's description, she might pass her halcyon days in tranquil, elegant retirement. It was not difficult for our heroine, though unused to deception, to conceal her project from Lady Diana Chillingworth, who was much more observant of the appearance

of her *protégée* in public, than interested about what passed in her mind in private. Miss Warwick quitted her ladyship's house without the least difficulty, and the following is the letter which our heroine left upon her dressing-table. Under all the emphatic words, according to the custom of some letter-writers, were drawn emphatic lines.

"Averse as I am to everything that may have the appearance of a clandestine transaction, I have, however, found myself under the necessity of leaving your ladyship's house without imparting to you my intentions. Confidence and sympathy go hand in hand, nor can either be *commanded* by the voice of authority. Your ladyship's opinions and mine, upon *all* subjects, differ so *essentially*, that I could never hope for your approbation, either of my *sentiments* or my conduct. It is my *unalterable determination* to *act* and *think* upon every occasion for myself; though I am well aware that they who start out of the common track, either in words or action, are exposed to the ridicule and persecution of vulgar or illiberal minds. They who venture to carry the *first* torch into *unexplored* or *unfrequented* passages in the mine of truth are exposed to the most imminent danger. Rich, however, are the treasures of the place, and cowardly the soul that hesitates! But I forget myself; '*Tais-toi, Jean Jacques, on ne comprend pas.*'

"It may be necessary to inform your ladyship that, disgusted with the frivolity of what is called fashionable life, and *unable to live* without the higher pleasures of friendship, I have chosen for my asylum the humble, tranquil cottage of a female friend, whose tastes, whose principles, have long been known to me; whose *genius* I admire! whose *virtues* I revere! whose example I *emulate*!

"Though I do not condescend to use the fulsome

language of a *mean dependant*, I am not forgetful of the kindness I have received from your ladyship. It has not been without a *painful* struggle that I have broken my bonds asunder — the bonds of what is *falsely* called *Duty*. *Spontaneous* gratitude ever will have full, *indisputable, undisputed* power over the *heart* and *understanding* of

“ANNE-ANGELINA WARWICK.

“P. S. — It will be in vain to attempt to discover the place of my retreat. All I ask is, to be left in peace to enjoy in my retirement *perfect felicity*.”

CHAPTER II.

FULL of her hopes of finding "perfect felicity" in her retreat at Angelina Bower, exulting in the idea of the courage and magnanimity with which she had escaped from her "aristocratic persecutors," our heroine pursued her journey to South Wales.

She had the misfortune — and it is a great misfortune to a young lady of her way of thinking — to meet with no difficulties or adventures, nothing interesting, upon her journey: she arrived with inglorious safety at Cardiff. The inn at Cardiff was kept by a landlady of the name of Hoel. "Not high-born Hoel, alas!" said Angelina to herself, when the name was screamed in her hearing by a waiter as she walked into the inn. "Vocal no more to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay!" A harper was sitting in the passage, and he tuned his harp to catch her attention as she passed. — "A harp! — O play for me some plaintive air!" The harper followed her into a small parlor.

"How delightful!" said Miss Warwick, who, in common with other heroines, had the habit of talking to herself; or, to use more dignified terms, who had the habit of indulging in soliloquy: — "How delightful to taste at last the air of Wales, — but 't is a pity 't is not North instead of South Wales, and Conway instead of Cardiff Castle."

The harper, after he had finished playing a melancholy air, exclaimed, — "That was but a melancholy ditty, miss. We'll try a merrier." And he began: —

"Of a noble race was Shenkin."

"No more," cried Angelina, stopping her ears. "No more, barbarous man! You break the illusion."

"Break the what?" said the harper to himself. "I thought, miss, that tune would surely please you; for it is a favorite one in these parts."

"A favorite with Welsh squires, perhaps," said our heroine; "but, unfortunately, *I* am not a Welsh squire, and have no taste for your 'Bumper squire Jones.'"

The man tuned his harp sullenly, — "I am sorry for it, miss," said he: "more 's the pity I can't please you better!"

Angelina cast upon him a look of contempt. "He no ways fills my idea of a bard — an ancient and immortal bard! He has no soul — fingers without a soul! No 'master's hand,' or 'prophet's fire!' No 'deep sorrows;' no 'sable garb of woe!' No loose beard or hoary hair, 'streaming like a meteor to the troubled air!' No 'haggard eyes!' — Heigho!"

"It is time for me to be going," said the harper, who began to think, by the young lady's looks and manners, that she was not in her right understanding. "It is time for me to be going; the gentlemen above, in the Dolphin, will be ready for me."

"A mere modern harper! He is not even blind!" Angelina said to herself, as he examined the shilling which she gave him. "Begone, for Heaven's sake!" added she aloud, as he left the room; "and leave me, leave me to repose."

She threw up the sash to taste the evening air; but scarcely had she begun to repeat a sonnet to her Araminta; scarcely had she repeated the two first lines —

"Hail, far-famed, fairest, unknown friend,
Our sacred, silent sympathy of soul,"

when a little ragged Welsh boy, who was playing with his companions in a field at the back of Cardiff inn, espied her, gave the signal to his playfellows, and im-

mediately they all came running up to the window at which Angelina was standing, and with one loud shrill chorus of "Gi' me ha'penny! — Gi' me ha'penny! — Gi' me one ha'penny!" interrupted the sonnet. Angelina threw out some money to the boys, though she was provoked by their interruption; her donation was, in the true spirit of a heroine, much greater than the occasion required; and the consequence was that these urchins, by spreading the fame of her generosity through the town of Cardiff, collected a Liliputian mob of petitioners, who assailed Angelina with fresh vehemence. Not a moment's peace, not a moment for poetry or reverie would they allow her; so that she was impatient for her chaise to come to the door. Her Araminta's cottage was but six miles distant from Cardiff; and, to speak in due sentimental language, every moment that delayed her long-expected interview with her beloved unknown friend appeared to her as an age.

"And what would you be pleased to have for supper, ma'am?" said the landlady. "We have fine Tenby oysters, ma'am; and if you'd like a Welsh rabbit —"

"Tenby oysters! — Welsh rabbits!" repeated Angelina in a disdainful tone. "Oh, detain me not in this cruel manner! — I want no Tenby oysters, I want no Welsh rabbits; only let me begone; I am all impatience to see a dear friend. Oh, if you have any feeling, any humanity, detain me not!" cried she, clasping her hands.

Miss Warwick had an ungovernable propensity to make a display of sensibility, a fine theatrical scene upon every occasion — a propensity which she had acquired from novel-reading. It was never more unluckily displayed than in the present instance; for her audience and spectators, consisting of the landlady, a waiter, and a Welsh boy, who just entered the room with a knife-tray in his hand, were all more inclined to burst into rude laughter than to join in gentle sympathy.

The chaise did not come to the door one moment sooner than it would have done without this pathetic wringing of the hands. As soon as Angelina drove from the door the landlady's curiosity broke forth —

"Pray tell me, Hugh Humphries," said Mrs. Hoel, turning to the postilion who drove Angelina from Newport; "pray, now, does not this seem strange that such a young lady as this should be travelling about in such wonderful haste? I believe, by her flighty airs, she is upon no good errand; and I would have her to know, at any rate, that she might have done better than to sneer in that way at Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff, and her Tenby oysters and her Welsh rabbit. O! I'll make her repent her behavior to Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff — 'Not highborn Hoel,' forsooth. How does she know that, I should be glad to hear. The Hoels are as highborn, I'll venture to say, as my young miss herself, I've a notion; and would scorn, moreover, to have any runaway lady for a relation of theirs. Oh, she shall learn to repent her disrespects to Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff; I believe she shall soon meet herself in the public newspapers — her eyes and her nose, and her hair and her inches, and her description at full length she shall see, and her friends shall see it too — and maybe they shall thank, and maybe they shall reward handsomely, Mrs. Hoel of Cardiff."

Whilst the angry Welsh landlady was thus forming projects of revenge for the contempt with which she imagined that her high birth and her Tenby oysters had been treated, Angelina pursued her journey towards the cottage of her unknown friend, forming charming pictures in her imagination of the manner in which her amiable Araminta would start and weep, and faint perhaps, with joy and surprise at the sight of her Angelina. It was a fine moonlight night — an unlucky circumstance, for the by-road which led to Angelina Bower was so narrow and bad, that if the night had been dark, our

heroine must infallibly have been overturned, and this overturn would have been a delightful incident in the history of her journey; but fate ordered it otherwise. Miss Warwick had nothing to lament, but that her delicious reveries were interrupted for several miles by the Welsh postilion's expostulations with his horses.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed she, "cannot the man hold his tongue! His uncouth vociferations distract me! So fine a scene, so placid the moonlight — but there is always something that is not in perfect unison with one's feelings."

"Miss, if you please, you must 'light here and walk for a matter of a quarter of a mile, for I can't drive up to the house-door, because there is no carriage-road down this lane; but if you be pleased, I'll go on before you — my horses will stand quite quiet here — and I'll knock the folks up for you, miss."

"Folks! — Oh, don't talk to me of knocking folks up," cried Angelina, springing out of the carriage, "stay with your horses, man, I beseech you — you shall be summoned when you are wanted; I choose to walk up to the cottage alone."

"As you please, miss," said the postilion, "only *hur* had better take care of the dogs."

This last piece of sage counsel was lost upon our heroine; she heard it not; she was "rapt into future times."

"By moonlight will be our first interview, just as I had pictured to myself — but can this be the cottage? It does not look quite so romantic as I expected — but 't is the dwelling of my Araminta — Happy! thrice happy moment! Now for our secret signal; I am to sing the first, and my unknown friend the second part of the same air."

Angelina then began to sing the following stanza —

"O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae."

She sung and paused, in expectation of hearing the second part from her amiable Araminta — but no voice was heard.

"All is hushed," said Angelina. "Ever tranquil be her slumbers! Yet I must waken her — her surprise and joy at seeing me thus will be so great! — by moonlight too!"

She knocked at the cottage-window — still no answer.

"All silent as night!" said she; —

"When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene."

Angelina, as she repeated these lines, stood with her back to the cottage-window. The window opened, and a Welsh servant-girl put out her head. Her nightcap, if cap it might be called, which shape had none, was half off; her black hair streamed over her shoulders, and her face was the face of vulgar superstitious amazement.

"Oh, 't is our old ghost of Nelly Gwynne, all in white, walking and saying her prayers backwards; I heard 'em quite plain, as I hope to preathe," said the terrified girl to herself, and shutting the window with a trembling hand, she hastened to waken an old woman who slept in the same room with her. Angelina, whose patience was by this time exhausted, went to the door of the cottage and shook it with all her force. It rattled loud, and a shrill scream was heard from within.

"A scream!" cried Angelina, "Oh, my Araminta! All is hushed again." Then, raising her voice, she called as loudly as she could at the window — "My Araminta! my unknown friend! be not alarmed, 't is your Angelina."

The door opened slowly and softly, and a slipshod beldame peeped out, leaning upon a stick; the head of Betty Williams appeared over the shoulder of this sibyl. Angelina was standing in a pensive attitude,

listening at the cottage-window. At this instant the postilion, who was tired of waiting, came whistling up the lane. He carried a trunk on his back, and a bag in his hand. As soon as the old woman saw him, she held up her stick, exclaiming —

"A man! a man! A ropper and murterer! Cot save us! and keep the toor fast polted." They shut the door instantly.

"What is all this?" said Angelina, with dignified composure.

"A couple of fools, I take it, miss, who are afraid and in tread of roppers," said the postilion; "put I'll make 'em come out I'll pe pound, plockheads." So saying, he went to the door of Angelina Bower, and thundered and kicked at it, speaking all the time very volubly in Welsh. In about a quarter of an hour he made them comprehend that Angelina was a young lady come to visit their mistress. Then they came forth courtseying.

"My name's Betty Williams," said the girl, who was tying a clean cap under her chin. "Welcome to Llanwaetur, miss! Pe pleased to excuse our keeping hur waiting and polting the toor, and taking hur for a ghost and a ropper; put we know who you are now — the young lady from London, that we have been told to expect."

"Oh, then I have been expected — all's right; and my Araminta, where is she? — where is she?"

"Welcome to Llanwaetur, welcome to Llanwaetur, and Cot pless her pretty face," said the old woman, who followed Betty Williams out of the cottage.

"Hur's my grandmother, miss," said Betty.

"Very likely — but let me see my Araminta," cried Angelina; "cruel woman! — where is she, I say?"

"Cot pless hur! — Cot pless her pretty face," repeated the old woman, curtseying.

"My grandmother's as deaf as a post, miss — don't

mind her ; she can't tell Inglis well, put I can ; who would you pe pleased to have ? ”

“ In plain English, then — the lady who lives in this cottage. ”

“ Our Miss Hodges ? ”

This odious name of Hodges provoked Angelina, who was so used to call her friend Araminta that she had almost forgotten her real name.

“ Oh, miss ! ” continued Betty Williams, “ Miss Hodges is gone to Pristol for a few days. ”

“ Gone ! how unlucky ! My Araminta gone ! ”

“ But Miss Hodges will be pack on Tuesday ; Miss Hodges did not expect hur till Thursday ; put her ped is very well aired. Pe pleased to walk in, and I ’ll light hur a candle, and get hur a nightcap. ”

“ Heigho ! must I sleep again without seeing my Araminta. Well, but I shall sleep in a cottage for the first time in my life —

“ The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed. ”

At this moment, Angelina, forgetting to stoop, hit herself a violent blow as she was entering Angelina Bower, the roof of which, indeed, was “ too low for so lofty a head. ” A headache came on which kept her awake the greatest part of the night. In the morning she set about to explore the cottage ; it was nothing like the species of elegant retirement of which she had drawn such a charming picture in her imagination. It consisted of three small bedchambers, which were more like what she had been used to call closets ; a parlor, the walls of which were in many places stained with damp ; and a kitchen, which smoked. The scanty moth-eaten furniture of the rooms was very different from the luxury and elegance to which Angelina had been accustomed in the apartments of Lady Diana Chillingworth. Coarse and ill-dressed was the food, which Betty Williams — unlike, oh, how unlike ! “ the

neat-handed Phillis" — with great bustle and awkwardness served up to her guest; but Angelina was no epicure. The first dinner which she ate on wooden trenchers delighted her; the second, third, fourth, and fifth appeared less and less delectable, so that, by the time she had boarded one week at her cottage, she was completely convinced that

"A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring,"

though delightful to Goldsmith's hermit, are not quite so satisfactory in actual practice as in poetic theory — at least to a young lady who had been habituated to all the luxuries of fashionable life. It was in vain that our heroine repeated —

"Man wants but little here below:"

she found, that even the want of double-refined sugar, of green tea and Mocha coffee, was sensibly felt. Hour after hour and day after day passed with Angelina in anxious expectation of her Araminta's return home. Her time hung heavy upon her hands, for she had no companion with whom she could converse; and one odd volume of Rousseau's "Eloise," and a few well-thumbed German plays, were the only books which she could find in the house. There was, according to Betty Williams' report, "a vast sight of books in a press along with some tablecloths;" but Miss Hodges had the key of this press in her pocket. Deprived of the pleasures both of reading and conversation, Angelina endeavored to amuse herself by contemplating the beauties of Nature. There were some wild solitary walks in the neighborhood of Angelina Bower; but though our heroine was delighted with these, she wanted in her rambles some kindred soul to whom she might exclaim¹ — "How charming is solitude!" The day after her arrival in Wales, she wrote a long letter

¹ Voltaire.

to Araminta, which Betty Williams undertook to send by a careful lad, a particular friend of her own, who would deliver it without fail into Miss Hodges' own hands, and who would engage to bring an answer by three o'clock the next day. The careful lad did not return till four days afterwards and he then could give no account of his mission, except that he had left the letter at Bristol, with a particular friend of his own, who would deliver it without fail into Miss Hodges' own hands if he could meet with her. The post seems to be the last expedient which a heroine ever thinks of for the conveyance of her letters; so that, if we were to judge from the annals of romance, we should infallibly conclude there was no such thing as a post-office in England. On the sixth day of her abode at this comfortless cottage, the possibility of sending a letter to her friend by the post occurred to Angelina, and she actually discovered that there was a post-office at Cardiff. Before she could receive an answer to this epistle, a circumstance happened which made her determine to abandon her present retreat. One evening she rambled out to a considerable distance from the cottage, and it was long after sunset ere she recollected that it would be necessary to return homewards before it grew dark. She mistook her way at last, and following a sheep-path down the steep side of a mountain, she came to a point at which she apparently could neither advance nor recede. A stout Welsh farmer, who was counting his sheep in a field at the top of the mountain, happened to look down its steep side in search of one of his flock that was missing. The farmer saw something white at a distance below him, but there was a mist — it was dusk in the evening; and whether it were a woman or a sheep, he could not be certain. In the hope that Angelina was his lost sheep, he went to her assistance, and though upon a nearer view he was disappointed in finding that she was a woman, yet he had

the humanity to hold out his stick to her, and he helped her up by it, with some difficulty. One of her slippers fell off as she scrambled up the hill — there was no recovering it; her other slipper, which was of the thinnest kid leather, was cut through by the stones; her silk stockings were soon stained with the blood of her tender feet, and it was with real gratitude that she accepted the farmer's offer to let her pass the night at his farm-house, which was within view. Angelina Bower was, according to his computation, about four miles distant, as well, he said, as he could judge of the place she meant by her description. She had unluckily forgotten that the common name of it was Llanwaetur. At the farmer's house she was, at first, hospitably received by a tight-looking woman; but she had not been many minutes seated before she found herself the object of much curiosity and suspicion. In one corner of the room, at a small round table, with a jug of ale before him, sat a man who looked like the picture of a Welsh squire. A candle had just been lighted for his worship, for he was a magistrate and a great man in those parts; for he could read the newspaper, and his company was therefore always welcome to the farmer, who loved to hear the news; and the reader was paid for his trouble with good ale, which he loved even better than literature.

"What news, Mr. Evans," said the farmer.

"What news!" repeated Mr. Evans, looking up from his paper, with a sarcastic smile; "Why, news that might not be altogether so agreeable to the whole of this good company; so 'tis best to keep it to ourselves."

"Everything's agreeable to me, I'm sure," said the farmer, "everything's agreeable to me, in the way of news."

"And to me, not excepting politics, which you gentlemen always think it so polite," said Mrs. Evans, "to

keep to yourselves ; but you recollect, Mr. Evans, I was used to politics when I lived with my uncle at Cardiff ; not having, though a farmer's wife, always lived in the country, as you see, ma'am, nor being quite illiterate. Well, Mr. Evans, let us have it. What news of the fleets ? ”

Mr. Evans made no reply, but pointed out a passage in the newspaper to the farmer, who leant over his shoulder, in vain endeavoring to spell and put it together. His smart wife, whose curiosity was at least equal to her husband's, ran immediately to peep at the wonderful paragraph ; and she read aloud the beginning of an advertisement : —

“ Suspected to have strayed or eloped from her friends or relations, a young lady, seemingly not more than sixteen years of age, dressed in white, with a straw hat ; blue eyes, light hair — ”

Angelina colored so deeply whilst this was reading, and the description so exactly suited with her appearance, that the farmer's wife stopped short ; the farmer fixed his eyes upon her ; and Mr. Evans cleared his throat several times with much significance. A general silence ensued : at last the three heads nodded to one another across the round table ; the farmer whistled, and walked out of the room ; his wife fidgeted at a buffet, in which she began to arrange some cups and saucers ; and after a few minutes she followed her husband. Angelina took up the newspaper to read the remainder of the advertisement. She could not doubt that it was meant for her, when she saw that it was dated the very day of her arrival at the inn at Cardiff, and signed by the landlady of the inn, Mrs. Hoel. Mr. Evans swallowed the remainder of his ale, and then addressed Angelina in these words : —

“ Young lady, it is plain to see you know where the cap fits : now, if you'll take my advice, you'll not make the match you have in your eye ; for though a

lord's son, he is a great gambler. I dined with one that has dined with him not long ago. My son, who has a living near Bristol, knows a great deal more about you than you'd think; and 't is my advice to you — which I wouldn't be at the trouble of giving if you were not as pretty as you are — to go back to your relations, for he'll never marry you; and marriage, to be sure, is your object. I have no more to say, but only this: I shall think it my duty, as a magistrate, to let your friends know as soon as possible where you are, coming under my cognizance as you do; for a vagabond, in the eye of the law, is a person — ”

Angelina had not patience to listen to any more of this speech; she interrupted Mr. Evans with a look of indignation, assured him that he was perfectly unintelligible to her, and walked out of the room with great dignity. Her dignity made no impression upon the farmer or his wife, who now repented having offered her a night's lodging in their house: in the morning they were as eager to get rid of her as she was impatient to depart. Mr. Evans insisted upon seeing her safe home, evidently for the purpose of discovering precisely where she lived. Angelina saw that she could no longer remain undisturbed in her retreat, and determined to set out immediately in quest of her unknown friend at Bristol. Betty Williams, who had a strong desire to have a jaunt to Bristol — a town which she had never seen but once in her life — offered to attend Miss Warwick, assuring her that she perfectly well knew the house where Miss Hodges always lodged. Her offer was accepted; and what adventures our heroine met with in Bristol, and what difficulties she encountered before she discovered her Araminta, will be seen in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

ANGELINA went by water from Cardiff to Bristol : the water was rather rough ; and as she was unused to the motion of a vessel, she was both frightened and sick. She spent some hours very disagreeably, and without even the sense of acting like a heroine to support her spirits. It was late in the evening before she arrived at the end of her voyage ; she was landed on the quay at Bristol. No hackney coach was to be had, and she was obliged to walk to the Bush. To find herself in the midst of a bustling vulgar crowd, by whom she was unknown, but not unnoticed, was new to Miss Warwick. Whilst she was with Lady Diana Chillingworth, she had always been used to see crowds make way for her ; she was now surprised to feel herself jostled in the streets by passengers who were all full of their own affairs, hurrying different ways, in pursuit of objects which probably seemed to them as important as the search for an unknown friend appeared to Angelina.

Betty Williams' friend's friend, the careful lad who was to deliver the letter to Miss Hodges, was a waiter at the Bush. Upon inquiry it was found that he had totally forgotten his promise : Angelina's letter was, after much search, found in a bottle-drainer, so much stained with port-wine that it was illegible. The man answered with the most provoking *nonchalance*, when Angelina reproached him for his carelessness, — "that indeed no such person as Miss Hodges was to be found ; that nobody he could meet with had ever heard the name." They who are extremely enthusiastic suffer continually from the total indifference of others to

their feelings ; and young people can scarcely conceive the extent of this indifference until they have seen something of the world. Seeing the world does not *always* mean seeing a certain set of company in London.

Angelina, the morning after her arrival at the Bush, took a hackney coach, and left the care of directing the coachman to Betty Williams, who professed to have a perfect knowledge of Bristol. Betty desired the man to drive to the drawbridge ; and at the sound of the word drawbridge various associations of ideas with the drawbridges of ancient times were called up in Miss Warwick's imagination. How different was the reality from her castles in the air. She was roused from her reverie by the voices of Betty Williams and the coachman.

"Where *will* I drive ye to, I ask you?" said the coachman, who was an Irishman. "*Will* I stand all day upon the drawbridge, stopping the passage?"

"Trive on a step, and I will get out and see apout me," said Betty ; "I know the look of the house as well as I know anything."

Betty got out of the coach and walked up and down the street, looking at the houses like one bewildered.

"Bad luck to you for a Welshwoman as you are !" exclaimed the coachman, jumping down from his box. "Will I lave the young lady standing in the street all day alone, for you to be making a fool this way of us both. Sorrow take me now if I do !"

"Pless us, pe not in a pet or a pucker, or how shall I recollect anybody or anything. Cood ! cood ! Stand you there while I just say over my alphapet : a, p, c, t, e, f, g, h, i, j, k, l, m, n, o, b. It was some name which pegin with *p* and ends with a *t*, I pelieve."

"Here's a pretty direction, upon my troth : some name which begins with a *p* and ends with a *t*," cried the coachman ; and after he had uttered half a score

of Hibernian execrations upon the Welshwoman's folly, he, with much good-nature, went along with her to read the names on the street-doors. "Here's a name, now, that's the very thing for you; here's Pushit, now. Was the name Pushit? ricollict yourself, my good girl; was that your name?"

"Pushit! O yes, I am sure and pelieve it was Pushit; Mrs. Pushit's house, Pristol, where our Miss Hodges lodges always."

"Mrs. Pushit! but this is quite another man! I tell you this is Sir John. Faith, now we are in luck!" continued the coachman; "here's another *P* just at hand; here's Mrs. Puffit: sure, she begins with a *P* and ends with a *t*, and is a milliner into the bargain; so, sure enough, I'll engage the young lady lodges here. Puffit, hey? ricollict now, and don't be looking as if you'd just been pulled out of your sleep, and had never been in a Christian town before now."

"Pless us! Cot pless us!" said the Welsh girl, who was quite overpowered by the Irishman's flow of words; and she was on the point of having recourse, in her own defence, to her native tongue, in which she could have matched either male or female in fluency; but, to Angelina's great relief, the dialogue between the coachman and Betty Williams ceased. The coachman drew up to Mrs. Puffit's; but as there was a handsome carriage at the door, Miss Warwick was obliged to wait in her hackney-coach some time longer. The handsome carriage belonged to Lady Frances Somerset. By one of those extraordinary coincidences which sometimes occur in real life, but which are scarcely believed to be natural when they are related in books, Miss Warwick happened to come to this shop at the very moment when the persons she most wished to avoid were there. Whilst the dialogue between Betty Williams and the hackney-coachman was passing, Lady Diana Chillingworth and Miss Burrage were seated in

Mrs. Puffit's shop : Lady Diana was extremely busy bargaining with the milliner ; for though rich, and a woman of quality, her ladyship piqued herself upon making the cheapest bargains in the world.

"Your la'ship did not look at this eight-and-twenty shilling lace," said Mrs. Puffit, "'t is positively the cheapest thing your la'ship ever saw. Jesse ! the laces in the little blue bandbox. Quick ! for my lady Di — Quick !"

"But it is out of my power to stay to look at anything more now," said Lady Diana ; "and yet," whispered she to Miss Burrage, "when one does go out a shopping, one certainly likes to bring home a bargain."

"Certainly ; but Bristol's not the place for bargains," said Miss Burrage ; "you will find nothing tolerable, I assure you, my dear lady Di, at Bristol."

"Why, my dear," said her ladyship, "were you ever at Bristol before ? How comes it that I never heard that you were at Bristol before ? Where were you, child ?"

"At the Wells — at the Wells, ma'am," replied Miss Burrage, and she turned pale and red in the space of a few seconds ; but Lady Diana, who was very near-sighted, was holding her head so close to the blue bandbox full of lace, that she could not see the changes in her companion's countenance. The fact was, that Miss Burrage was born and bred in Bristol, where she had several relations who were not in high life, and by whom she consequently dreaded to be claimed. When she first met Lady Diana Chillingworth at Buxton, she had passed herself upon her for one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire ; and she knew that if her ladyship was to discover the truth, she would cast her off with horror. For this reason, she had done everything in her power to prevent Lady Di from coming to Clifton ; and for this reason she now endeavored to persuade her that nothing tolerable could be met with at Bristol.

"I am afraid, Lady Di, you will be late at Lady Mary's," said she.

"Look at this lace, child, and give me your opinion ; eight-and-twenty shillings, Mrs. Puffit, did you say?"

"Eight-and-twenty, my lady ; and I lose by every yard I sell at that price. Ma'am, you see," said Mrs. Puffit, appealing to Miss Burrage, "'t is real Valenciennes, you see?"

"I see 't is horrid dear," said Miss Burrage ; then in a whisper to Lady Di, she added, — "At Miss Trentham's, at the Wells, your ladyship will meet with such bargains."

Mrs. Puffit put her lace upon the alabaster neck of the large doll which stood in the middle of her shop. "Only look, my lady — only see, ma'am, how beautiful becoming 't is to the neck, and sets off a dress so, you know, ma'am. And [turning to Miss Burrage] eight-and-twenty, you know, ma'am, is really nothing for any lace you'd wear, but more particularly for real Valenciennes, which can scarce be had *real* for love or money since the French revolution. Real Valenciennes ! — and will wear and wash, and wash and wear (not that your ladyship minds that) forever and ever, and is such a bargain, and so becoming to the neck, especially to ladies of your la'ship's complexion."

"Well, I protest I believe, Burrage — I don't know what to say, my dear — hey?"

"I'm told," whispered Miss Burrage, "that Miss Trentham's to have a lace-affle at the Wells, next week."

"A raffle !" cried Lady Di, turning her back immediately upon the doll and the lace.

"Well," cried Mrs. Puffit, "instead of eight, say seven-and-twenty shillings, Miss Burrage, for old acquaintance' sake."

"Old acquaintance !" exclaimed Miss Burrage ; "la ! Mrs. Puffit, I don't remember ever being twice in your shop all the time I was at the Wells before."

"No, ma'am," replied Mrs. Puffit, with a malicious smile, "but when you *was* living on Saint Augustin's Back."

"Saint Augustin's Back, my dear?" exclaimed Lady Diana Chillingworth, with a look of horror and amazement.

Miss Burrage, laying down a bank-note on the counter, made a quick and expressive sign to the milliner to hold her tongue.

"Dear Mrs. Puffit," cried she, "you certainly mistake me for some other strange person. Lady Di, now I look at it with my glass, this lace *is* very fine, I must agree with you, and not dear by any means for real Valenciennes. Cut me off three yards of this lace; I protest there's no withstanding it, Lady Di."

"Three yards at eight-and-twenty. Here Jesse," said Mrs. Puffit. "I beg your pardon, ma'am, for my mistake; I supposed it was some other lady of the same name; there are so many Burrages. *Only* three yards did you say, ma'am?"

"Nay, I don't care if you give me four. I'm of the Burrages of Dorsetshire."

"A very good family, those Burrages of Dorsetshire, as any in England," said Lady Di. "And put up twelve yards of this for me, Mrs. Puffit."

"Twelve at eight-and-twenty, — yes, my lady: very much obliged to your ladyship; much obliged to you, Miss Burrage. Here, Jesse, this to my Lady Di Chillingworth's carriage."

Jesse called at the shop door in a shrill voice to a black servant of Lady Frances Somerset's — "Mr. Hector, Mr. Hector! Sir, pray put this parcel into the carriage for Lady Di Chillingworth."

Angelina, who was waiting in her hackney-coach, started; she could scarcely believe that she heard the name rightly; but an instant afterwards the voice of Lady Diana struck her ear, and she sank back in great

agitation. However, neither Miss Burrage nor Lady Di saw her; they got into their carriage and drove away.

Angelina was so much alarmed, that she could scarcely believe that the danger was past, when she saw the carriage at the farthest end of the street.

"Would n't you be pleased to 'light, ma'am," said Jesse. "We don't bring things to the door."

"Who have we here?" cried Mrs. Puffit. "Who have we here?"

"Only some folks out of a hack that was kept waiting, and could n't draw up whilst my Lady Di's carriage was at the door," said Jesse.

"A good pretty girl the foremost," said Mrs. Puffit. "But, in the name of wonder, what's that odd fish coming behind her?"

"A queer-looking pair, in good truth!" said Jesse.

Angelina seated herself, and gave a deep sigh. "Ribbons, if you please, ma'am," said she to Mrs. Puffit. "I must," thought she, "ask for something, before I ask for my Araminta."

"Ribbons — yes, ma'am; what sort? Keep an eye upon the glass," whispered the milliner to her shop girl, as she stooped behind the counter for a drawer of ribbons; "keep an eye on the glass, Jesse, — a girl of the town, I take it. What color, ma'am?"

"Blue, 'cerulean blue.' Here, child," said Angelina, turning to Betty Williams, "here's a ribbon for you."

Betty Williams did not hear her, for Betty was fascinated by the eyes of the great doll opposite to which she stood fixed.

"Lord, what a fine lady! and how hur stares at Betty Williams!" thought she. "I wish hur would take hur eyes off me."

"Betty! Betty Williams! a ribbon for you," cried Angelina, in a louder tone.

Betty started. "Miss! a ribbon!" She ran for-

ward, and in pushing by the doll threw it backwards; Mrs. Puffit caught it in her arms, and Betty stopping short, courtesied, and said to the doll — "Peg pardon, miss; peg pardon, miss; tit I hurt you? peg pardon. Pless us! 't is a toll, and no woman, I teclare."

The milliner and Jesse now burst into uncontrollable and, as Angelina feared, "unextinguishable laughter." Nothing is so distressing to a sentimental heroine as ridicule. Miss Warwick perceived that she had her share of that which Betty Williams excited, and she, who imagined herself to be capable of "combating, in all its Proteus forms, the system of social slavery," was unable to withstand the laughter of a milliner and her apprentice.

"Do you please to want anything else, ma'am?" said Mrs. Puffit, in a saucy tone, — "Rouge, perhaps?"

"I wish to know, madam," said Angelina; "whether a lady of the name of Hodges does not lodge here?"

"A lady of the name of Hodges? — no, ma'am; I'm very particular about lodgers; no such lady ever lodged with me. Jesse! to the door, quick! Lady Mary Tasselton's carriage."

Angelina hastily rose and departed. Whilst Jesse ran to the door, and whilst Mrs. Puffit's attention was fixed upon Lady Mary Tasselton's carriage, Betty Williams twitched from off the doll's shoulders the remainder of the piece of Valenciennes lace which had been left there. "Since hur's only wood, I'll make free," said she to herself, and she carried off the lace unobserved.

Angelina's impatience to find her Araminta was increased by the dread of meeting Lady Di Chillingworth in every carriage that passed, and in every shop where she might call. At the next house at which the coachman stopped, the words *Dinah Plait, relict of Jonas Plait, cheesemonger*, were written in large letters over the shop-door. Angelina thought she was in no danger

of meeting her ladyship here, and she alighted. There was no one in the shop but a child of seven years old ; he could not understand well what Angelina or Betty said, but he ran to call his aunt. Dinah Plait was at dinner, and when the child opened the door of the parlor, there came forth such a savory smell, that Betty Williams, who was extremely hungry, could not forbear putting her head in to see what was upon the table.

"Pless hur ! heegs and pacon and toasted cheese. Cot pless hur !" exclaimed Betty.

"Aunt Dinah," said the child, "here are two women in some great distress, they told me, and astray and hungry."

"In some great distress, and astray and hungry — then let them in here, child, this minute."

There was seated at a small table, in a perfectly neat parlor, a quaker, whose benevolent countenance charmed Angelina the moment she entered the room.

"Pardon this intrusion," said she.

"Friend, thou art welcome," said Dinah Plait, and her looks said so more expressively than her words.

An elderly man rose, and leaving the cork-screw in the half-drawn cork of a bottle of cider, he set a chair for Angelina, and withdrew to the window.

"Be seated and eat, for verily thou seemest to be hungry," said Mrs. Plait to Betty Williams, who instantly obeyed, and began to eat like one that had been half famished.

"And now, friend, thy business, thy distress, — what is it?" said Dinah, turning to Angelina ; "so young to have sorrows."

"I had best to take myself away," said the elderly gentleman, who stood at the window — "I had best take myself away, for miss may not like to speak before me, tho' she might for that matter."

"Where is the gentleman going?" said Miss Warwick ; "I have but one short question to ask, and I have nothing to say that need —"

"I dare say, young lady, you can have nothing to say that you need be ashamed of, only people in distress don't like so well to speak before third folks, I *guess* — though, to say the truth, I have never known by my own experience what it was to be in much distress since I came into this world; but I hope I am not the more hard-hearted for that, for I can guess, I say, pretty well, how those in distress feel when they come to speak. Do as you would be done by, is my maxim, till I can find a better; so I take myself away, leaving my better-part behind me, if it will be of any service to you, madam."

As he passed by Miss Warwick, he dropped his purse into her lap, and he was gone before she could recover her surprise.

"Sir! — madam!" cried she, rising hastily, "here has been some strange mistake — I am not a beggar — I am much, very much obliged to you, but —"

"Nay, keep it, friend, keep it," said Dinah Plait, pressing the purse upon Angelina. "John Barker is as rich as a Jew, and as generous as a prince. Keep it, friend, and you'll oblige both him and me — 't is dangerous in this world for one so young and so pretty as you are to be in *great distress*, so be not proud."

"I am not proud," said Miss Warwick, drawing her purse from her pocket; "but my distress is not of a pecuniary nature. Convince yourself — I am in distress only for a friend, an *unknown* friend."

"Touched in her brain, I doubt!" thought Dinah.

"Coot ale!" exclaimed Betty Williams. "Coot heggs and pacon!"

"Does a lady of the name of Araminta — Miss Hodges, I mean, lodge here?" said Miss Warwick.

"Friend, I do not let lodgings; and I know of no such person as Miss Hodges."

"Well, I swear hur name, the coachman told me, did begin with a *p*, and end with a *t*," cried Betty

Williams, "or I would never have let him knock at hur toor."

"O, my Araminta ! my Araminta !" exclaimed Angelina, turning up her eyes towards heaven, "when, oh, when shall I find thee? I am the most unfortunate person upon earth."

"Had not hur petter eat a hegg and a pit of pacon — here's one pit left," said Betty; "hur must be hungry, for 'tis two o'clock past, and we preakfasted at nine — hur must be hungry." And Betty pressed her to try the pacon; but Angelina put it away, or, in the proper style, motioned the bacon from her.

"I am in no want of food," cried she rising; "happy they who have no conception of any but corporeal sufferings. Farewell, madam ! may the sensibility of which your countenance is so strongly expressive never be a source of misery to you !" and with that depth of sigh which suited the close of such a speech, Angelina withdrew.

"If I could but have felt her pulse," said Dinah Plait to herself, "I could have prescribed something that maybe would have done her good, poor distracted thing ! Now it was well done of John Barker to leave this purse for her — but how is this, poor thing ! she is not fit to be trusted with money ; here she has left her own purse full of guineas."

Dinah ran immediately to the house-door, in hopes of being able to catch Angelina ; but the coach had turned down into another street and was out of sight. Mrs. Plait sent for her constant counsellor, John Barker, to deliberate on the means of returning the purse. It should be mentioned, to the credit of Dinah's benevolence, that at the moment when she was interrupted by the entrance of Betty Williams and Angelina, she was hearing the most flattering things from a person who was not disagreeable to her — her friend, John Barker, was a rich hosier, who had retired from business, and

who, without any ostentation, had a great deal of real feeling and generosity. But the fastidious taste of *fine* or sentimental readers will probably be disgusted by our talking of the feelings and generosity of a dry-salter and a cheesemonger's widow. It belongs only to a certain class of people to indulge in the luxury of sentiment; we shall follow our heroine, therefore, who, both from her birth and education, is properly qualified to have "exquisite feelings."

The next house at which Angelina stopped to search for her amiable Araminta, was at Mrs. Porett's academy for young ladies.

"Yes, ma'am, Miss Hodges is here. Pray walk into this room, and you shall see the young lady immediately." Angelina burst into the room instantly, exclaiming —

"O, my Araminta! have I found you at last!"

She stopped short, a little confounded at finding herself in a large room full of young ladies who were dancing reels, and who all stood still at one and the same instant, and fixed their eyes upon her, struck with astonishment at her theatrical *entrée* and exclamation.

"Miss Hodges!" said Mrs. Porett; and a little girl of seven years old came forward. "Here, ma'am," said Mrs. Porett to Angelina, "here is Miss Hodges."

"Not *my* Miss Hodges! not my Araminta! alas!"

"No, ma'am," said the little girl, "I am only Letty Hodges."

Several of her companions now began to titter.

"These girls," said Angelina to herself, "take me for a fool;" and turning to Mrs. Porett, she apologized for the trouble she had given, in language as little romantic as she could condescend to use.

"Tid you bit me, miss, wait in the coach or the basage?" cried Betty Williams, forcing her way in at the door, so as almost to push down the dancing-master,

who stood with his back to it. Betty stared round, and dropped curtesy after curtesy, whilst the young ladies laughed and whispered, and whispered and laughed; and the words "odd — vulgar — strange — who is she? — what is she?" reached Miss Warwick.

"This Welsh girl," thought she "is my torment. Wherever I go, she makes me share the ridicule of her folly."

Clara Hope, one of the young ladies, saw and pitied Angelina's confusion.

"Gif over, an ye have any gude-nature — gif over your whispering and laughing," said Clara, to her companions; "ken ye not ye make her so bashful, she'd fain hide her face wi her twa hands."

But it was in vain that the good-natured Clara Hope remonstrated; her companions could not forbear tittering, as Betty Williams, upon Miss Warwick's laying the blame of the mistake on her, replied, in her strong Welsh accent —

"I will swear almost the name was Porett or Plait where our Miss Hodges tid always lodge in Pristol. Porett or Plait, or Puffit, or some of hur names that pekin with a *p* and ent with a *t*."

Angelina, quite *overpowered*, shrunk back as Betty bawled out her vindication, and she was yet more confused when Monsieur Richelet, the dancing master, at this unlucky instant, came up to her, and, with an elegant bow, said, "It is not difficult to see by her air, that mademoiselle dances superiorly. Mademoiselle, would she do me de plaisir — de honneur to dance one minuet?"

"Oh, if she would but dance!" whispered some of the group of young ladies.

"Excuse me, sir," said Miss Warwick.

"Not a minuet! — den a minuet de la cour, or co-tillon, or contredanse, or reel; vatever mademoiselle please vill do us honneur."

Angelina with a mixture of impatience and confusion,

repeated, "Excuse me, sir — I am going — I interrupt — I beg I may not interrupt."

"A coot morrow to you all, creat and small," said Betty Williams, courtesying awkwardly at the door as she went out before Miss Warwick.

The young ladies were now diverted so much beyond the bounds of decorum, that Mrs. Porett was obliged to call them to order.

"Oh, my Araminta, what scenes have I gone through, to what derision have I exposed myself, for your sake!" said our heroine to herself.

Just as she was leaving the dancing-room, she was stopped short by Betty Williams, who, with a face of terror, exclaimed, "'t is a poy in the hall, that I tare not pass for my lifes; he has a pasket full of pees in his hand, and I cannot apide pees, ever since one tay when I was a chilt, and was stung on the nose by a pee. The poy in the hall has a pasketful of pees, ma'am," said Betty, with an imploring accent, to Mrs. Porett.

"A basketful of bees!" said Mrs. Porett, laughing, — "Oh, you are mistaken; I know what the boy has in his basket, — they are only flowers, they are not bees; you may safely go by them."

"Put I saw pees with my own eyes," persisted Betty.

"Only a basketful of the bee orchis, which I commissioned a little boy to bring from St. Vincent's rocks for my young botanists," said Mrs. Porett to Angelina; "you know the flower is so like a bee that at first sight you might easily mistake it." Mrs. Porett, to convince Betty Williams that she had no cause for fear, went on before her into the hall; but Betty still hung back, crying, —

"It is a pasketful of pees! I saw the pees with my own eyes."

The noise she made excited the curiosity of the

young ladies in the dancing-room ; they looked out to see what was the matter.

" Oh, 't is the wee wee French prisoner-boy, with the bee orchises for us, — there, I see him staunding in the hall," cried Clara Hope ; and instantly she ran, followed by several of her companions, into the hall.

" You see that they are not bees," said Mrs. Porett to Betty Williams, as she took several of the flowers in her hand. Betty, half convinced, yet half afraid, moved a few steps into the hall.

" You have no cause for dread," said Clara Hope ; " poor boy, he has naught in his basket that can hurt anybody."

Betty Williams' heavy foot was now set upon the train of Clara's gown, and, as the young lady sprang forwards, her gown, which was of thin muslin, was torn so as to excite the commiseration of all her young companions.

" What a terrible rent ! — and her best gown ! " said they. " Poor Clara Hope ! "

" Pless us ! peg pardon, miss ! " cried the awkward, terrified Betty, " peg pardon, miss ! "

" Pardon's graunted," said Clara ; and whilst her companions stretched out her train, deploring the length and breadth of her misfortune, she went on speaking to the little French boy. " Poor wee boy ! 't is a sad thing to be in a strange country, far away from one's ane ane kin and happy hame, — poor wee thing ! " said she, slipping some money into his hand.

" What a heavenly countenance ! " thought Angelina, as she looked at Clara Hope ; " O that my Araminta may resemble her ! "

" *Platt-il*, take vat you vant, — tank you," said the little boy, offering to Clara Hope his basket of flowers, and a small box of trinkets which he held in his hand.

" Here's a many pretty toys — who'll buy ! " cried Clara, turning to her companions.

The young ladies crowded round the box and the basket.

"Is he in distress?" said Angelina; "perhaps I can be of some use to him!" and she put her hand into her pocket to feel for her purse.

"He is a very honest, industrious little boy," said Mrs. Porett, "and he supports his parents by his active ingenuity."

"And Louis, is your father sick still?" continued Clara Hope to the poor boy.

"*Bien malade! bien malade!* very sick! very sick!" said he.

The unaffected language of real feeling and benevolence is easily understood, and is never ridiculous; even in the broken French of little Louis, and the broad Scotch tone of Clara, it was both intelligible and agreeable.

Angelina had been for some time past feeling in her pockets for her purse.

"'Tis gone — certainly gone!" she exclaimed. "I've lost it! lost my purse! Betty, do you know anything of it? I had it at Mrs. Plait's! What shall I do for this poor little fellow? This trinket is of gold!" said she, taking from her neck a locket — "Here, my little fellow, I have no money to give you, take this — nay, you must, indeed."

"Tanks! tanks! bread for my poor fader! joy! joy! — too much joy! — too much!"

"You see you were wrong to laugh at her," whispered Clara Hope to her companions; "I liked her lukes from the first."

Natural feeling at this moment so entirely occupied and satisfied Angelina, that she forgot her sensibility for her unknown friend; and it was not till one of the children observed the lock of hair in her locket that she recollected her accustomed cant of —

"*Oh, my Araminta! my amiable Araminta!* could I part with that hair more precious than gold!"

"Pless us!" said Betty, "put if she has lost her purse, who shall pay for the coach, and what will become of our tinnners?"

Angelina silenced Betty Williams with peremptory dignity.

Mrs. Porett, who was a good and sensible woman, and who had been interested for our heroine by her good-nature to the little French boy, followed Miss Warwick as she left the room.

"Monsieur Richelet," said she, "I have a few words to say to this young lady," and Mrs. Porret opened the door of a little study. "Let me detain you, but for a few moments," said she. "You have nothing to fear from any impertinent curiosity on my part; but perhaps I may be of some assistance to you." Miss Warwick could not refuse to be detained a few minutes by so friendly a voice.

"Madam, you have mentioned the name of Araminta several times since you came into this house," said Mrs. Porett, with something of embarrassment in her manner, for she was afraid of appearing impertinent. "I know, or at least I knew, a lady who writes under that name, and whose real name is Hodges."

"Oh, a thousand, thousand thanks!" cried Angelina; "tell me where can I find her?"

"Are you acquainted with her? You seem to be a stranger, young lady, in Bristol. Are you acquainted with Miss Hodges' *whole* history?"

"Yes, her *whole* history; every feeling of her soul, every thought of her mind," cried Angelina with enthusiasm; "we have corresponded for two years past."

Mrs. Porett smiled: "It is not always possible," said she, "to judge of ladies by their letters; I am not inclined to believe *above half* of what the world says, according to Lord Chesterfield's allowance for scandalous stories; but it may be necessary to warn you, as you seem very young, that —"

"Madam," cried Angelina, "young as I am, I know that superior genius and virtue are the inevitable objects of scandal. It is in vain to detain me farther."

"I am truly sorry for it," said Mrs. Porett; "but, perhaps, you will allow me to tell you that—"

"No, not a word; not a word more will I hear," cried our heroine; and she hurried out of the house, and threw herself into the coach. Mrs. Porett contrived, however, to make Betty Williams hear, that the most probable means of gaining any intelligence of Miss Hodges would be to inquire for her at the shop of Mr. Barker, who was her printer. To Mr. Barker's they drove, though Betty professed that she was half unwilling to inquire for Miss Hodges from any one whose name did not begin with a *P* and end with a *t*.

"What a pity it is," said Mrs. Porett, when she returned to her pupils, "what a pity it is that this young lady's friends should permit her to go about in a hackney coach with such a strange vulgar servant-girl as that! She is too young to know how quickly, and often how severely, the world judges by appearances. Miss Hope, now we talk of appearances, you forget that your gown is torn, and you do not know, perhaps, that your friend Lady Frances Somerset—"

"Lady Frances Somerset!" cried Clara Hope, "I love to hear her very name."

"For which reason you interrupt me the moment I mention it. I have a great mind not to tell you, that Lady Frances Somerset has invited you to go to the play with her to-night: 'The Merchant of Venice,' and 'The Adopted Child.'"

"Gude-natured Lady Frances Somerset! I'm sure an' if Clara Hope had been your adopted child twenty times over, you cude not have been more kind to her nor you have been. No, not had she been your ane country-woman, and of your ane clan, and all for the same reasons that make some neglect and look down

upon her, because Clara is not meikle rich, and is far away from her ane ane friends. Gude Lady Frances Somerset ! Clara Hope luvcs you in her heart, and she's as blythe wi' the thought o' ganging to see you, as if she were going to dear Inverary."

It is a pity, for the sake of our story, that Miss Warwick did not stay a few minutes longer at Mrs. Porrett's, that she might have heard this eulogium on Lady Frances Somerset, and might have a second time in one day discovered that she was on the very brink of meeting with the persons she most dreaded to see ; but however temptingly romantic such an incident would have been, we must, according to our duty as faithful historians, deliver a plain unvarnished tale.

Miss Warwick arrived at Mr. Barker's, and as soon as she had pronounced the name of Hodges, the printer called to his devil for a parcel of advertisements, which he put into her hand ; they were proposals for printing by subscription a new novel, "The Sorrows of Araminta."

"O, my Araminta ! my amiable Araminta, have I found you at last ! '*The Sorrows of Araminta, a novel, in nine volumes ;*'—oh, charming !—'*together with a tragedy on the same plan.*' Delightful ! '*Subscriptions received at John Barker's, printer and bookseller ; and by Rachel Hodges*'—odious name !—'*at Mrs. Bertrand's.*'"

"Bartrand ! There, now *you*, do ye hear that ? the lady lives at Mrs. Bartrand's ; how will you make out now that Bartrand begins with a *P* and ends with a *t* now ?" said the hackney-coachman to Betty, who was standing at the door.

"Pertrant ; why," cried Betty, "what would you have ?"

"Silence ! Oh, silence !" said Miss Warwick, and she continued reading—" *Subscriptions received at Mrs. Bertrand's.*"

"Pertrant, you ear, plockhead! you Irishman!" cried Betty Williams.

"Bartrand,—you have no hears! Welshwoman as you are," retorted Terence O'Grady.

"Subscription two guineas, for the Sorrows of Araminta," continued our heroine; but looking up, she saw Betty Williams and the hackney-coachman making menacing faces and gestures at one another.

"Fight it out in the passage, for heaven's sake," said Angelina; "if you must fight, fight out of my sight."

"For shame, before the young lady," said Mr. Barker, holding the hackney-coachman; "have done disputing so loud."

"I've done, but she is wrong," cried Terence.

"I've done, put he is wrong," said Betty.

Terence was so much provoked by the Welshwoman, that he declared he would not carry her a step farther in his coach—that his *beasts* were tired, and that he must be paid his fare; for that he neither could nor would wait any longer. Betty Williams was desired by Angelina to pay him. She hesitated, but after being assured by Miss Warwick that the debt should be punctually discharged in a few hours, she acknowledged that she had silver enough "in a little box at the bottom of her pocket;" and, after much fumbling, she pulled out a snuff-box, which she said had been given to her by her "creat-crandmother." Whilst she was paying the coachman, the printer's devil observed one end of a piece of lace hanging out of her pocket; she had by accident pulled it out along with the snuff-box.

"And was this your great-grandmother's, too?" said the printer's devil, taking hold of the lace.

Betty started—Angelina was busy making inquiries from the printer, and she did not see or hear what was passing close to her—the coachman was intent upon the examination of his shillings. Betty, with great as-

surance reproved the printer's devil for touching such lace with his plack fingers.

"'T was not my crandmother's — 't is the young lady's," said she, "let it pe, pray — look how you have placked it, and marked it, with plack fingers."

She put the stolen lace hastily into her pocket, and immediately went out, as Miss Warwick desired, to call another coach.

Before we follow our heroine to Mrs. Bertrand's, we must beg leave to go, and, if we can, to transport our readers with us, to Lady Frances Somerset's house, at Clifton.

CHAPTER IV.

"WELL, how I am to get up this hill again, Heaven knows !" said Lady Diana Chillingworth, who had been prevailed upon to walk down Clifton-hill to the Wells ; — " Heigho ! that sister of mine, Lady Frances, walks and walks, and talks and laughs, and admires the beauties of Nature, till I 'm half dead."

"Why, indeed, Lady Frances Somerset, I must allow," said Miss Burrage, "is not the fittest companion in the world for a person of your ladyship's nerves ; but then it is to be hoped that the glass of water which you have just taken fresh at the pump will be of service, provided the racketing to Bristol to the play don't counteract it, and undo all again."

"How I dread going into that Bristol playhouse !" said Miss Burrage to herself ; "some of my precious relations may be there to claim me. My Aunt Dinah, God bless her for a starched Quaker, would n't be seen at a play, I 'm sure — so she 's safe ; but the odious drysalter's daughters might be there, dizened out, and, between the acts, their great tall figures might rise in judgment against me — spy me out — stare and curtsey, pop, pop, pop at me, without mercy, or bawl out across the benches, 'cousin Burrage ! cousin Burrage !' and Lady Diana Chillingworth to hear it ! Oh, I should sink into the earth !"

"What amusement," continued Miss Burrage, addressing herself to Lady Di, "what amusement Lady Frances Somerset can find at a Bristol playhouse, and at this time of year too, is to me really unaccountable."

"I do suppose," replied Lady Diana, "that my sister goes only to please that child (Clara Hope, I think they call her) — not to please me, I'm sure ; but what is she doing all this time in the pump-room?— does she know we are waiting for her? Oh, here she comes ;— Frances, I am half dead."

"Half dead, my dear ! Well, here is something to bring you to life again," said Lady Frances ; "I do believe I have found out Miss Warwick."

"I am sure, my dear, *that* does not revive me ; I've been almost plagued to death with her already," said Lady Diana.

"There's no living in this world without plagues of some sort or other, but the pleasure of doing good makes one forget them all. Here, look at this advertisement, my dear," said Lady Frances ; "a gentleman, whom I have just met with in the pump-room, was reading it in a newspaper when I came in, and a whole knot of scandal-mongers were settling who it could possibly be. One smug little man, a Welsh curate, I believe, was certain it was the barmaid of an inn at Bath, who is said to have inveigled a young nobleman into matrimony. I left the Welshman in the midst of a long story about his father and a young lady who lost her shoe on the Welsh mountains, and I ran away with the paper to bring it to you."

Lady Diana received the paper with an air of reluctance.

"Was not I very fortunate to meet with it?" said Lady Frances.

"I protest I see no good fortune in the business, from beginning to end."

"Ah, because you are not come to the end yet — look — 't is from Mrs. Hoel, of the inn at Cardiff, and by the date, she must have been there last week."

"Who? Mrs. Hoel?"

"Miss Warwick, my dear, I beg pardon for my pro-

noun. But do read this, eyes — hair — complexion — age — size ; it certainly must be Miss Warwick."

"And what then?" said Lady Di, with provoking coldness, walking on towards home. "Why then, my dear, you know we can go to Cardiff to-morrow morning, find the poor girl, and before anybody knows anything of the matter, before her reputation is hurt, or you blamed — before any harm can happen, convince the girl of her folly and imprudence, and bring her back to you and common sense."

"To common sense and welcome, if you can ; but not to me —"

"Not to you ! Nay ; but my dear, what will become of her?"

"Nay ; but my dear Frances, what will the world say?"

"Of her?"

"Of me?"

"My dear Di, shall I tell you what the world would say?"

"No, Lady Frances, I'll tell *you* what the world would say — that Lady Diana Chillingworth's house was an asylum for runaways."

"An asylum for nonsense ! I beg your pardon, sister, but it always provokes me to see a person afraid to do what they think right, because, truly, 'The world will say it is wrong.' What signifies the uneasiness we may suffer from the idle blame or tittle-tattle of the day, compared with the happiness of a young girl's whole life which is at stake?"

"Oh, Lady Frances, that is spoke like yourselt, — I love you in my heart, — that's right ! that's right," thought Clara Hope.

Lady Diana fell back a few paces, that she might consult one whose advice she always found agreeable to her own opinions.

"In my opinion," whispered Miss Burrage to Lady

Diana, "you are right, quite right, to have nothing more to do with the *happiness* of a young lady who has taken such a step."

They were just leaving St. Vincent's Parade, when they heard the sound of music upon the walk by the river-side, and they saw a little boy there seated at the foot of a tree, playing on a guitar, and singing —

"J'ai quitté mon pays et mes amis,
Pour jouer de ma guitare,
Qui va clin clin, qui va clin clin,
Qui va clin, clin, clin, clin."

"Ha! my wee-wee friend," said Clara Hope, "are you here? I was just thinking of you, just wishing for you. By gude luck, have you the weeny locket aboot you that the young lady gave you this morning? The weeny locket, my bonny boy?"

"*Platt-il?*" said little Louis.

"He *don't* understand one word," said Miss Burrage, laughing sarcastically, "he don't understand one word of all your *bonnys* and *wee-wees*, and *weenies*, Miss Hope; he, unfortunately, don't understand broad Scotch, and maybe he may n't be so great a proficient as you are in *boarding-school* French; but I'll try if he can understand *me*, if you'll tell me what you want."

"Such a trinket as this," said Clara, showing a locket which hung from her neck.

"Ah, *oui* — yes, I *comprehen* now," cried the boy, taking from his coat-pocket a small case of trinkets — "*la voilà!* — here is vat de young lady did give me — good young lady!" said Louis, and he produced the locket.

"I declare," exclaimed Miss Burrage, catching hold of it, "'t is Miss Warwick's locket! I'm sure of it. Here's the motto — I've read it and laughed at it twenty times — '*L'Amie Inconnue*.'"

"When I heard* you all talking just now about that description of the young lady in the newspaper I cude

not but fancy," said Clara Hope, "that the lady whom I saw this morning must be Miss Warwick."

"Saw — where?" cried Lady Frances, eagerly.

"At Bristol — at our academy — at Mrs. Porett's," said Clara; "but mark me, she is not there now, — I do not ken where she may be now."

"*Moi, je sais!* I do know de demoiselle did stop in a coach at one house; I was in de street — I can show you de house."

"Can you so, my good little fellow? — then let us be gone directly!" said Lady Frances.

"You 'll excuse me, sister," said Lady Di.

"Excuse you! — *I* will, but *the world* will not. You 'll be abused, sister — shockingly abused."

This assertion made more impression upon Lady Di Chillingworth than could have been made either by argument or entreaty.

"One really does not know how to act, people take so much notice of everything that is said and done by persons of a certain rank. If you think that I shall be so much abused, I absolutely do not know what to say."

"But I thought," interposed Miss Burrage, "that Lady Frances was going to take you to the play to-night, Miss Hope."

"Oh, never heed the play — never heed the play, or Clara Hope: never heed taking me to the play; Lady Frances is going to do a better thing. Come on, my bonny boy," said she to the little French boy, who was following them.

We must now return to our heroine, whom we left on her way to Mrs. Bertrand's. Mrs. Bertrand kept a large confectionery and fruit-shop in Bristol.

"Please to walk through this way, ma'am; Miss Hodges is abovestairs; she shall be apprised directly. Jenny, run upstairs," said Mrs. Bertrand to her maid, "run upstairs, and tell Miss Hodges here's a young

lady wants to see her in a great hurry. You'd best sit down, ma'am," continued Mrs. Bertrand to Angelina, "till the girl has been up with the message."

"O my Araminta! how my heart beats!" exclaimed Miss Warwick.

"How my mouth waters!" cried Betty Williams, looking at the fruit and confectioneries.

"Would you, ma'am, be pleased," said Mrs. Bertrand, "to take a glass of ice this warm evening? cream-ice or water-ice, ma'am? pine-apple or strawberry-ice?" As she spoke, Mrs. Bertrand held a salver, covered with ices, towards Miss Warwick, but apparently she thought that it was not consistent with the delicacy of friendship, to think of eating or drinking, when she was thus upon the eve of her first interview with her Araminta. Betty Williams, who was of a different *nature* from our heroine, saw the salver recede with excessive surprise and regret. She stretched out her hand after it, and seized a glass of raspberry-ice, but no sooner had she tasted it than she made a frightful face, and let the glass fall, exclaiming —

"Pless us! 'tis not as cood as cooseberry-fool."

Mrs. Bertrand next offered her a cheesecake, which Betty ate voraciously.

"She's actually a female Sancho Panza," thought Angelina. Her own more striking resemblance to the female Quixote never occurred to our heroine — so blind are we to our own failings.

"Who is the young lady?" whispered the mistress of the fruit-shop to Betty Williams, whilst Miss Warwick was walking — we should say *pacing* — up and down the room, in *anxious solicitude and evident agitation*.

"Hur's a young lady," replied Betty, stopping to take a mouthful of cheesecake between every member of her sentence, "a young lady — that has — lost hur —"

"Her heart, so I thought."

"Hur purse!" said Betty, with an accent which

showed that she thought this the more serious loss of the two.

"Her purse! — that's bad, indeed! — you pay for your own cheesecake and raspberry-ice, and for the glass that you broke?" said Mrs. Bertrand.

"Put hur has a creat deal of money in her trunk, I pelieve, at Llanwaetur," said Betty.

"Surely Miss Hodges does not know I am here," cried Miss Warwick, "her Angelina!"

"Ma'am, she'll be down immediately, I do suppose," said Mrs. Bertrand. "What was it you pleased to call for? Angelica, ma'am, did you say? At present we are quite out, I'm ashamed to say, of Angelica, ma'am. Well, child," continued Mrs. Bertrand to her maid, who was at this moment seen passing by the back door of the shop in great haste.

"Ma'am, anan," said the maid, turning back her cap from off her ear.

"Anan, deaf doll! did n't you hear me tell you to tell Miss Hodges a lady wanted to speak to her in a great hurry?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, who spoke in the broad Somersetshire dialect; "I heard you zay, '*up to Miss Hodges*,' zoo I thought it was the bottle o' brandy, and zoo I took it alung with the tea-kettle; but I'll go up again now, and zay miss bes in a hurry, az she zays."

"Brandy!" repeated Miss Warwick, on whom the word seemed to make a great impression.

"Pranty, ay, pranty," repeated Betty Williams; "our Miss Hodges always takes pranty in hur teas at Llanwaetur."

"Brandy! Then she can't be my Araminta."

"Oh, the very same, and no other; you are quite right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bertrand, "if you mean the same that is publishing the novel, ma'am, '*The Sorrows of Araminta*,' for the reason I know so much about it

is, that I take in the subscriptions, and distribute the the purposals."

Angelina had scarcely time to believe or disbelieve what she heard, before the maid returned with, "Mam, Mizz Hodges haz hur best love to you, mizz, and please to walk up. There be two steps — please to have a care, or you'll break your neck."

Before we introduce Angelina to her "unknown friend," we must relate the conversation which was actually passing between the amiable Araminta and her Orlando, whilst Miss Warwick was waiting in the fruit-shop. Our readers will be so good as to picture to themselves a woman, with a face and figure which seemed to have been intended for a man, with a voice and gesture capable of setting even man, "imperial man," at defiance. Such was Araminta. She was at this time sitting cross-legged in an arm-chair at a tea-table, on which, beside the tea-equipage, was a medley of things, of which no prudent tongue or pen would undertake to give a correct list. At the feet of this fair lady, kneeling on one knee, was a thin, subdued, simple-looking Quaker, of the name of Nathaniel Gazabo.

"But now, Natty," said Miss Hodges, in a voice more masculine than her looks; "you understand the conditions. If I give you my hand, and make you my husband, it is upon condition that you never contradict any of my opinions; do you promise me that?"

"Yea, verily," replied Nat.

"And you promise to leave me entirely at liberty to act, as well as to think, in all things as my own independent understanding shall suggest?"

"Yea, verily," was the man's response.

"And you will be guided by me in all things?"

"Yea, verily."

"And you will love and admire me all your life, as much as you do now?"

"Yea, verily."

"Swear," said the unconscionable woman.

"Nay, verily," replied the meekest of men, "I cannot swear, my Rachel, being a Quaker; but I will affirm."

"Swear, swear," cried the lady in an imperious tone, "or I will never be your Araminta."

"I swear," said Nat Gazabo, in a timid voice.

"Then, Natty, I consent to be Mrs. Hodges Gazabo. Only remember always to call me your dear Araminta."

"My dear Araminta! thus," said he, embracing her, "thus let me thank thee, my dear Araminta."

It was in the midst of these thanks, that the maid interrupted the well-matched pair with the news that a young lady was below, who was in a great hurry to see Miss Hodges.

"Let her come," said Miss Hodges, "I suppose 't is only one of the Miss Carver's. Don't stir, Nat; it will vex her so to see you kneeling to me. Don't stir, I say!"

"Where is she? Where is my Araminta?" cried Miss Warwick, as the maid was trying to open the outer passage-door for her, which had a bad lock.

"Get up, get up, Natty; and get some fresh water in the tea-kettle. Quick!" cried Miss Hodges, and she began to clear away some of the varieties of literature, &c., which lay scattered about the room. Nat, in obedience to her commands, was making his exit with all possible speed, when Angelina entered, exclaiming—

"My amiable Araminta! My unknown friend!"

"My Angelina! My charming Angelina!" cried Miss Hodges.

Miss Hodges was not the sort of person our heroine expected to see; and to conceal the panic with which the first sight of her unknown friend struck her disappointed imagination, she turned back to listen to the apologies which Nat Gazabo was pouring forth about his awkwardness and the tea-kettle.

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear!" cried Miss Hodges, with the tone and action of a bad actress, who is rehearsing an embrace. "Turn, Angelina, ever dear. Thus, thus let us meet to part no more."

"But her voice is so loud," said Angelina to herself, "and her looks so vulgar, and there is such a smell of brandy. How unlike the elegant delicacy I had expected in my unknown friend." Miss Warwick involuntarily shrunk from the stifling embrace.

"You are overpowered, my Angelina — lean on me;" said her Araminta.

Nat Gazabo re-entered with the tea-kettle.

"Here's *biling* water, and we'll have fresh tea in a trice — the young lady's overtired, seemingly — here's a chair, miss, here's a chair;" cried Nat —. Miss Warwick *sunk* upon the chair; Miss Hodges seated herself beside her, continuing to address her in a theatrical tone.

"This moment is bliss unutterable! my kind, my noble-minded Angelina, thus to leave all your friends for your Araminta!" Suddenly changing her voice, "Set the tea-kettle, Nat!"

"Who is this Nat, I wonder?" thought Miss Warwick.

"Well, and tell me," said Miss Hodges, whose attention was awkwardly divided between the ceremonies of making tea and making speeches; "and tell me, my Angelina — that's water enough, Nat; and tell me, my Angelina, how did you find me out?"

"With some difficulty, indeed, *my Araminta*." — Miss Warwick could hardly pronounce the words.

"So kind, so noble-minded," continued Miss Hodges; "and did you receive my last letter — three sheets? And how did you contrive? — stoop the kettle, *do*, Nat."

"Oh, this odious Nat! how I wish she would send him away!" thought Miss Warwick.

"And tell me, my Araminta — my Angelina, I mean — how did you contrive your elopement, and how did you escape from the eye of your aristocratic Argus — how did you escape from all your unfeeling persecutors? — tell me, tell me all your adventures, my Angelina! — snuff the candle, Nat;" said Miss Hodges, who was cutting bread-and-butter, which she did not do with the celebrated grace of Charlotte, in the "Sorrows of Werter."

"I'll tell you all, my Araminta," whispered Miss Warwick, "when we are by ourselves."

"Oh, never mind Nat," whispered Miss Hodges.

"Could n't you tell him," rejoined Miss Warwick, "that he need not wait any longer?"

"*Wait*, my dear! why, what do you take him for?"

"Why, is not he your footman?" whispered Angelina.

"My footman! — Nat!" exclaimed Miss Hodges, bursting out laughing, "my Angelina took you for my footman."

"Good heavens! what is he?" said Angelina, in a low voice.

"Verily," said Nat Gazabo, with a sort of bashful simple laugh, "verily, I am the humblest of her servants."

"And does not my Angelina — spare my delicacy," said Miss Hodges — "does my Angelina not remember, in any of my long letters, the name of — Orlando? There he stands."

"Orlando! Is this gentleman your Orlando, of whom I have heard so much?"

"He! he! he!" simpered Nat. "I am Orlando, of whom you have heard so much, and she [pointing to Miss Hodges] she is to-morrow morning, God willing, to be Mistress Hodges Gazabo."

"Mrs. Hodges Gazabo, my Araminta!" said Angelina, with astonishment which she could not suppress.

"Yes, my Angelina; so end 'The Sorrows of Ara-

mintia.' Another cup!—do I make the tea too sweet?" said Miss Hodges, whilst Nat handed the bread-and-butter to the ladies officiously.

"The man looks like a fool," thought Miss Warwick.

"Set down the bread-and-butter, and be quiet, Nat. Then, as soon as the wedding is over, we fly, my Angelina, to our charming cottage in Wales; there may we bid defiance to the storms of fate:—

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

"That," said Angelina, "'is the blameless vestal's lot;' but you forget that you are to be married, my Araminta; and you forget that in your letter of three folio sheets, you said not one word to me of this intended marriage."

"Nay, my dear, blame me not for a want of confidence that my heart disclaims," said Miss Hodges; "from the context of my letters you must have suspected the progress my Orlando had made in my affections; but, indeed, I should not have brought myself to decide apparently so precipitately, had it not been for the opposition, the persecution, of my friends—I was determined to show them that I know and can assert my right to think and act upon all occasions for myself."

Longer, much longer, Miss Hodges spoke in the most peremptory voice; but whilst she was declaiming on her favorite topic, her Angelina was "revolving in her altered mind" the strange things which she had seen and heard in the course of the last half-hour; everything appeared to her in a new light: when she compared the conversation and conduct of Miss Hodges with the sentimental letters of her Araminta; when she compared Orlando in description to Orlando in reality, she could scarcely believe her senses; accustomed as she had been to elegance of manners, the vulgarity and awkwardness of Miss Hodges shocked

and disgusted her beyond measure. The disorder, and — for the words must be said — slatternly-dirty appearance of her Araminta's dress and of everything in her apartment, were such as would have made a hell of heaven; and the idea of spending her life in a cottage with Mrs. Hodges Gazabo and Nat overwhelmed our heroine with the double fear of wretchedness and ridicule.

"Another cup of tea, my Angelina?" said Miss Hodges when she had finished her tirade against her persecutors; that is to say, her friends. — "Another cup, my Angelina; — do, after your journey and fatigue, take another cup?"

"No more, I thank you."

"Then reach me that tragedy, Nat — you know ——"

"Your own tragedy, is it, my dear?" said he.

"Ah, Nat, now! you never can keep a secret," said Miss Hodges: "I wanted to surprise my Angelina."

"I am surprised!" thought Angelina — "Oh, how much surprised!"

"I have a motto for our cottage here, somewhere," said Miss Hodges, turning over the leaves of her tragedy — "But I'll keep that till to-morrow, since to-morrow's the day sacred to love and friendship."

Nat, by way of showing his joy in a becoming manner, rubbed his hands and hummed a tune. His mistress frowned and bit her lips, but the signals were lost upon him, and he sung out in an exulting tone —

"When the lads of the village so merrily, ah!
Sound their tabors, I'll hand thee along."

"Fool! dolt! idiot!" cried his Araminta, rising furious — "Out of my sight!" Then sinking down upon her chair, she burst into tears and threw herself into the arms of her pale astonished Angelina. "O my Angelina!" she exclaimed, "I am the most ill-matched! most unfortunate! most wretched of women!"

"Don't be *frighted*, miss," said Nat; "she 'll come to again presently; 't is only *her way*." As he spoke, he poured out a bumper of brandy, and kneeling, presented it to his mistress. "'T is the only thing in life does her good," continued he, "in these sort of fits."

"Heavens, what a scene!" said Miss Warwick to herself; "and the woman so heavy I can scarce support her weight; and is this *my unknown friend*?"

How long Miss Hodges would willingly have continued to sob upon Miss Warwick's shoulder, or how long that shoulder could possibly have sustained her weight, is a mixed problem in physics and metaphysics which must ever remain unsolved; but suddenly a loud scream was heard — Miss Hodges started up — the door was thrown open, and Betty Williams rushed in, crying loudly,—"O shave me! O shave me! for the love of Got shave me, miss!" and pushing by the swain, who held the unfinished glass of brandy in his hand, she threw herself on her knees at the feet of Angelina.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Nat, "whatever you are you need not push one so."

"What now, Betty Williams? Is the wench mad or drunk?" cried Miss Hodges.

"We are to have a mad scene next, I suppose," said Miss Warwick, calmly—"I am prepared for everything, after what I have seen."

Betty Williams continued crying bitterly and wringing her hands—"O shave me this once, miss! 't is the first thing of the kind I ever did, inteeet, inteeet! O shave me this once, I tid not know it was worth so much as a shilling, and that I could be hanged, inteeet; and I—"

Here Betty was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Puffit the milliner, the printer's devil, and a stern-looking man, to whom Mrs. Puffit, as she came in, said, pointing to Betty Williams and Miss Warwick—"There

they are — do your duty, Mr. Constable ; I'll swear to my lace."

"And I'll swear to my black thumbs," said the printer's devil ; "I saw the lace hanging out of her pocket, and there 's the marks of my fingers upon it, Mr. Constable."

"Fellow !" cried Miss Hodges, taking the constable by the arm, "this is my apartment, into which no minion of the law has a right to enter ; for in England every man's house is his castle."

"I know that as well as you do, *madam*," said the constable, "but I make it a principle to do nothing without a warrant ; here 's my warrant."

"O shave me ! — the lace is hurs inteet !" cried Betty Williams, pointing to Miss Warwick. "Oh, miss is my mistress, inteet —"

"Come, mistress or miss, then, — you'll be pleased to come along with me," said the constable, seizing hold of Angelina ; "like mistress, like maid."

"Villain ! unfeeling villain ! Oh, unhand my Angelina, or I shall die ! I shall die !" exclaimed Araminta, falling into the arms of Nat Gazabo, who immediately held the replenished glass of brandy to her lips. "Oh, my Angelina ! my Angelina."

Struck with horror at her situation, Miss Warwick shrunk from the grasp of the constable, and leaned motionless on the back of a chair.

"Come, my angel, as they call you, I think ; the lady there has brandy enough if you want spirits ; all the fits and faintings in Christendom won't save you now ; I'm used to the tricks o' the trade ; the law must take its course ; and if you can't walk I must carry you."

"Touch me at your peril ; I am innocent !" said Angelina.

"Innocent — innocence itself ! pure, spotless, injured innocence !" cried Miss Hodges. "I shall die ! I shall die ! I shall die on the spot ! — barbarous, barbarous villain !"

Whilst Miss Hodges spoke, the ready Nat poured out a fresh glass of that restorative which he always had ready for cases of life and death ; and she screamed and sipped, and sipped and screamed, as the constable took up Angelina in his arms and carried her towards the door.

"Mrs. Innocence," said the man, "you shall see who you shall see."

Mrs. Puffit opened the door, and, to the utter astonishment of everybody present, Lady Diana Chillingworth entered the room, followed by Lady Frances Somerset and Mrs. Bertrand. The constable set down Angelina, Miss Hodges set down the glass of brandy, Mrs. Puffit courtesied, Betty Williams stretched out her arms to Lady Diana, crying — "Shave me ! shave me this once !" Miss Warwick hid her face with her hands.

"Only my Valenciennes lace that has been found in that girl's pocket, and —"

Lady Diana Chillingworth turned away with indescribable haughtiness, and addressing herself to her sister, said, "Lady Frances Somerset, you would not, I presume, have Lady Diana Chillingworth lend her countenance to such a scene as this. I hope, sister," added her ladyship, as she left the room, "I hope, sister, that you are satisfied now."

"Never was farther from being satisfied in my life," said Lady Frances.

"If you look at this, my lady," said the constable, holding out the lace, "you'll soon be satisfied as to what sort of a young lady that is."

"Oh, you mistake the young lady," said Mrs. Bertrand, and she whispered to the constable — "Come away ; you may be sure you'll be satisfied — we shall all be satisfied handsomely, all in good time. Don't let the *delinquency* there on her knees," added she aloud, pointing to Betty Williams — "don't let the *delinquency* there on her knees escape."

"Come along, mistress," said the constable, pulling up Betty Williams from her knees ; "but I say the law must have its course, if I am not satisfied."

"Oh, I'm confident," said Mrs. Puffit, the milliner, "we shall all be satisfied, no doubt ; but Lady Di Chillingworth knows my Valenciennes lace and Miss Buraage too, for they did me this morning the honor —"

"Will you do me the favor," interrupted Lady Frances Somerset, "to leave us, good Mrs. Puffit, for the present. Here is some mistake ; the less noise we make about it the better ; you shall be satisfied."

"Oh, your ladyship, — I'm sure, I'm confident I shan't utter another syllable, nor never would have articulated a syllable about the lace (though Valenciennes, and worth thirty guineas if it is worth a farthing), had I had the least intimacy or suspicion the young lady was your la'ship's *protégée* ; I shan't, at any rate, utter another syllable."

Mrs. Puffit, having glibly run off this speech, left the room, and carried in her train the constable and Betty Williams, the printer's devil, and Mrs. Bertrand, the woman of the house.

Miss Warwick, whose confusion during this whole scene was excessive, stood without power to speak or move.

"Thank God they are gone !" said Lady Frances ; and she went to Angelina, and taking her hands gently from before her face, said, in a soothing tone, — "Miss Warwick, your friend Lady Frances Somerset, you cannot think that she suspects —"

"La dear, no !" cried Nat Gazabo, who had now sufficiently recovered from his fright and amazement to be able to speak. "Dear heart ! who could go for to suspect such a thing ; but they made such a bustle and noise, they quite flabbergasted me, so *maany* on them in this small room. Please to sit down, my lady. Is there anything I can do?"

"If you could have the goodness, sir, to leave us for a few minutes," said Lady Frances, in a polite persuasive manner, — "if you could have the goodness, sir, to leave us for a few minutes."

Nat, who was not *always* spoken to by so gentle a voice, smiled, bowed, and was retiring, when Miss Hodges came forward with an air of defiance. "Aristocratic insolence!" exclaimed she; "stop, Nat! stir not a foot, at your peril, at the word of command of any of the privileged orders upon earth! — stir not a foot, at your peril, at the behest of any titled *she* in the universe! Madam, or my lady, or by whatever other name more high, more low, you choose to be addressed, this is my husband."

"Very probably, madam," said Lady Frances, with an easy calmness, which provoked Miss Hodges to a louder tone of indignation.

"Stir not a foot, at your peril, Nat!" cried she. "I will defend him, I say, madam, against every shadow, every penumbra of aristocratic insolence!"

"As you and he think proper, madam," replied Lady Frances. "'Tis easy to defend the gentleman against shadows."

Miss Hodges marched up and down the room, with her arms folded. Nat stood stock still.

"The woman," whispered Lady Frances to Miss Warwick, "is either mad or drunk, or both; at all events, we shall be better in another room." As she spoke, she drew Miss Warwick's arm within hers. "Will you allow aristocratic insolence to pass by you, sir?" said she to Nat Gazabo, who stood like a statue in the doorway: he edged himself aside.

"And is this your independence of soul, my Angelina?" cried Araminta, setting her back to the door, so as effectually to prevent her from passing; "and is this your independence of soul, my Angelina, thus, thus tamely to submit, to resign yourself again to

your unfeeling, proud, prejudiced, intellect-lacking persecutors?"

"This lady is my *friend*, madam," said Angelina, in as firm and tranquil a tone as she could command, for she was quite terrified by her Araminta's violence.

"Take your choice, my dear; stay or follow me, as you think best," said Lady Frances.

"Your friend!" pursued the oratorical lady, detaining Miss Warwick with a heavy hand: "do you feel the force of the word? *can* you feel it as I once thought you could? Your friend! Am not *I* your friend, your best friend, my Angelina? your own Araminta, your amiable Araminta, your *unknown friend*?"

"My *unknown* friend, indeed!" said Angelina. Miss Hodges let go her struggling hand; and Miss Warwick that instant followed Lady Frances, who, having effected her retreat, had by this time gained the staircase.

"Gone!" cried Miss Hodges; "then never will I see or speak to her more: thus I whistle her off, and let her down the wind to prey at fortune."

"Gracious heart! what quarrels," said Nat, "and doings the night before our wedding-day!"

We leave this well-matched pair to their happy prospects of conjugal union and equality.

Lady Frances, who perceived that Miss Warwick was scarcely able to support herself, led her to a sofa, which she luckily saw through the half-open door of a drawing-room, at the head of the staircase.

"To be taken for a thief! Oh, to what have I exposed myself!" cried Miss Warwick.

"Sit down, my dear, now we are in a room where we need not fear interruption; sit down, and don't tremble like an aspen-leaf," said Lady Frances Somerset, who saw that, at this moment, reproaches would have been equally unnecessary and cruel.

Unused to be treated with judicious kindness, Ange-

lina's heart was deeply touched by it ; and she opened her whole mind to Lady Frances with the frankness of a young person conscious of her own folly ; not desirous to apologize or extenuate, but anxious to regain the esteem of a friend.

"To be sure, my dear, it was, as you say, rather foolish to set out in quest of an *unknown friend*," said Lady Frances, after listening to the confessions of Angelina. "And why, after all, was it necessary to have an elopement?"

"Oh, madam, I am sensible of my folly. I had long formed a project of living in a cottage in Wales ; and Miss Burrage described Wales to me as a terrestrial paradise."

"Miss Burrage ! then why did she not go to paradise along with you?" said Lady Frances.

"I don't know : she was so much attached to Lady Di Chillingworth, she said she could never think of leaving her ; she charged me never to mention the cottage scheme to Lady Di, who would only laugh at it ; indeed, Lady Di was almost always out whilst we were in London, or dressing, or at cards ; and I could seldom speak to her, especially about cottages. And I wished for a friend to whom I could open my whole heart, and whom I could love and esteem, and who should have the same tastes and notions with myself."

"I am sorry that last condition is part of your definition of a friend," said Lady Frances, smiling, "for I will not swear that my notions are the same as yours ; but yet I think you would have found me as good a friend as this Araminta of yours. Was it necessary, to perfect felicity, to have an *unknown friend*?"

"Ah, there was my mistake !" said Miss Warwick ; "I had read Araminta's writings, and they speak so charmingly of friendship and felicity, that I thought,—

"Those best can paint them, who can feel them most."

"No uncommon mistake," said Lady Frances.

"But I am fully sensible of my folly," said Angelina.

"Then there is no occasion to say any more about it at present. To-morrow, as you like romances, we'll read "*Arabella; or, the Female Quixote*;" and you shall tell me which, of all your acquaintance, the heroine resembles most; and, in the mean time, as you seem to have satisfied your curiosity about your *unknown friend*, will you come home with me?"

"O madam," said Angelina, with emotion, "your goodness —"

"But we have not time to talk of my goodness yet: stay — let me see — yes, it will be best that it should be known that you are with us as soon as possible; for there is a thing, my dear, of which perhaps you are not fully sensible — of which you are too young to be fully sensible — that to people who have nothing to do or to say, scandal is a necessary luxury of life; and that, by such a step as you have taken, you have given room enough for scandal-mongers to make you and your friends completely miserable."

Angelina burst into tears: though a sentimental lady, she had not yet acquired the art of *bursting into tears* upon every trifling occasion; hers were tears of real feeling. Lady Frances was glad to see that she had made a sufficient impression upon her mind; but she assured Angelina that she did not intend to torment her with useless lectures and reproaches. Lady Frances Somerset understood the art of giving advice rather better than Lady Diana Chillingworth.

"I do not mean, my dear," said Lady Frances, "to make you miserable for life; but I mean to make an impression upon you, that may make you prudent and happy for life; so don't cry till you make your eyes so red as not to be fit to be seen at the play to-night, where they must positively be seen."

"But Lady Diana is below," said Miss Warwick ;
"I am ashamed and afraid to see her again."

"It will be difficult, but I hope not impossible, to convince my sister," said Lady Frances, that you clearly understand you have been a simpleton ; but that a simpleton of sixteen is more an object of mercy than a simpleton of sixty : so my verdict is, ' Guilty, but recommended to mercy.' "

By this mercy Angelina was more touched than she could have been by the most severe reproaches.

CHAPTER V.

WHILST the preceding conversation was passing, Lady Diana Chillingworth was in Mrs. Bertrand's fruit-shop, occupied with her smelling-bottle and Miss Burrage. Clara Hope was there also, and Mrs. Puffit the milliner, and Mrs. Bertrand, who was assuring her ladyship, that not a word of the affair about the young lady and the lace should go out of her house.

"Your la'ship need not be in the least uneasy," said Mrs. Bertrand, "for I have satisfied the constable, and satisfied everybody; and the constable allows Miss Warwick's name was not mentioned in the warrant; and as to the servant-girl, she's gone before the magistrate, who of course will send her to the House of Correction; but that will no ways implicate the young lady, and nothing shall transpire from this house detrimental to the young lady, who is under your la'ship's protection. And I'll tell your ladyship how Mrs. Puffit and I have settled to tell the story. With your ladyship's approbation, I shall say —"

"Nothing, if you please," said her ladyship, with more than her usual haughtiness. "The young lady to whom you allude is under Lady Frances Somerset's protection, not mine, and whatever you do or say, I beg that in this affair the name of Lady Diana Chillingworth may not be used."

She turned her back upon the disconcerted milliner as she finished this speech, and walked to the farthest end of this long room, followed by the constant flatterer of all her humors, Miss Burrage.

The milliner and Mrs. Bertrand now began to console themselves for the mortification they had received from her ladyship's pride, and for the insolent forgetfulness of her companion, by abusing them both in a low voice. Mrs. Bertrand began with, "Her ladyship's so touchy, and so proud, she's as high as the moon, and higher."

"Oh, all the Chillingworths, by all accounts, are so," said Mrs. Puffit; "but then, to be sure they have a right to be so, if anybody has, for they certainly are real high-born people."

"But I can't tolerate to see some people, that are n't no ways born nor entitled to it, give themselves such airs as some people do. Now, there's that Miss Burrage, that pretends not to know me, ma'am."

"And me, ma'am, just the same. Such purvoking assurance. I that knew her from this high."

"On St. Augustin's-Back, you know," said Mrs. Puffit.

"On St. Augustin's-Back, you know," echoed Mrs. Bertrand.

"So I told her this morning, ma'am," said Mrs. Puffit.

"And so I told her this evening, ma'am, when the three Miss Herrings came in to give me a call in their way to the play. Girls that she used to walk with, ma'am, for ever and ever in the green, you know."

"Yes; and that she was always glad to drink tea with, ma'am, when asked, you know," said Mrs. Puffit.

"Well, ma'am," pursued Mrs. Bertrand, "here she had the impudence to pretend not to know them. She takes up her glass—my Lady Di herself could n't have done it better,—and squeezes up her ugly face this way, pretending to be near-sighted, though she can see as well as you or I can."

"Such airs! *she* near-sighted!" said Mrs. Puffit, "what will the world come to!"

Could young ladies who are like Miss Burrage know to what contempt they expose themselves by their airs of consequence and by their meanness, they would not, surely, persist in their wilful offences against good-nature and good-manners.

"Oh, I wish her pride may have a fall," resumed the provoked milliner, as soon as she had breath. "I dare to say, now, she would n't know her own relations if she was to meet them; I'd lay any wager she would not vouchsafe a courtesy to that good old John Barker, the friend of her father, you know, who gave up to this Miss Burrage I don't know how many hundreds of pounds, that was due to him, or else Miss would n't have had a farthing in the world; yet now, I'll be bound, she'd forget this as well as St. Augustin's-Back, and would n't know John Barker from Abraham. And I don't doubt but she'd pull out her glass at her aunt Dinah, because she is a cheesemonger's widow."

"Oh, no;" said Mrs. Bertrand, "she could n't have the baseness to be near-sighted to good Dinah Plait, that bred her up, and was all in all to her."

Just as Mrs. Bertrand finished speaking, into the fruit-shop walked the very persons of whom she had been talking — Dinah Plait and Mr. Barker.

"Mrs. Dinah Plait, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand. "I never was so glad to see you, Mrs. Plait and Mr. Barker, in all my days," said Mrs. Puffit.

"Why you should be so particularly glad to see me, Mrs. Puffit, I don't know," said Mr. Barker, laughing; "but I'm not surprised Dinah Plait should be a welcome guest wherever she goes — especially with a purse full of guineas in her hand."

"Friend Bertrand," said Dinah Plait, producing a purse which she held under her cloak, "I am come to restore this purse to its rightful owner; after a great deal of trouble, John Barker (who never thinks it a trouble to do good) hath traced her to your house."

"There is a young lady here, to be sure," said Mrs. Bertrand; "but you can't see her just at present, for she is talking on *petticoat* business with my Lady Frances Somerset above stairs."

"'T is well," said Dinah Plait; "I would willingly restore this purse, not to the young creature herself, but to some of her friends, for I fear she is not quite in a right state of mind. If I could see any of the young lady's friends —"

"Miss Burrage!" cried Mrs. Bertrand, in a tone of voice so loud, that she could not avoid hearing it even in the inner room, "are not you one of the young lady's friends?"

"What young lady's friend?" replied Miss Burrage, without stirring from her seat.

"Miss Burrage, here's a purse for a young lady," said Mrs. Puffit.

"A purse for whom? Where?" said Miss Burrage, at last deigning to rise and come out of her recess.

"There, ma'am," said the milliner. "Now for her glass!" whispered Mrs. Puffit to Mrs. Bertrand.

And exactly as it had been predicted, Miss Burrage eyed her aunt Dinah through her glass, pretending not to know her. "The purse is not mine," said she, coolly, "I know nothing of it — nothing."

"Hetty!" exclaimed her aunt; but as Miss Burrage still eyed her through her glass with unmoved invincible assurance, Dinah thought that, however strong the resemblance, she was mistaken. "No, it can't be Hetty. I beg pardon, madam," said she, "but I took you for —. Did not I hear you say the name of Burrage, friend Puffit?"

"Yes, Burrage; one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire," said the milliner, with malicious archness.

"One of the Burrages of Dorsetshire, I beg pardon. But did you ever see such a likeness, friend Barker, to my poor niece, Hetty Burrage?"

Miss Burrage, who overheard these words, immediately turned her back upon her aunt. "A grotesque statue of starch—one of your quakers, I think they call themselves. Bristol is full of such primitive figures," said Miss Burrage to Clara Hope, and she walked back to the recess and to Lady Di.

"So like, voice and all, to my poor Hesther," said Dinah Plait, and she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"Though Hetty has neglected me so of late, I have a tenderness for her. We cannot but have some for our own relations."

"Grotesque or not, 't is a statue that seems to have a heart, and a gude one," said Clara Hope.

"I wish we could say the same of everybody," said Mrs. Bertrand.

All this time old Mr. Barker, leaning on his cane, had been silent ; "Burrage, of Dorsetshire !" said he ; "I'll soon see whether she be or no, for Hetty has a wart on her chin—that I cannot forget, let her forget whom and what she pleases."

Mr. Barker, who was a plain-spoken determined man, followed the young lady to the recess ; and after looking her full in the face, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Here's the wart ! 'T is Hetty !"

"Sir ! Wart ! Man ! Lady Di !" cried Miss Burrage, in accents of the utmost distress and vexation.

Mr. Barker, regardless of her frowns and struggles, would by no means relinquish her hand ; but leading, or rather pulling her forwards, he went on with barbarous steadiness. "Dinah," said he, "'t is your own niece. Hetty, 't is your own aunt, that bred you up ! What, struggle, Burrage of Dorsetshire !"

"There certainly," said Lady Diana Chillingworth, in a solemn tone, "is a conspiracy this night against my poor nerves. These people amongst them will infallibly surprise me to death. What is the matter now ? Why do you drag the young lady, sir ? She came here with

me, sir, — with Lady Diana Chillingworth, and consequently she is not a person to be insulted."

"Insult her!" said Mr. Barker, whose sturdy simplicity was not to be baffled or disconcerted either by the cunning of Miss Burrage, or by the imposing manner and awful name of Lady Diana Chillingworth. "Insult her! Why, 't is she insults us. She won't know us."

"How should Miss Burrage know you, sir, or anybody here?" said Lady Diana, looking round, as if upon beings of a species different from her own.

"How should she know her own aunt, that bred her up?" said the invincible John Barker; "and me, who have had her on my knee a hundred times, giving her barley-sugar till she was sick?"

"Sick, I am sure you make me sick," said Lady Diana. "Sir, that young lady is one of the Burrages of Dorsetshire, as good a family as any in England."

"Madam," said John Barker, replying in a solemnity of tone equal to her ladyship's, "that young lady is one of the Burrages of Bristol, dry-salters, niece to Dinah Plait here, who is widow to a man who was in his time as honest a cheesemonger as any in England."

"Miss Burrage! My God! Don't you speak!" cried Lady Diana, in a voice of terror.

"The young lady is bashful, my lady, among strangers," said Mrs. Bertrand.

"Oh, Hesther Burrage, is this kind of thee?" said Dinah Plait, with an accent of mixed sorrow and affection; "but thou art my niece, and I forgive thee."

"A cheesemonger's niece!" cried Lady Diana, with horror. "How have I been deceived! But this is the consequence of making acquaintance at Brighton and those watering-places. I've done with her, however — Lord bless me! here comes my sister, Lady Frances! Good Heavens! my dear," continued her ladyship, going to meet her sister, and drawing her into the recess at the farthest end of the room, "here are more mis-

fortunes, misfortunes without end. What will the world say? Here 's this Miss Burrage — take no more notice of her, sister — she 's an impostor ; who do you think she turns out to be? — daughter to a dry-salter, niece to a cheesemonger. Only conceive ! a person that has been going about with *me* everywhere ! What will the world say ? ”

“ That it is very imprudent to have *unknown friends*, my dear,” replied Lady Frances. “ The best thing you can possibly do is to say nothing about the matter, and to receive this penitent ward of yours without reproaches ; for if you talk of her *unknown friends*, the world will certainly talk of yours.”

Lady Diana drew back with haughtiness, when her sister offered to put Miss Warwick's hand into hers ; but she condescended to say, after an apparent struggle with herself ; “ I am happy to hear, Miss Warwick, that you are returned to your senses. Lady Frances takes you under her protection, I understand, at which, for all our sakes, I rejoice ; and I have only one piece of advice, Miss Warwick, to give you — ”

“ Keep it till after the play, my dear Diana,” whispered Lady Frances ; “ it will have more effect.”

“ The play ! bless me ! ” said Lady Diana : “ why, you have contrived to make Miss Warwick fit to be seen, I protest. But after all I have gone through to-night, how can I appear in public ? My dear, this Miss Burrage's business has given me such a shock — such nervous affections ! ”

“ Nervous affections ! some people, I do believe, have none but nervous affections,” thought Lady Frances.

“ Permit me,” said Mrs. Dinah Plait, coming up to Lady Frances, and presenting Miss Warwick's purse ; “ permit me, as thou seemest to be a friend to this young lady, to restore to thee her purse, which she left at my house this forenoon ; I hope she is better, poor thing ? ”

"She *is* better, and I thank you for her, madam," said Lady Frances, who was struck with the obliging manner and benevolent countenance of Dinah Plait; and who did not think herself contaminated by standing in the same room with the widow of a cheese-monger.

"Let me thank you myself, madam," said Angelina; "I am perfectly in my senses *now*, I can assure you; and I shall never forget the kindness which you and this benevolent gentleman showed me, when you thought I was in real distress."

"Some people are more grateful than other people," said Mrs. Puffit, looking at Miss Burrage, who, in mortified sullen silence, followed the aunt and the benefactor, of whom she was ashamed, and who had reason to be ashamed of her.

We do not imagine that our readers can be much interested for a young lady who was such a compound of pride and meanness; we shall therefore only add, that her future life was spent on St. Augustin's-Back, where she made herself at once as ridiculous and as unhappy as she deserved to be.

As for our heroine, under the friendly and judicious care of Lady Frances Somerset, she acquired that which is more useful to the possessor than genius — good sense. Instead of rambling over the world in search of an *unknown friend*, she attached herself to those of whose worth she received proofs more convincing than a letter of three folio sheets, stuffed with sentimental nonsense. In short, we have now, in the name of Angelina Warwick, the pleasure to assure all those whom it may concern, that it is possible for a young lady of sixteen to cure herself of the affectation of sensibility, and the folly of romance.

THE ORPHANS.

NEAR the ruins of the castle of Rossmore, in Ireland, is a small cabin, in which there once lived a widow and her four children. As long as she was able to work, she was very industrious, and was accounted the best spinner in the parish ; but she overworked herself at last, and fell ill, so that she could not sit to her wheel as she used to do, and was obliged to give it up to her eldest daughter, Mary.

Mary was at this time about twelve years old. One evening she was sitting at the foot of her mother's bed, spinning, and her little brother and sisters were gathered round the fire, eating their potatoes and milk for supper.

"Bless them, the poor young creatures !" said the widow ; who, as she lay on the bed, which she knew must be her death-bed, was thinking of what would become of her children after she was gone. Mary stopped her wheel ; for she was afraid that the noise of it had wakened her mother, and would hinder her from going to sleep again.

"No need to stop the wheel, Mary dear, for me," said her mother, "I was not asleep ; nor is it *that* which keeps me from sleep. But don't overwork yourself, Mary." "Oh, no fear of that," replied Mary ; "I'm strong and hearty." "So was I once," said her mother. "And so you will be again, I hope," said Mary, "when the fine weather comes again."

"The fine weather will never come again to me," said her mother. "'Tis a folly, Mary, to hope for that; but what I hope is, that you'll find some friend — some help — orphans as you'll soon all of you be. And one thing comforts my heart, even as I *am* lying here, that not a soul in the wide world I am leaving has to complain of me. Though poor, I have lived honest and I have brought you up to be the same, Mary; and I am sure the little ones will take after you; for you'll be good to them — as good to them as you can."

Here the children, who had finished eating their suppers, came round the bed, to listen to what their mother was saying. She was tired of speaking, for she was very weak; but she took their little hands, as they laid them on the bed, and joining them all together, she said, "Bless you, dears; bless you; love and help one another all you can. Good night! — good-bye!"

Mary took the children away to their bed, for she saw that their mother was too ill to say more; but Mary did not herself know how ill she was. Her mother never spoke rightly afterwards, but talked in a confused way about some debts, and one in particular which she owed to a schoolmistress for Mary's schooling; and then she charged Mary to go and pay it, because she was not able to *go in* with it. At the end of the week she was dead and buried; and the orphans were left alone in their cabin.

The two youngest girls, Peggy and Nancy, were six and seven years old; Edmund was not yet nine; but he was a stout-grown healthy boy, and well disposed to work. He had been used to bring home turf from the bog on his back, to lead car-horses, and often to go on errands for gentlemen's families, who paid him sixpence or a shilling, according to the distance which he went: so that Edmund, by some or other of these little employments, was, as he said, likely enough to

earn his bread ; and he told Mary to have a good heart, for that he should every year grow able to do more and more, and that he should never forget his mother's words when she last gave him her blessing, and joined their hands all together.

As for Peggy and Nancy, it was little that they could do ; but they were good children : and Mary, when she considered that so much depended upon her, was resolved to exert herself to the utmost. Her first care was to pay those debts which her mother had mentioned to her, for which she left money done up carefully in separate papers. When all these were paid away, there was not enough left to pay both the rent of the cabin and a year's schooling for herself and sisters which was due to the schoolmistress in a neighboring village.

Mary was in hopes that the rent would not be called for immediately ; but in this she was disappointed. Mr. Harvey, the gentleman on whose estate she lived, was in England, and in his absence all was managed by a Mr. Hopkins, an agent, who was a *hard man*.¹ The driver came to Mary about a week after her mother's death, and told her that the rent must be brought in the next day, and that she must leave the cabin, for a new tenant was coming into it ; that she was too young to have a house to herself, and that the only thing she had to do was to get some neighbor to take her and her brother and sisters in for charity's sake.

The driver finished by hinting that she would not be so hardly used if she had not brought upon herself the ill-will of Miss Alice, the agent's daughter. Mary, it is true, had refused to give Miss Alice a goat upon which she had set her fancy ; but this was the only offence of which she had been guilty, and at the time she refused it her mother wanted the goat's milk, which was the only thing she then liked to drink.

¹ A hard-hearted man.

Mary went immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent, to pay her rent ; and she begged of him to let her stay another year in her cabin ; but this he refused. It was now the 25th of September, and he said that the new tenant must come in on the 29th ; so that she must quit it directly. Mary could not bear the thoughts of begging any of the neighbors to take her and her brother and sisters in *for charity's sake* ; for the neighbors were all poor enough themselves. So she be-thought herself that she might find shelter in the ruins of the old castle of Rossmore, where she and her brother, in better times, had often played at hide-and-seek. The kitchen and two other rooms near it were yet covered in tolerably well ; and a little thatch, she thought, would make them comfortable through the winter. The agent consented to let her and her brother and sisters go in there, upon her paying him half a guinea in hand, and promising to pay the same yearly.

Into these lodgings the orphans now removed, taking with them two bedsteads, a stool, chair, and a table, a sort of press, which contained what little clothes they had, and a chest in which they had two hundred of meal. The chest was carried for them by some of the charitable neighbors, who likewise added to their scanty stock of potatoes and turf what would make it last through the winter.

These children were well thought of and pitied, because their mother was known to have been all her life honest and industrious. "Sure," says one of the neighbors, "we can do no less than give a helping hand to the poor orphans, that are so ready to help themselves." So one helped to thatch the room in which they were to sleep, and another took their cow to graze upon his bit of land on condition of having half the milk ; and one and all said they should be welcome to take share of their potatoes and butter-milk if they should find their own ever fall short.

The half-guinea which Mr. Hopkins, the agent, required for letting Mary into the castle, was part of what she had to pay to the schoolmistress, to whom above a guinea was due. Mary went to her and took her goat along with her, and offered it in part of payment of the debt, as she had no more money left ; but the schoolmistress would not receive the goat. She said that she could afford to wait for her money till Mary was able to pay it ; that she knew her to be an honest, industrious little girl, and she would trust her with more than a guinea. Mary thanked her ; and she was glad to take the goat home again, as she was very fond of it.

Being now settled in their house, they went every day regularly to work : Mary spun nine cuts a day, besides doing all that was to be done in the house ; Edmund got fourpence a day by his work ; and Peggy and Anne earned twopence apiece at the paper-mills near Navan, where they were employed to sort rags, and to cut them into small pieces.

When they had done work one day, Anne went to the master of the paper-mill, and asked him if she might have two sheets of large white paper which were lying on the press. She offered a penny for the paper but the master would not take anything from her, but gave her the paper when he found that she wanted it to make a garland for her mother's grave. Anne and Peggy cut out the garland, and Mary, when it was finished, went along with them and Edmund to put it up. It was just a month after their mother's death.

It happened, at the time the orphans were putting up this garland, that two young ladies, who were returning home after their evening walk, stopped at the gate of the churchyard to look at the red light which the setting sun cast upon the window of the church. As the ladies were standing at the gate, they heard a voice near them crying, " O mother ! mother ! are you

gone for ever?" They could not see any one; so they walked softly round to the other side of the church, and there they saw Mary kneeling beside a grave, on which her brother and sisters were hanging their white garlands.

The children all stood still when they saw the two ladies passing near them; but Mary did not know anybody was passing, for her face was hid in her hands.

Isabella and Caroline (so these ladies were called) would not disturb the poor children; but they stopped in the village to inquire about them. It was at the house of the schoolmistress that they stopped, and she gave them a good account of these orphans. She particularly commended Mary's honesty, in having immediately paid all her mother's debts to the utmost farthing, as far as her money would go. She told the ladies how Mary had been turned out of her house, and how she had offered her goat, of which she was very fond, to discharge a debt due for her schooling; and, in short, the schoolmistress, who had known Mary for several years, spoke so well of her that these ladies resolved that they would go to the old castle of Rossmore to see her the next day.

When they went there, they found the room in which the children lived as clean and neat as such a ruined place could be made. Edmund was out working with a farmer, Mary was spinning, and her little sisters were measuring out some bogberries, of which they had gathered a basketful, for sale. Isabella, after telling Mary what an excellent character she had heard of her, inquired what it was she most wanted; and Mary said that she had just worked up all her flax, and she was most in want of more flax for her wheel.

Isabella promised that she would send her a fresh supply of flax, and Caroline bought the bogberries from the little girls, and gave them money enough to

buy a pound of coarse cotton for knitting, as Mary said that she could teach them how to knit.

The supply of flax, which Isabella sent the next day, was of great service to Mary, as it kept her in employment for about a month; and when she sold the yarn which she had spun with it, she had money enough to buy some warm flannel for winter wear. Besides spinning well, she had learned at school to do plain work tolerably neatly, and Isabella and Caroline employed her to work for them; by which she earned a great deal more than she could by spinning. At her leisure hours she taught her sisters to read and write; and Edmund, with part of the money which he earned by his work out of doors, paid a schoolmaster for teaching him a little arithmetic. When the winter nights came on, he used to light his rush candles for Mary to work by. He had gathered and stripped a good provision of rushes in the month of August, and a neighbor gave him grease to dip them in.

One evening, just as he had lighted his candle, a footman came in, who was sent by Isabella with some plain work to Mary. This servant was an Englishman, and he was but newly come over to Ireland. The rush candles caught his attention; for he had never seen any of them before, as he came from a part of England where they were not used. Edmund, who was ready to oblige, and proud that his candles were noticed, showed the Englishman how they were made, and gave him a bundle of rushes.¹

¹ "The proper species of rush," says White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," "seems to be the *Juncus effusus*, or common soft rush, which is to be found in moist pastures, by the sides of streams, and under hedges. These rushes are in best condition in the height of summer, but may be gathered so as to serve the purpose well quite on to autumn. The largest and longest are best. Decayed laborers, women, and children make it their business to procure and prepare them. As soon as they are cut, they must be flung into water, and kept there; for otherwise they will dry and shrink, and the peel will not run. When these *junci* are thus far prepared, they must lie out on the

The servant was pleased with his good-nature in this trifling instance, and remembered it long after it was forgotten by Edmund. Whenever his master wanted to send a messenger anywhere, Gilbert (for that was the servant's name) always employed his little friend Edmund, whom, upon further acquaintance, he liked better and better. He found that Edmund was both quick and exact in executing commissions.

One day, after he had waited a great while at a gentleman's house for an answer to a letter, he was so impatient to get home that he ran off without it. When he was questioned by Gilbert why he did not bring an answer, he did not attempt to make any excuse: he did not say, "*There was no answer, please your honor,*" or, "*They bid me not wait,*" &c.; but he told exactly the truth; and though Gilbert scolded him for being so impatient as not to wait, yet his telling the truth was more to the boy's advantage than any excuse he could have made. After this he was always believed when he said, "*There was no answer,*" or, "*They bid me not wait;*" for Gilbert knew that he would not tell a lie to save himself from being scolded.

The orphans continued to assist one another in their work, according to their strength and abilities; and they went on in this manner for three years. With what Mary got by her spinning and plain-work, and Edmund by leading of car-horses, going on errands, &c., and with little Peggie and Anne's earnings, the family contrived to live comfortably. Isabella and Caroline often visited them, and sometimes gave them clothes, and sometimes flax or cotton for their spinning

grass to be bleached, and take the dew for some nights, and afterwards be dried in the sun. Some address is required in dipping these rushes in the scalding fat or grease; but this knack is also to be attained by practice. A pound of common grease may be procured for fourpence, and about six pounds of grease will dip a pound of rushes, and one pound of rushes may be bought for one shilling; so that a pound of rushes, medicated and ready for use, will cost three shillings."

and knitting ; and these children did not *expect*, that because the ladies did something for them, they should do everything. They did not grow idle or wasteful.

When Edmund was about twelve years old, his friend Gilbert sent for him one day, and told him that his master had given him leave to have a boy in the house to assist him, and that his master told him he might choose one in the neighborhood. Several were anxious to get into such a good place ; but Gilbert said that he preferred Edmund before them all, because he knew him to be an industrious, honest, good-natured lad, who always told the truth. So Edmund went into service at *the vicarage* ; and his master was the father of Isabella and Caroline. He found his new way of life very pleasant ; for he was well fed, well clothed, and well treated ; and he every day learned more of his business, in which at first he was rather awkward. He was mindful to do all that Mr. Gilbert required of him ; and he was so obliging to all his fellow-servants that they could not help liking him. But there was one thing which was at first rather disagreeable to him : he was obliged to wear shoes and stockings, and they hurt his feet. Besides this, when he waited at dinner he made such a noise in walking that his fellow-servants laughed at him. He told his sister Mary of this his distress ; and she made for him, after many trials, a pair of cloth shoes, with soles of platted hemp.¹ In these he could walk without making the least noise ; and as these shoes could not be worn out of doors, he was always sure to change them before he went out ; and consequently he had always clean shoes to wear in the house.

It was soon remarked by the men-servants that he had left off clumping so heavily, and it was observed by the maids that he never dirtied the stairs or passages

¹ The author has seen a pair of shoes, such as are here described, made in a few hours.

with his shoes. When he was praised for these things, he said it was his sister Mary who should be thanked, and not he ; and he showed the shoes which she had made for him.

Isabella's maid bespoke a pair immediately, and sent Mary a piece of pretty calico for the outside. The last-maker made a last for her, and over this Mary sewed the calico vamps tight. Her brother advised her to try platted packthread instead of hemp for the soles ; and she found that this looked more neat than the hemp soles, and was likely to last longer. She platted the packthread together in strands of about half an inch thick, and these were sewed firmly together at the bottom of the shoe. When they were finished they fitted well, and the maid showed them to her mistress.

Isabella and Caroline were so well pleased with Mary's ingenuity and kindness to her brother, that they bespoke from her two dozen of these shoes, and gave her three yards of colored fustian to make them of, and galoon for the binding. When the shoes were completed, Isabella and Caroline disposed of them for her amongst their acquaintance, and got three shillings a pair for them. The young ladies, as soon as they had collected the money, walked to the old castle, where they found everything neat and clean as usual. They had great pleasure in giving to this industrious girl the reward of her ingenuity, which she received with some surprise and more gratitude. They advised her to continue the shoe-making trade, as they found the shoes were liked, and they knew that they could have a sale for them at the *Repository* in Dublin.

Mary, encouraged by these kind friends, went on with her little manufacture with increased activity. Peggy and Anne platted the packthread, and pasted the vamps and the linings together ready for her. Edmund was allowed to come home for an hour every morning, pro-

vided he was back again before eight o'clock. It was summer time, and he got up early because he liked to go home to see his sisters, and he took his share in the manufactory. It was his business to hammer the soles flat : and as soon as he came home every morning he performed his task with so much cheerfulness, and sang so merrily at his work, that the hour of his arrival was always an hour of joy to the family.

Mary had presently employment enough upon her hands. Orders came to her for shoes from many families in the neighborhood, and she could not get them finished fast enough. She, however, in the midst of her hurry, found time to make a very pretty pair, with neat roses, as a present for her schoolmistress, who, now that she saw her pupil in a good way of business, consented to receive the amount of her old debt. Several of the children who went to her school were delighted with the sight of Mary's present, and went to the little manufactory at Rossmore Castle, to find out how these shoes were made. Some went from curiosity, others from idleness ; but when they saw how happy the little shoemakers seemed whilst busy at work, they longed to take some share in what was going forward. One begged Mary to let her plat some packthread for the soles ; another helped Peggy and Anne to baste in the linings ; and all who could get employment were pleased, for the idle ones were shoved out of the way. It became a custom with the children of the village to resort to the old castle at their play-hours ; and it was surprising to see how much was done by ten or twelve of them, each doing but a little at a time.

One morning Edmund and the little manufacturers were assembled very early, and they were busy at their work, all sitting round the meal-chest, which served them for a table.

"My hands must be washed," said George, a little boy who came running in ; "I ran so fast that I might

be in time, to go to work along with you all, that I tumbled down, and look how I have dirtied my hands. Most haste worst speed. My hands must be washed before I can do anything."

Whilst George was washing his hands, two other little children, who had just finished their morning's work, came to him to beg that he would blow some soap-bubbles for them, and they were all three eagerly blowing bubbles, and watching them mount into the air, when suddenly they were startled by a noise as loud as thunder. They were in a sort of outer court of the castle, next to the room in which all their companions were at work, and they ran precipitately into the room, exclaiming, "Did you hear that noise?"

"I thought I heard a clap of thunder," said Mary: "but why do you look so frightened?"

As she finished speaking, another and a louder noise, and the walls round about them shook. The children turned pale, and stood motionless; but Edmund threw down his hammer, and ran out to see what was the matter. Mary followed him, and they saw that a great chimney of the old ruins, at the farthest side of the castle had fallen down, and this was the cause of the prodigious noise.

The part of the castle in which they lived, seemed, as Edmund said, to be perfectly safe; but the children of the village were terrified, and thinking that the whole would come tumbling down directly, they ran to their homes as fast as they could. Edmund, who was a courageous lad, and proud of showing his courage, laughed at their cowardice; but Mary, who was very prudent, persuaded her brother to ask an experienced mason, who was building at his master's, to come and give his opinion, whether their part of the castle was safe to live in or not. The mason came, and gave it as his opinion, that the rooms they inhabited might last through the winter, but that no part of the ruins could

stand another year. Mary was sorry to leave a place of which she had grown fond, poor as it was, having lived in it in peace and content ever since her mother's death, which was now nearly four years ; but she determined to look out for some other place to live in ; and she had now money enough to pay the rent of a comfortable cabin. Without losing any time, she went to a village that was at the end of the avenue leading to *the vicarage*, for she wished to get a lodging in this village, because it was so near to her brother, and to the ladies who had been so kind to her. She found that there was one newly-built house in this village unoccupied ; it belonged to Mr. Harvey, her landlord, who was still in England ; it was slated, and neatly fitted up within side ; but the rent of it was six guineas a-year, and this was far above what Mary could afford to pay. Three guineas a-year she thought was the highest rent for which she could venture to engage. Besides, she heard that several proposals had been made to Mr. Harvey for this house, and she knew that Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was not her friend ; therefore she despaired of getting it. There was no other to be had in this village. Her brother was still more vexed than she was, that she could not find a place near him. He offered to give a guinea yearly towards the rent out of his wages ; and Mr. Gilbert spoke about it for him to the steward, and inquired whether, amongst any of those who had given in proposals, there might not be one who would be content with a part of the house, and who would join with Mary in paying the rent. None could be found but a woman who was a great scold, and a man who was famous for going to law about every trifle with his neighbors. Mary did not choose to have anything to do with these people. She did not like to speak either to Miss Isabella or Caroline about it, because she was not of an encroaching temper ; and when they had done so much for her,

she would have been ashamed to beg for more. She returned home to the old castle, mortified that she had no good news to tell Anne and Peggy, who she knew expected to hear that she had found a nice house for them in the village near their brother.

"Bad news for you, Peggy," cried she, as soon as she got home. "And bad news for you, Mary," replied her sisters, who looked very sorrowful. "What's the matter?" "Your poor goat is dead," replied Peggy. "There she is yonder, lying under the great corner-stone; you can just see her leg. We cannot lift the stone from off her, it is so heavy. Betsy (*one of the neighbor's girls*) says she remembers, when she came to us to work early this morning, she saw the goat rubbing itself, and butting with its horns against that old tottering chimney."

"Many's the time," said Mary, "that I have driven the poor thing away from that place; I was always afraid she would shake that great ugly stone down upon her at last."

The goat, who had long been the favorite of Mary and her sisters, was lamented by them all. When Edmund came, he helped them to move the great stone from off the poor animal, who was crushed so as to be a terrible sight. As they were moving away this stone, in order to bury the goat, Anne found an odd-looking piece of money, which seemed neither like a halfpenny, nor a shilling, nor a guinea.

"Here are more, a great many more of them," cried Peggy; and upon searching amongst the rubbish, they discovered a small iron pot, which seemed as if it had been filled with these coins; as a vast number of them were found about the spot where it fell. On examining these coins, Edmund thought that several of them looked like gold, and the girls exclaimed with great joy—"O Mary! Mary! this is come to us just in right time—now you can pay for the slated house. Never was anything so lucky!"

But Mary, though nothing could have pleased her better than to have been able to pay for the house, observed, that they could not honestly touch any of this treasure, as it belonged to the owner of the castle. Edmund agreed with her that they ought to carry it all immediately to Mr. Hopkins, the agent. Peggy and Anne were convinced by what Mary said, and they begged to go along with her and their brother, to take the coins to Mr. Hopkins. In their way they stopped at the vicarage, to show the treasure to Mr. Gilbert, who took it to the young ladies, Isabella and Caroline, and told them how it had been found.

It is not only by their superior riches, but it is yet more by their superior knowledge, that persons in the higher ranks of life may assist those in a lower condition.

Isabella, who had some knowledge of chemistry, discovered, by touching the coins with nitric acid, that several of them were of gold, and consequently of great value. Caroline also found out that many of the coins were very valuable as curiosities. She recollected her father's having shown to her the prints of the coins at the end of each king's reign, in "*Rapin's History of England*;" and upon comparing these impressions with the coins found by the orphans, she perceived that many of them were of the reign of Henry the Seventh, which, from their scarcity, were highly appreciated by numismatic collectors.

Isabella and Caroline, knowing something of the character of Mr. Hopkins, the agent, had the precaution to count the coins, and to mark each of them with a cross, so small that it was scarcely visible to the naked eye, though it was easily to be seen through a magnifying glass. They also begged their father, who was well acquainted with Mr. Harvey, the gentleman to whom Rossmore Castle belonged, to write to him, and tell him how well these orphans had behaved

about the treasure which they had found. The value of the coins was estimated at about thirty or forty guineas.

A few days after the fall of the chimney at Rossmore Castle, as Mary and her sisters were sitting at their work, there came hobbling in an old woman, leaning on a crabstick, that seemed to have been newly cut. She had a broken tobacco-pipe in her mouth; her head was wrapped up in two large red and blue handkerchiefs, with their crooked corners hanging far down over the back of her neck, no shoes on her broad feet, nor stockings on her many-colored legs. Her petticoat was jagged at the bottom, and the skirt of her gown turned up over her shoulders, to serve instead of her cloak, which she had sold for whiskey. This old woman was well known amongst the country people by the name of *Goody Grope*:¹ because she had, for many years, been in the habit of groping in old castles, and in moats,² and at the bottom of a round tower³ in the neighborhood, in search of treasure. In her youth she had heard some one talking, in a whisper, of an old prophecy, found in a bog, which said that before many

“St. Patrick’s days should come about,
There would be found
A treasure under ground,
By one within twenty miles round.”

This prophecy made a deep impression upon her. She also dreamed of it three times: and as the dream, she thought, was a sure token that the prophecy was to come true, she, from that time forwards, gave up

¹ *Goody* is not a word used in Ireland. *Collyogh* is the Irish appellation of an old woman: but as *Collyogh* might sound strangely to English ears, we have translated it by the word *Goody*.

² What are in Ireland called moats, are, in England, called Danish mounds, or barrows.

³ Near Kells, in Ireland, there is a round tower, which was in imminent danger of being pulled down by an old woman’s rooting at its foundation, in hopes of finding treasure.

her spinning-wheel and her knitting, and could think of nothing but hunting for the treasure, that was to be found by one "*within twenty miles round.*"

Year after year St. Patrick's day came about, without her ever finding a farthing by all her groping ; and as she was always idle, she grew poorer and poorer. Besides, to comfort herself for her disappointments, and to give her spirits for fresh searches, she took to drinking. She sold all she had by degrees ; but still she fancied that the lucky day would come sooner or later, *that would pay for all.*

Goody Grope, however, reached her sixtieth year, without ever seeing this lucky day ; and now, in her old age, she was a beggar, without a house to shelter her, a bed to lie on, or food to put into her mouth, but what she begged from the charity of those who had trusted more than she had to industry and less to *luck.*

"Ah ! Mary, honey ! — give me a potato, and a sup of something, for the love o' mercy ; for not a bit have I had all day, except half a glass of whiskey and a half-penny-worth of tobacco !"

Mary immediately set before her some milk, and picked a good potato out of the bowl for her. She was sorry to see such an old woman in such a wretched condition. Goody Grope said she would rather have spirits of some kind or other than milk ; but Mary had no spirits to give her ; so she sat herself down close to the fire, and after she had sighed and groaned, and smoked for some time, she said to Mary — "Well, and what have you done with the treasure you had the luck to find?" Mary told her that she had carried it to Mr. Hopkins, the agent.

"That's not what I would have done in your place," replied the old woman. "When good luck came to you, what a shame to turn your back upon it ! But it is idle talking of what's done — that's past ; but I'll

try my luck in this here castle before next St. Patrick's day comes about. I was told it was more than twenty miles from our bog, or I would have been here long ago : but better late than never."

Mary was much alarmed, and not without reason, at this speech : for she knew that if Goody Grope once set to work at the foundation of the old castle of Rossmore, she would soon bring it all down. It was in vain to talk to Goody Grope of the danger of burying herself under the ruins, or of the improbability of her meeting with another pot of gold coins. She set her elbow upon her knees, and stopping her ears with her hands, bid Mary and her sisters not to waste their breath advising their elders ; for that, let them say what they would, she would fall to work the next morning : "*barring* you 'll make it worth my while to let it alone."

"And what will make it worth your while to let it alone?" said Mary ; for she saw that she must either get into a quarrel, or give up her habitation, or comply with the conditions of this provoking old woman.

Half-a-crown, Goody Grope said, was the least she could be content to take.

Mary paid the half-crown, and was in hopes that she had got rid for ever of her tormentor : but she was mistaken ; for scarcely was the week at an end, before the old woman appeared before her again, and repeated her threats of falling to work the next morning, unless she had something given to her to buy tobacco.

The next day, and the next, and the next, Goody Grope came on the same errand ; and poor Mary, who could ill afford to supply her constantly with halfpence, at last exclaimed — "I am sure the finding of this treasure has not been any good luck to us, but quite the contrary ; and I wish we never had found it."

Mary did not yet know how much she was to suffer on account of this unfortunate pot of gold coins. Mr.

Hopkins, the agent, imagined that no one knew of the discovery of this treasure but himself and these poor children ; so, not being as honest as they were, he resolved to keep it for his own use. He was surprised some weeks afterwards to receive a letter from his employer, Mr. Harvey, demanding from him the coins which had been discovered at Rossmore Castle. Hopkins had sold the gold coins, and some of the others ; but he flattered himself that the children, and the young ladies to whom he now found they had been shown, could not tell whether what they had seen were gold or not ; and he was not in the least apprehensive that those of Henry the Seventh's reign should be reclaimed from him, as he thought they had escaped attention. So he sent over the silver coins, and others of little value, and apologized for his not having mentioned them before, by saying that he considered them as mere rubbish.

Mr. Harvey, in reply, observed that he could not consider as rubbish the gold coins which were amongst them when they were discovered ; and he inquired why these gold coins, and those of the reign of Henry the Seventh, were not now sent to him.

Mr. Hopkins denied that he had ever received any such ; but he was thunderstruck when Mr. Harvey, in reply to this falsehood, sent him a list of the coins which the orphans had deposited with him, and exact drawings of those that were missing. He informed him that this list and these drawings came from two ladies who had seen the coins in question.

Mr. Hopkins thought that he had no means of escape but by boldly persisting in falsehood. He replied, that it was very likely such coins had been found at Rossmore Castle, and that the ladies alluded to had probably seen them ; but he positively declared that they never came to his hands ; that he had restored all that were deposited with him ; and that, as to the

others, he supposed they must have been taken out of the pot by the children, or by Edmund or Mary in their way from the ladies' house to his.

The orphans were shocked and astonished when they heard, from Isabella and Caroline, the charge that was made against them. They looked at one another in silence for some moments. Then Peggy exclaimed — "*Sure!* Mr. Hopkins has forgotten himself strangely! Does not he remember Edmund's counting the things to him upon the great table in his hall, and we all standing by? I remember it as well as if it was this instant."

"And so do I," cried Anne. "And don't you recollect, Mary, your picking out the gold ones, and telling Mr. Hopkins that they were gold; and he said you knew nothing of the matter; and I was going to tell him that Miss Isabella had tried them, and knew that they were gold; but just then there came in some tenants to pay their rent, and he pushed us out, and twitched from my hand the piece of gold which I had taken up to show him the bright spot which Miss Isabella had cleaned by the stuff that she had poured on it? I believe he was afraid I should steal it; he twitched it from my hand in such a hurry. Do, Edmund; do, Mary — let us go to him, and put him in mind of all this."

"I'll go to him no more," said Edmund, sturdily. "He is a bad man — I'll never go to him again. Mary, don't be cast down — we have no need to be cast down — we are honest."

"True," said Mary; "but is not it a hard case that we, who have lived, as my mother did all her life before us, in peace and honesty with all the world, should now have our good name taken from us, when —" Mary's voice faltered and stopped.

"It can't be taken from us," cried Edmund, "poor orphans though we are, and he a rich gentleman, as

he calls himself. Let him say and do what he will, he can't hurt our good name."

Edmund was mistaken, alas ! and Mary had but too much reason for her fears. The affair was a great deal talked of ; and the agent spared no pains to have the story told his own way. The orphans, conscious of their own innocence, took no pains about the matter ; and the consequence was, that all who knew them well had no doubt of their honesty ; but many, who knew nothing of them, concluded that the agent must be in the right and the children in the wrong. The buzz of scandal went on for some time without reaching their ears, because they lived very retiredly. But one day, when Mary went to sell some stockings of Peggy's knitting at the neighboring fair, the man to whom she sold them bid her write her name on the back of a note, and exclaimed, on seeing it, " Ho ! ho ! mistress : I'd not have had any dealings with you, had I known your name sooner. Where's the gold that you found at Rossmore Castle ? " .

It was in vain that Mary related the fact. She saw that she gained no belief, as her character was not known to this man, or to any of those who were present. She left the fair as soon as she could ; and though she struggled against it, she felt very melancholy. Still she exerted herself every day at her little manufacture ; and she endeavored to console herself by reflecting that she had two friends left who would not give up her character, and who continued steadily to protect her and her sisters.

Isabella and Caroline everywhere asserted their belief in the integrity of the orphans, but to prove it was in this instance out of their power. Mr. Hopkins, the agent, and his friends, constantly repeated that the gold coins were taken away in coming from their house to his ; and these ladies were blamed by many people

for continuing to countenance those that were, with great reason, suspected to be thieves. The orphans were in a worse condition than ever when the winter came on, and their benefactresses left the country to spend some months in Dublin. The old castle, it was true, was likely to last through the winter, as the mason said ; but though the want of a comfortable house to live in was, a little while ago, the uppermost thing in Mary's thoughts, now it was not so.

One night, as Mary was going to bed, she heard some one knocking hard at the door : — "Mary, are you up? — let us in," cried a voice, which she knew to be the voice of Betsy Green, the post-master's daughter, who lived in the village near them."

She let Betsy in, and asked what she could want at such a time of night.

"Give me sixpence, and I'll tell you," said Betsy : — but waken Anne and Peggy. — Here's a letter just come by post for you, and I stepped over to you with it ; because I guessed you'd be glad to have it, seeing it is your brother's hand-writing."

Peggy and Anne were soon roused, when they heard that there was a letter from Edmund. It was by one of his rush-candles that Mary read it ; and the letter was as follows : —

"Dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg,

"Joy ! joy ! — I always said the truth would come out at last ; and that he could not take our good name from us. But I will not tell you how it all came about till we meet, which will be next week, as we are (I mean master and mistress, and the young ladies, — bless them ! — and Mr. Gilbert and I) coming down to the vicarage to keep the Christmas : and a happy Christmas 't is likely to be for honest folks. As for they that are not honest, it is not for them to expect

to be happy, at Christmas or any other time. You shall know all when we meet. So, till then, fare ye well, dear Mary, Nancy, and little Peg !

“Your joyful and affectionate brother,
“EDMUND.”

To comprehend why Edmund is joyful, our readers must be informed of certain things which happened after Isabella and Caroline went to Dublin. One morning they went with their father and mother to see the magnificent library of a nobleman, who took generous and polite pleasure in thus sharing the advantages of his wealth and station with all who had any pretensions to science or literature. Knowing that the gentleman who was now come to see his library was skilled in antiquities, the nobleman opened a drawer of medals, to ask his opinion concerning the age of some coins, which he had lately purchased at a high price. They were the very same which the orphans had found at Rossmore Castle. Isabella and Caroline knew them again instantly ; and as the cross which Isabella had made on each of them was still visible through a magnifying glass, there could be no possibility of doubt.

The nobleman, who was much interested both by the story of these orphans, and the manner in which it was told to him, sent immediately for the person from whom he had purchased the coins. He was a Jew broker. At first he refused to tell from whom he got them, because he had bought them, he said, under a promise of secrecy. Being further pressed, he acknowledged that it was made a condition in his bargain that he should not sell them to any one in Ireland, but that he had been tempted by the high price the present noble possessor had offered.

At last, when the Jew was informed that the coins were stolen, and that he would be proceeded against as a receiver of stolen goods, if he did not confess the

whole truth, he declared that he had purchased them from a gentleman, whom he had never seen before or since ; but he added, that he could swear to his person, if he saw him again.

Now Mr. Hopkins, the agent, was at this time in Dublin, and Caroline's father posted the Jew, the next day, in the back-parlor of a banker's house, with whom Mr. Hopkins had, on this day, appointed to settle some accounts. Mr. Hopkins came—the Jew knew him—swore that he was the man who had sold the coins to him ; and thus the guilt of the agent and the innocence of the orphans were completely proved.

A full account of all that happened was sent to England to Mr. Harvey, their landlord, and a few posts afterwards there came a letter from him, containing a dismissal of the dishonest agent, and a reward for the honest and industrious orphans. Mr. Harvey desired that Mary and her sisters might have the slated house, rent-free, from this time forward, under the care of ladies Isabella and Caroline, as long as Mary or her sisters should carry on in it any useful business. This was the joyful news which Edmund had to tell his sisters.

All the neighbors shared in their joy, and the day of their removal from the ruins of Rossmore Castle to their new house was the happiest of the Christmas holidays. They were not envied for their prosperity ; because everybody saw that it was the reward of their good conduct ; everybody except Goody Grope. She exclaimed, as she wrung her hands with violent expressions of sorrow — “ Bad luck to me ! bad luck to me ! — Why did n't I go sooner to that there castle ? It is all luck, all luck in this world ; but I never had no luck. Think of the luck of these *childer*, that have found a pot of gold, and such great, grand friends, and a slated house, and all : and here am I, with scarce a rag to cover me, and not a potato to put into my

mouth! — I, that have been looking under ground all my days for treasure, not to have a half-penny at the last, to buy me tobacco!”

“That is the very reason that you have not a half-penny,” said Betsy. “Here Mary has been working hard, and so have her two little sisters and her brother, for these five years past; and they have made money for themselves by their own industry — and friends too — not by luck, but by —”

“Phoo! phoo!” interrupted Goody Grope; “don’t be prating; don’t I know as well as you do, that they found a pot of gold, by *good-luck*; and is not that the cause why they are going to live in the slated house now?”

“No,” replied the postmaster’s daughter; “this house is given to them *as a reward* — that was the word in the letter; for I saw it. Edmund showed it to me, and will show it to any one that wants to see. This house was given to them ‘*as a reward for their honesty.*’”

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